Collier's

TEN CENTS
JANUARY 15, 1944
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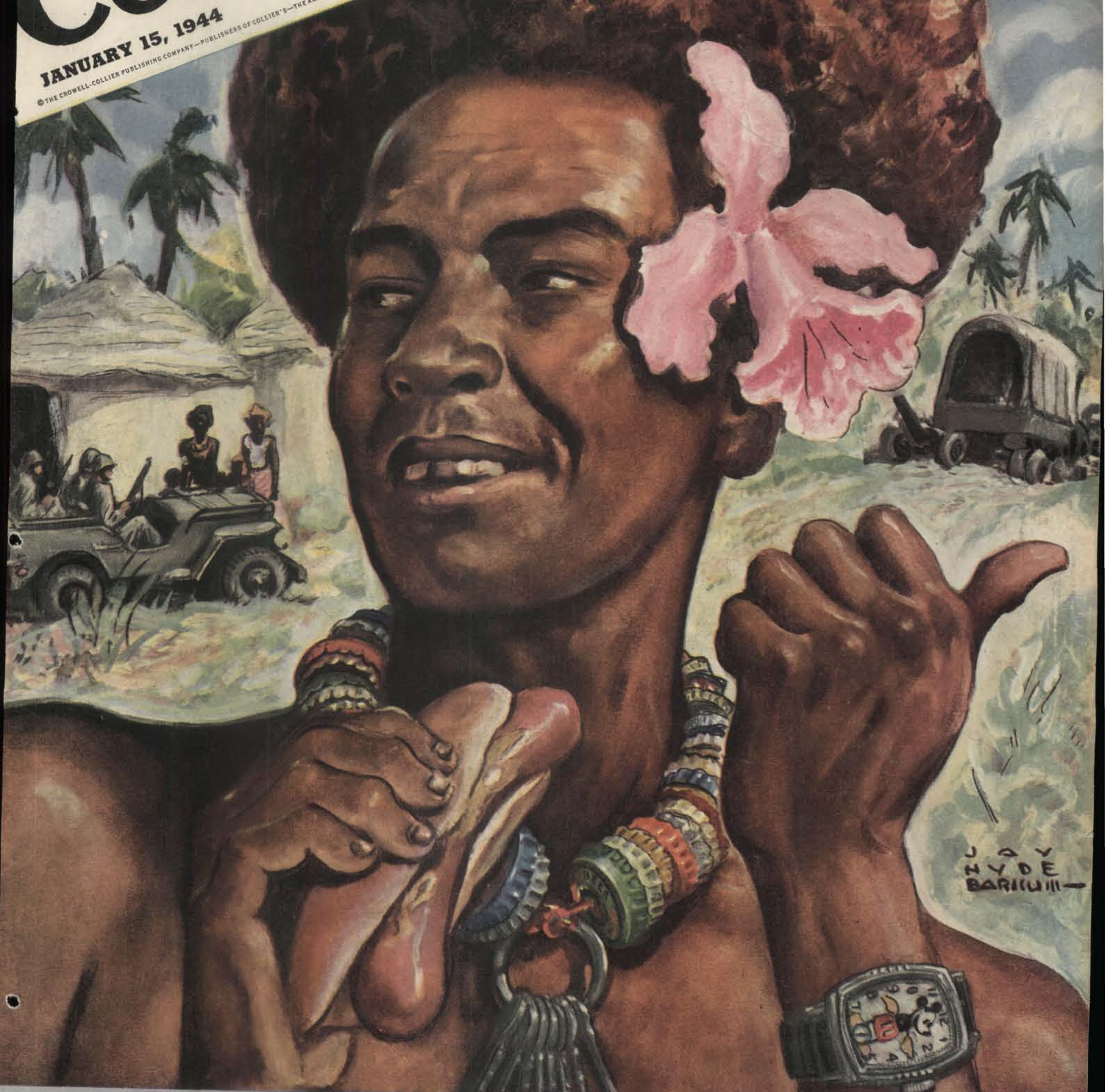

A NEW SHORT STORY BY **DAMON RUNYON**

Jan 15-1944

PM
The Original
DE LUXE
BRAND
Blended Rye Whiskey

What makes you think of
a Gardenia when you
see the PM DE LUXE label ?

ANSWER: *The matchless perfection of*

PM DE LUXE *Blended Whiskey*
RYE OR BOURBON

For years past, the two have been woven together in the minds of the distinguished judges of whiskey quality who have made PM de Luxe a growing favorite in America's ultra clubs and restaurants.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK. 86.8 PROOF. 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Who else seconds the motion that SHAVING CREAM can't *make shaving a pleasure?*

Men are flocking to try our no-hokum lather because our ads appeal to their intelligence

It is obvious that the question of *which shaving cream you use* is not of world-shattering importance. And just as obvious, that we'd like you to become a regular buyer of our product.

But instead of starting our story with an unsupported promise of pleasure, we prefer the premise that the only fun connected with shaving is having the job over and done with.

Of course we have to blow our own horn to sell our Listerine Shaving Cream, but we do not want to clog the mouthpiece with phony suds. So we don't claim that using Listerine Shaving Cream is like pouring balm on troubled whiskers. We don't pretend that our cream contains mysterious ingredients to air-condition your face. We don't offer a single electron in a tubeful.

We do say for Listerine Shaving Cream that it is a *sensible* shaving aid. In every fraction of an inch of this quality cream, there is lots and lots of good, rich lather which makes big billows of moisture-laden lather. This *helps* it wilt wiry whiskers, *helps* reduce the sting and nuisance of shaving.

If after trying Listerine Shaving Cream, you think that you did not get your full money's worth, we will gladly refund your money. Or double your money, if that appeals to you more—because a dissatisfied customer never does a product any good.

If our reasonable claims for a quality product appeal to you, why not meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face? Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LAMBERT
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after m-o-n-t-h

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

"Handie Talkie"

for Fighting Words . . .

. . . as easy to operate as your telephone, this bantamweight, portable two-way communications system is an Electronic instrument that fights for Victory on every United Nations battle front.

From an authoritative National Magazine (name on request)

"The Handie-Talkie is basically a Galvin idea, having been hatched in 1940 by the company's chief engineer. For the Signal Corps who originally conceived the Walkie-Talkie, the Motorola people have done most of the development work."

It's a Motorola habit to be FIRST

In Radio for Home and Car, Motorola Engineers are famous for their many significant *Firsts*. Their knowledge and skill, enriched by intensive Electronic war work, is a guarantee that Post War Motorola Radios will be superb Electronic instruments. ***Expect Big Things From Motorola— THEY'RE IN THE MAKING!***

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, the Motorola organization was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with two added Stars for excellence of performance.

Take good care of your radio. It is a vital wartime necessity. For service, consult your local classified telephone directory for a nearby Motorola Dealer.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST RADIO
FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

Collier's

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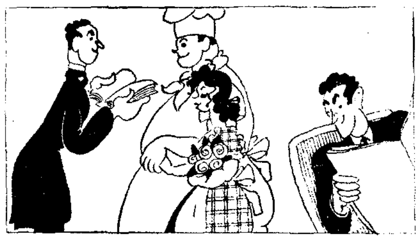
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WHILE not scurrying about the Pacific Ocean, observing our lads snatch islands from the Japs, our correspondent Frank D. Morris rests in Honolulu, reading the newspapers. He has just sent us a public notice from the Honolulu Advertiser wherein The Wagon Wheel, a restaurant of deserved repute, tells its customers that it would not be open at all on Sunday, November 7th, because "our head pantry girl is being married to our chief cook." Mr. Morris advises us that all the other restaurants closed, too, so that their staffs might join in the festivities. However, like The Wagon Wheel, all the others made it known that they'd be open for business as usual on Monday. Mr. Morris reports that they were all open, though service was not as alert as it might have been.



THE only other item of international interest to trickle down this week into this department arrives from W. B. Courtney, who is in London. Mr. Courtney reports that Vidkun Quisling, Hitler's somewhat apprehensive hatchet man in Norway, has launched a drive for Nazi party members, offering alluring inducements to canvassers. To all who fetch in three new members, Mr. Quisling is offering a beautifully engraved certificate, attesting to the fact that the holder is no longer a member of the Party, and therefore not to be dealt with harshly when the Nazi racket collapses. Mr. Quisling himself is prepared, says Mr. Courtney (at the proper time, of course), to lead bearers of such certificates in an aggressive demonstration against all new members.

HOWEVER, most of the material at hand this week has to do with the domestic front, which, according to Mr. Al Chinkeeper of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is due to have quite a few complimentary things said about it by all candidates in the 1944 campaign. From Helena, Montana, Mr. John F. O'Neal sends us an ad from the Helena Independent, to wit: "For Sale—12 cut-glass goblets with matching sherbets, one etching in gold frame, one Roosevelt pitcher with 6 mugs and other odd pieces." Mr. O'Neal is naturally interested in the identity of the six mugs and other odd pieces, and asks our help. But your guess is as good as ours.

AS YOU'VE probably been informed by your newspaper (to say nothing of your radio) a great deal of sympathy is being lavished upon little nations and minority peoples. We receive evidence, from time to time, that these wept-overs will be able to take care of themselves, given anything resembling a chance. For example, a friend of ours who notifies us from Italy that "a great deal of my attention is taken up these days in trying to keep alive," gives us proof. "Last summer," writes he, "our Army planes showered hundreds of thousands of propaganda leaflets upon our foes. Arabs gathered them up and sold them for a franc apiece to any Axis soldier who looked as if he would like to surrender. 'You can't surrender without one of these,' the Arabs told them. 'The Americans will shoot you on sight if you don't have a surrender ticket.' "

ANOTHER correspondent informs us that recently in a Princeton classroom, the instructor of a group of Marine trainees warned his young men that the written test they were about to undergo was most important in that those who failed were very likely to be yanked out of school and sent forthwith to one of our more active battle fronts. Whereat, four of the lads leaped to their feet and handed in blank papers.

(Continued on page 48)

Vol. 113, No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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COVER JAY HYDE BARNUM

AC
AC
SPARK PLUG

AUTOMOTIVE
SPARK PLUG

PLUGS FOR THE TRUCKS OF CHINA

WHEN you learn of fresh action on the China front, you can be sure that motor trucks from the U.S.A. are "in there—pitching." And in Hunan province, as in the Mediterranean or South Pacific, those trucks *must get through.*

Thousands of the trucks are equipped with the same make of spark plugs, oil filters, and fuel pumps which has served America so well, so long. They wear the AC emblem, which is known as a symbol of good engineering, trustworthy performance, and precision manufacturing.

Conservation HERE Means Victory Over THERE
In order that military vehicles, planes, and ships may have all the AC Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, and other products needed, we here at home, cannot have as many. So, those we have must be conserved.

In the panel below, is the brief story of the care these devices require. It is available from your automotive repair man. Use it—faithfully—to conserve your transportation, gas, oil, and tires. When replacement becomes necessary, select AC—for continued satisfaction.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BUY WAR BONDS—AND BRING VICTORY QUICKER

If we give our fighting men all the bullets, guns, food, planes, ships they need, this war will be over sooner—and many precious lives saved. So, buy *more* War Bonds . . . every pay day.

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

OUR POST-WAR PLAN FOR *TOMORROW:*
"MAKE *TODAY'S* FLORSHEIM SHOES LAST LONGER!"

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR

The DEARBORN S-1076

Our wartime job today is to make *fewer* shoes go farther—by building *better* shoes—so that Florsheim wearers will get enough, our fighting men get more; so that men can under-spend on shoes and over-spend on Bonds; so that the *extra* pairs we don't make and you don't buy can help bring Victory one day closer.

Most Styles $10^50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A New York book detective has a simple system for finding rare books that have been stolen from libraries and other collections in any part of the country. As such thefts are reported to him and many dealers send questionable volumes to him for checking against his "stolen list" before buying them from strangers, a large number of these missing books find their way to his office where they are identified and returned to their owners.

The Old Testament is now being published in Hebrew in Palestine, the first time in history that a complete edition of this book has been produced in its original language in its native country.—*By Joshua Bension, Jerusalem, Palestine.*

More than 10 per cent of all ration stamps are not used and the figure runs much higher for certain ones. Of the 126,000,000 shoe stamps, which became valid last June 16th, at least 25,000,000, or nearly 20 per cent, were still "uncashed" on November 1st, when another 126,000,000 shoe stamps became valid.

As late as September 1, 1942, Mussolini was so confident that the Axis armies would take Cairo as well as Alexandria on October 28th, according to schedule, that he had a medal struck, bearing that date, to commemorate his own triumphal entry into the Egyptian capital. The British learned about it later when one of them was found on a captured Italian officer.

The symphony orchestra, in using from 90 to 110 instruments, has a range of about 100 semitones, or four fifths of the number audible to the human ear. Of the instruments having the greatest individual range, the piano has 88 semitones, the harp 78, the marimba and the xylophone 54 each, the cello 44, and the violin, the accordion and the soprano clarinet 40 each.

A criminal investigator can usually determine, when examining drops of blood on a smooth surface such as a tile or hardwood floor, the approximate height from which they fell and whether the bleeding person was standing still or moving at the time and, if moving, in what direction.

The Appendix of the Congressional Record continues to publish irrelevant matter despite the drive to curtail government printing. In recent issues, for example, there appeared a story about the 48th birthday of a South Carolina mule, a parody on Casey at the Bat, and the diary of a Civil War soldier written in Welsh.

The OPA is authorized to sue any violator of price ceilings, except a retailer, for three times as much as he made on the excess charges; and one such recent suit resulted in a settlement of $35,000.—*By Helen Wells, Nashville, Tenn.*

Photographs of missing persons are now transmitted biweekly by television over W2XWV by the New York City Police Department to its 85 precinct stations and to some 4,500 homes and other places in the metropolitan area having television receivers.

Most stench bombs are filled with a fluid made from the dried roots of the valerian plant because the odor is believed to be the most offensive in existence. Yet people in the 16th century considered the scent of this root so fragrant that they used it to perfume their clothes.

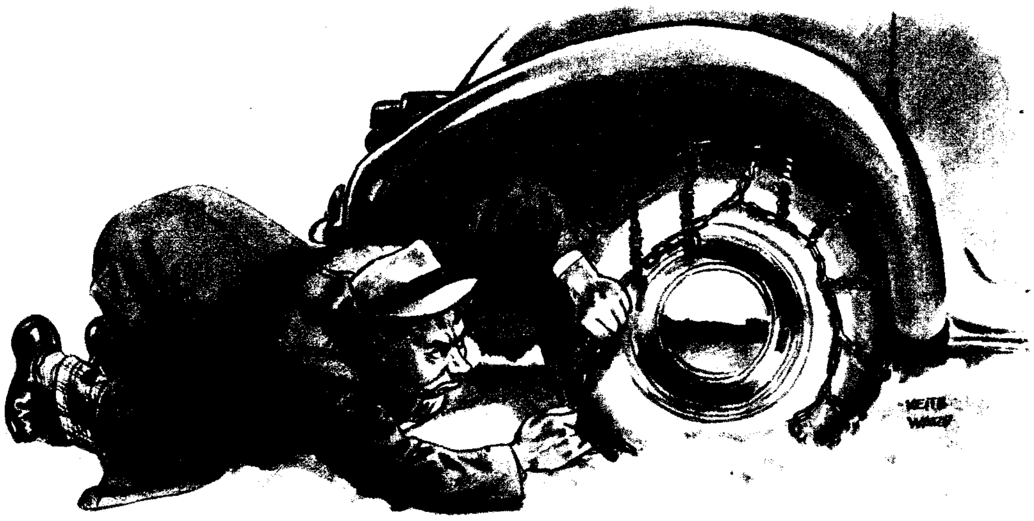
Only Connecticut and Massachusetts have laws that forbid physicians to give contraceptive agents or advice.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
ETHYL

SHERWOOD
means
"a clearing in the woods"

MARIETTA
means "distressed"



ALLEN *means "cheerful"*

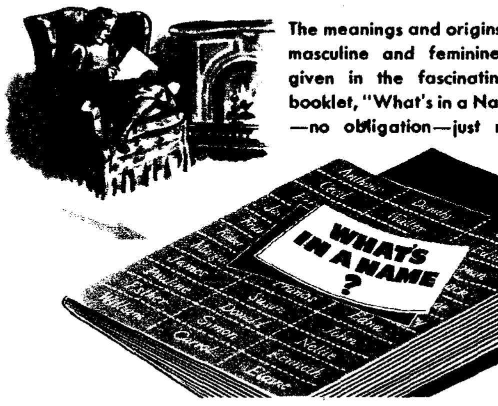
GRAHAM
means
"with frowning visage"

ETHYL *is a* *trade mark* *name*

ETHYL IS THE NAME OF ANTIKNOCK FLUID MADE ONLY BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION. MOST OF IT IS NOW USED TO IMPROVE FIGHTING GASOLINE FOR AIRPLANES, TANKS, ARMY TRUCKS AND JEEPS. ALL ARMY AND NAVY GASOLINE IS ETHYL IMPROVED — WHICH LEAVES LESS FOR THE HOME FRONT. BUT AFTER THE WAR THE NAME ETHYL AND THE ETHYL EMBLEM ON A GASOLINE PUMP WILL BE YOUR GUIDE TO BETTER GASOLINE — AND BETTER CAR PERFORMANCE — THAN YOU'VE EVER ENJOYED BEFORE.

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CURL UP IN FRONT OF THE FIRE
WITH THIS FREE BOOK OF NAMES


WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free —no obligation—just mail coupon.

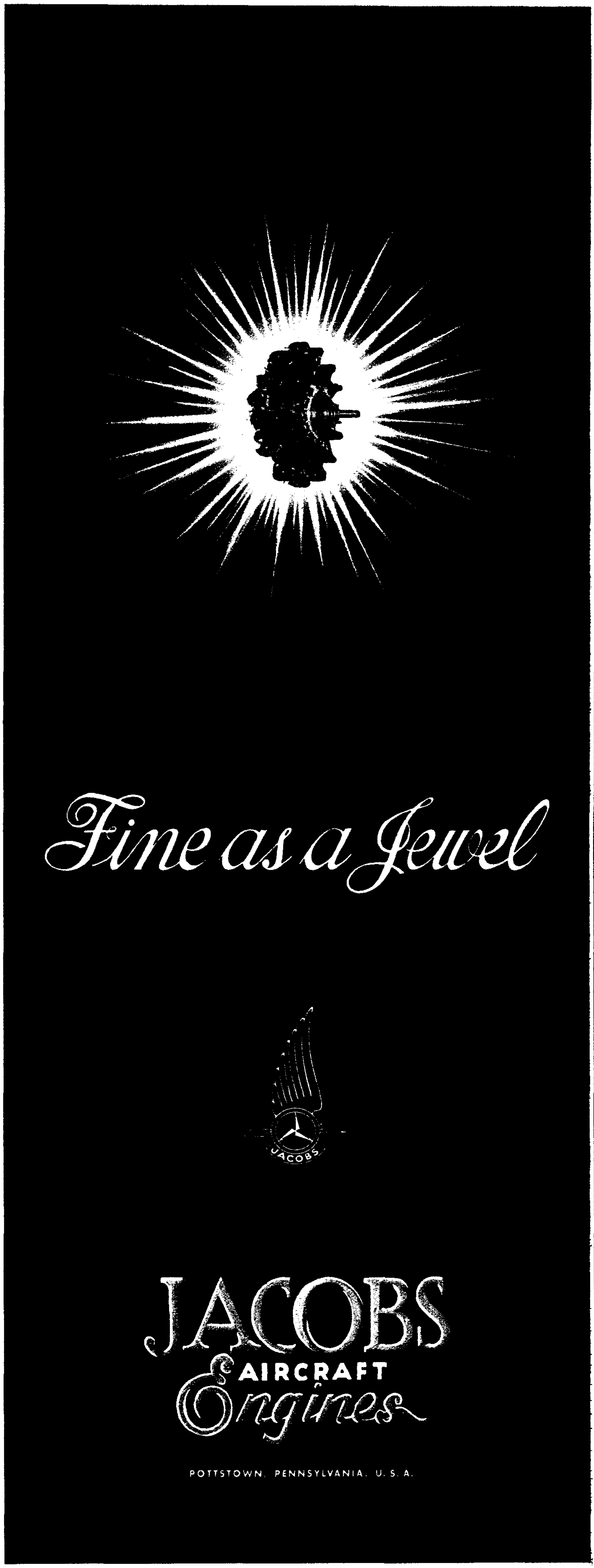
ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3604, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name____________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address____________________
City____________State________

OIL IS AMMUNITION... USE IT WISELY

If you heat with oil—try to see how much *less* you can burn this winter. And when it comes to driving your car—let your conscience be your guide.



WING TALK

In an undisclosed war theater, Alfred (see page 62) flies through the air as mascot of a B-24 Liberator. Standing, left to right: 2d Lieut. Robert J. Beatson, Wilmington, Del.; 2d Lieut. Henry C. Feagan, Jr., Brunswick, Ohio; Lieut. Samuel H. Layton, Jr., East Cleveland, Ohio; 2d Lieut. Aldon H. Jensen, Massena, Iowa; and Alfred. Sitting: S/Sgt. Armand Daughtry, Monroe, La.; T/Sgt. Joe C. Johnson, Clinton, Tenn.; S/Sgt. Augustus Boomhower, Kingston, N. Y.; T/Sgt. Robert R. Gibbs, Ithaca, N. Y.; S/Sgt. George W. Gottschalk, Neshkoro, Wis., and S/Sgt. Frank Constabile, Utica, N. Y.

IN THIS column for December 11th appeared a letter from a Dental Corps officer who asked why a protective mask could not be devised to protect fliers from facial injuries in crashes. From Major Harry Barsantee, Office of Flying Safety, Winston-Salem, N. C., comes this answer:

"Installed in the majority of Army Air Forces aircraft today is a shoulder safety harness perfected to prevent head injuries of the type described by the Dental Corps lieutenant. The shoulder harness consists of two straps fastened at one end to the seat. The other ends are pulled over the shoulders and fastened to the safety shoulder latch. Mobility of the wearer is achieved by means of a spring arrangement controlled by a small handle on the seat.

"Although tests have proved that use of the harness will prevent injury to head and thorax in accidents other than those involving total destruction of the aircraft, many such injuries still occur because pilots and copilots too often fail to make proper use of the harness. This is due usually to the mistaken notion that the harness is too restrictive of movement. The problem thus becomes one of education, and the Army Air Forces is conducting a campaign to convince pilots and copilots that the harness is an indispensable safety feature whose ability to protect them from injury or death far outweighs the slight inconvenience.

"Incidentally, experiments with various masks of the type described by the Dental Corps officer have been conducted by the Army Air Forces. Masks were found to be unsatisfactory because they cannot be combined with the oxygen mask, microphone, goggles, heating device, etc., to produce the desired protection without impairing the proper functioning of essential facial equipment."

THE passenger who had never flown much was peering ahead for the airport as the plane began its descent. Beside him the pilot spoke briefly into the microphone, listened for a time, repeated the message, then turned to his companion: "We'll land on Runway 27."

"Twenty-seven!" exclaimed the passenger. "Does this airport have twenty-seven runways?"

It didn't. It had only three, but the flying novice was not the first to be puzzled by the now rapidly developing trend toward numbering runways by a special system. The numbers are based on points of the compass and have nothing to do with the total landing strips available.

Instructed to land on Runway 27 (the figure derived from the magnetic heading 270), the pilot would immediately know he was to use the east-west strip, approaching from the east. The runway number would correspond to his own compass reading—270—on the final approach.

Conversely, the west end would be numbered 9, representing 90 degrees. In each case the final cipher is dropped for the sake of simplicity, as would be the case if he were approaching Runway 18 from the north, or Runway 36 from the south.

Under CAA urging, nearly every airport in the land will probably have such numbers ultimately. Many do already.

IN FARAWAY Sicily, Technical Sergeant John Doe, back from a combat mission, checks his guns and wonders whether the folks back home will know he chewed up a Me. 109 with .50 caliber slugs on the trip. Combat Intelligence took down the details, but where, he wonders, does it go from there?

'Way out in Burma, Second Lieutenant Richard Roe marks another "sinking" sun on his fighter plane's fuselage, denoting one more Zero shot down, and likewise wonders if the persons he's fighting for in particular will hear about it.

(Continued on page 65)

Who was it said,

"Democracy is inefficient"?

EVERYBODY knows who—and it was one of the worst of his wrong guesses—as many things are proving.

One proof is the record of the American railroads.

In the year just ended, they handled a volume of traffic which dwarfs anything in the history of transportation.

And this job was done—not under the arrogant compulsion of dictatorship, but by voluntary cooperation in the finest American tradition.

There was first of all, the cooperation of railroad men and railroad companies with one another.

There was the surpassing cooperation of shippers and receivers of freight, who did their indispensable part in keeping freight cars on the move.

There was the helpful cooperation of government agencies with railroad management.

And there was, on top of all this, the cooperation of the Army and Navy—the greatest shippers in the world.

Without all these, the record would never have been possible.

And finally, there was the friendly and patient cooperation of the traveling public — which accepted the inconveniences, and sometimes the hardships, of wartime travel, with typical American good humor and good sense.

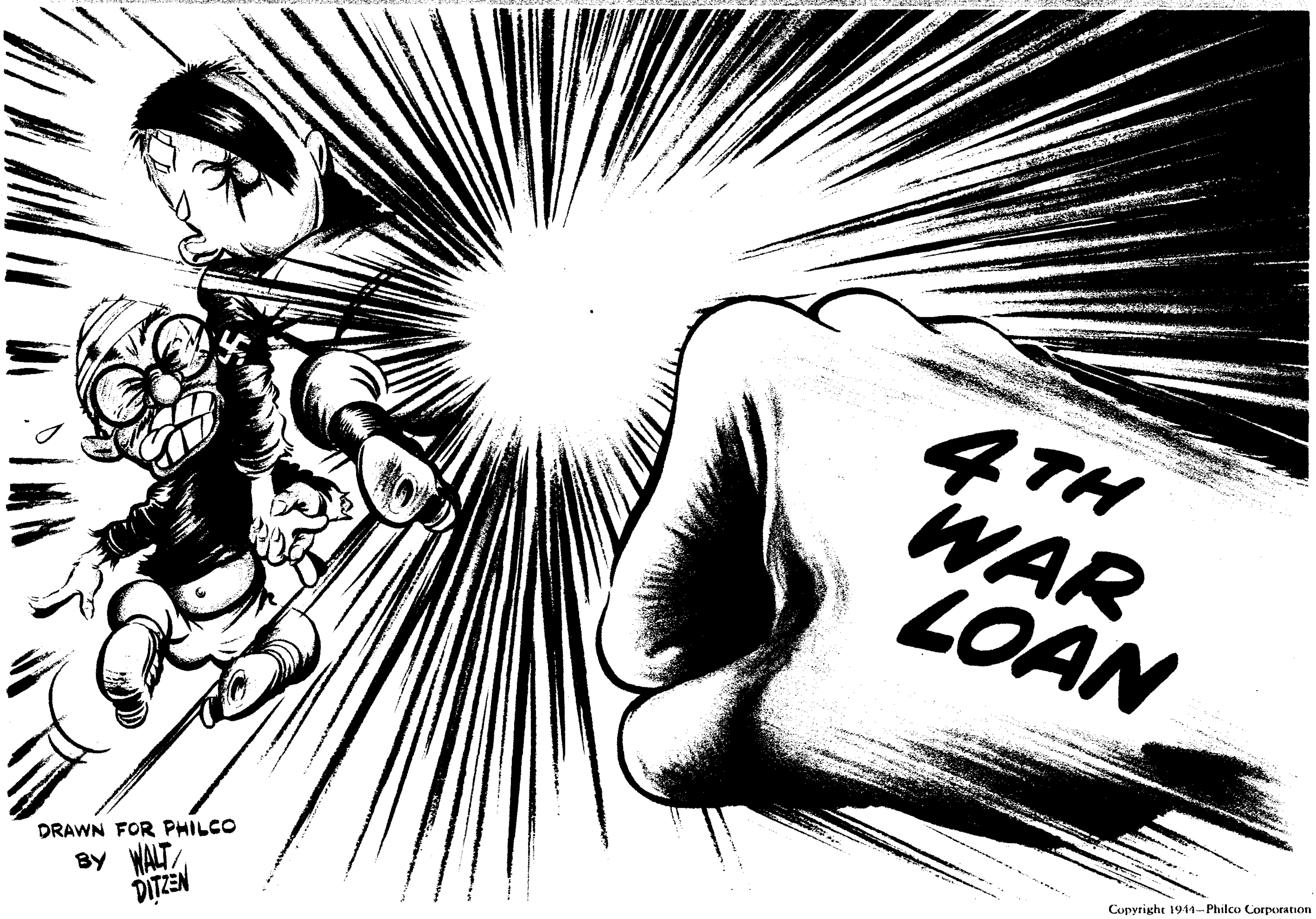
So far have we come together along the road to victory. The road ahead calls for still more effort, still closer cooperation, in getting the utmost transportation service out of our railroad plant.

And when the victory is won—as surely it shall be —it will have been won by free men, working together under the rules free men established for themselves—the thing we are fighting to preserve.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Put Your Money in the SOCK!


4TH WAR LOAN
DRAWN FOR PHILCO BY WALT DITZEN

Copyright 1944—Philco Corporation

In cooperation with the U. S. Treasury Dept., Walt Ditzen makes this contribution depicting the spirit of the Fourth War Loan to the Philco series of war cartoons. While available, a reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 69C.

RIGHT NOW, when the enemy's knees are starting to buckle, it's time for those of us on the home front to *pour it on* with everything we've got! The Fourth War Loan is our chance to start pouring.

You're undoubtedly buying war bonds every payday and you probably bought an extra one during the last war loan drive. You may even have the money laid away for another this time. Frankly, that isn't enough.

Unless you could walk into an army hospital and explain to the boys back from Salerno just *why* you can't double or treble your extra bond purchase—mister, you aren't pouring it on . . . you're pulling your punch.

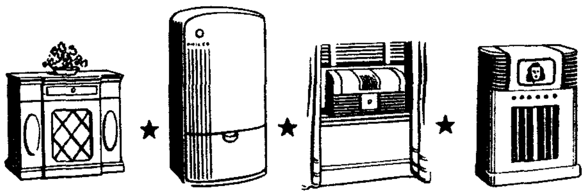
And the surprising part about buying a war bond is that you don't *give* anything. It isn't a donation. It isn't charity. It's the biggest bargain in history—a chance to lend your government money with the assurance that you'll get $4 back for every $3 you put in. It's your personal investment in victory!

From January 18 to February 15, let's really pour it on, with at least two *extra* war bonds instead of one!

PHILCO CORPORATION

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK!

Buy *extra* war bonds during the Fourth War Loan . . . as your investment in Victory!

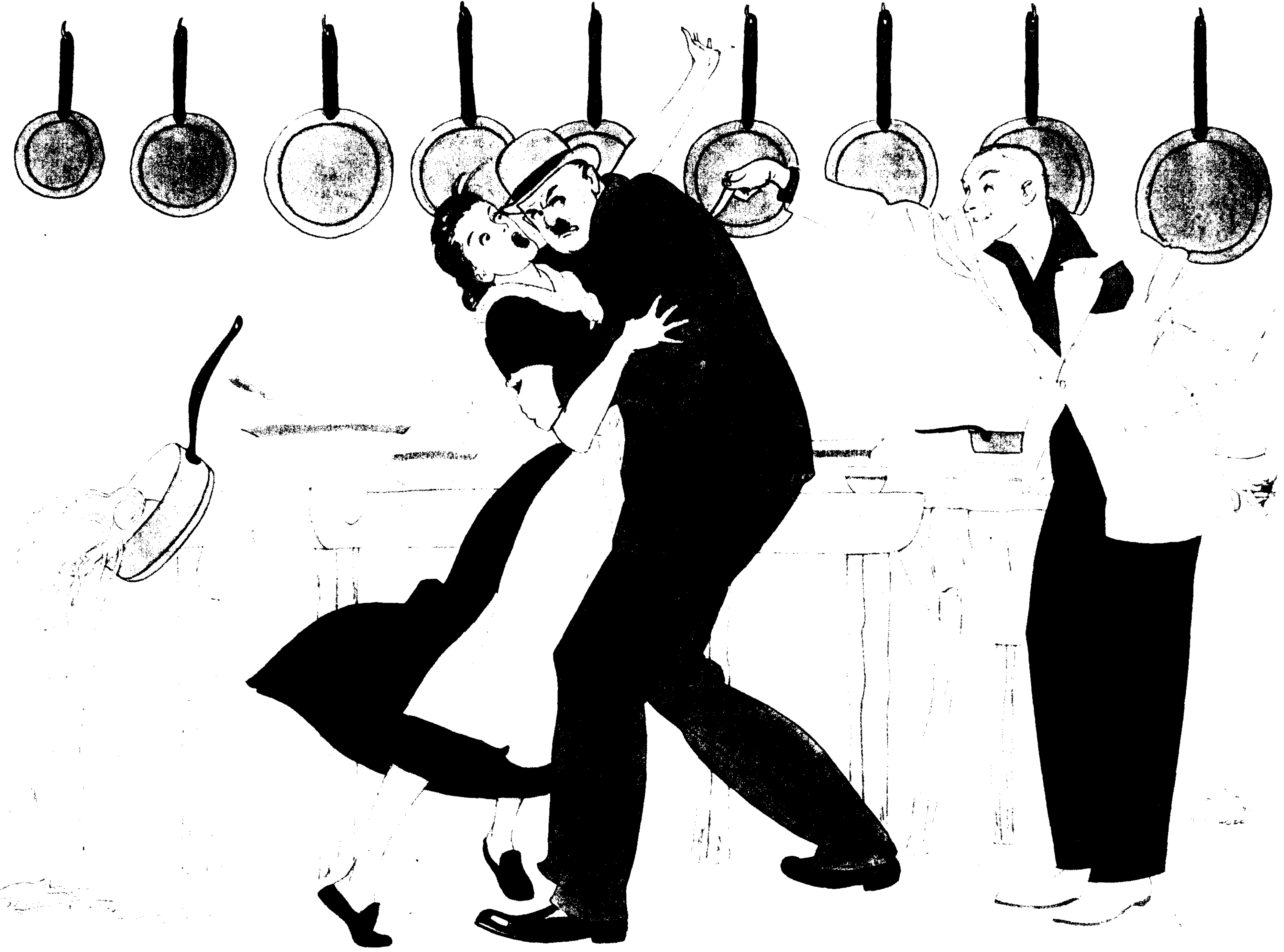


After Victory, the legacy of Philco war research will bring you the newest developments of modern science in Radio, Television, Refrigeration and Air Conditioning.

Tune In Next Sunday!

"RADIO HALL OF FAME"

—a Radio Review of the Top Hits from all fields of entertainment! Sundays, Blue Network.



So I step forward and tap the bloke on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon," I say, "but the strangle hold is illegal"

A LIGHT IN FRANCE

BY DAMON RUNYON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

An epic about guys and a doll, by the man who, singlehanded, rearranged the English language. Scene: Place called France. Characters: Blond Maurice; Marie; a cokie named Vasserkopf, and sundry others

IN THE summer of 1936, a personality by the name of Blond Maurice is found buried in a pit of quicklime up in Sullivan County, or, anyway, what is found is all that is left of Maury, consisting of a few odds and ends in the way of bones, and a pair of shoes which have Brown the shoemaker's name in them, and which Brown identifies as a pair of shoes he makes for Maury some months before, when Maury is in the money and is able to have his shoes made to order.

It is common gossip in all circles along Broadway that Maury is placed in this quicklime by certain parties who do not wish him well, and it is also the consensus of opinion that placing him there is by no means a bad idea, at that, as Maury is really quite a scamp and of no great credit to the community. In fact, when it comes out that there is nothing left of him but a pair of shoes, it is agreed by one and all that it is two shoes too many.

Well, knowing that Maury is quicklimed, it is naturally something of a surprise to me to come upon him in Mindy's restaurant one evening in the spring of 1943, partaking of cheese blintzes. At first I think I am seeing a ghost, but, of course, I know that ghosts never come in Mindy's, and, if they do, they never eat cheese blintzes, so I realize that it is nobody but Maury himself.

Consequently I step over to his table and give him a medium hello, and he looks up and gives me a medium hello right back, for, to tell the truth, Maury and I are never bosom friends. In fact, I always give him plenty of the back of my neck because I learn long ago that it is best not to associate with such harum-scarum personalities unless, of course, you need them.

But naturally I am eager to hear of his experiences in the quicklime as I never before meet a guy who returns from being buried in this substance, so I draw up a chair and speak to him as follows:

"Well, Maury," I say, "where are you all this time that I do not see you around and about?"

"I am in a place called France," Maury says. "I leave there on account of the war. Perhaps you hear of the war?"

"Yes," I say, "I hear rumors of it from time to time."

"It is a great nuisance," Maury says.

"But, Maury," I say, "how do you come to go to a place where there is a war?"

"Oh," Maury says, "there is no war when I go there. The war is here in New York. This city is very unsettled at the time, what with the unpleasantness between my employer, the late Little Kishke, and Sammy Downtown developing cases for the medical examiner all over the layout. I am pleased to find on my return that law and order now prevail."

"But, Maury," I say, "how do you stand with reference to law and order?"

"I am in favor of both," Maury says.

"Oh, I am all right. Immediately upon my return, I call on the D.A. in Manhattan to see if he has anything he wishes me to plead guilty to, and he cannot find a thing, although he seems somewhat regretful, at that.

"Then," Maury says, "I go over to Brooklyn and call on the D.A. there, and he consults the books of Murder, Incorporated, and he states that all he can find entered under my name is that I am deceased, and that he hopes and trusts I will remain so. I am as clean as a whistle, and," Maury says, "maybe cleaner."

"Well," I say, "I am glad to hear this, Maury. I always know you are sound at bottom. By the way, do you run into Girondel on your travels? We hear that he is over there also. At least, he is absent quite a spell. Girondel is always a great one for going around and about in foreign lands."

"No," Maury says, "I do not see him there. But if you care to listen, I will now relate to you my adventures in France."

WELL (Maury says), I go to France when things come up that convince me that I am not as popular as formerly with Sammy Downtown and his associates, and, furthermore, I am tired out and feel that I can use a little rest and peace.

And the reason I pick this France as a place to go to is because I take a fancy to the country when I am there once on a pleasure trip all over Europe as a guest of the late Drums Capello, who is in the importing business, and what he imports is such merchandise as morphine and heroin and sometimes a little opium.

But I wish to state that I have no part of Drums' play in this respect and no part of his fall when the Brush finally catches up with him. And, furthermore, I wish to state that I never approve of his enterprise in any way whatever, but I must say he is a fine host and takes me all over England and Germany, and introduces me to many of his friends and business associates, and you can have them.

Now, the exact spot in France to which I go is a sleepy little town on the seacoast, but I cannot reveal the name at this time as it is a military secret and, anyway, I am unable to pronounce it. The main drag of this town faces a small harbor, and you can stand in front of any place of business along the stem and almost flip a dime into the water—if you happen to have a dime to spare.

It is an old fishing spot, and when I first go there, it is infested by fishermen with hay on their chins, and while most of them inhabit dinky little houses in the town, others live on farms about the size of napkins just outside the burg, and they seem to divide their time between chasing fish and cows. But it is quiet and peaceful there, and very restful after you get used to not hearing the Broadway traffic.

I reside in a tiny gaff that is called a hotel on the main street, and this gaff is run by a French bim by the name of Marie. In fact, all bims in France seem to be named Marie when they are not named Yvonne. I occasionally notice an old sack in the background who may be Marie's mamma or her aunt or some such, but Marie is strictly the boss of the trap and operates it in first-class style. She is the chief clerk and the headwaiter and she is also the bartender in the little smoky barroom that opens directly on the street, so, if the door is left open, you get herring with your cognac.

I know she makes the beds and dusts up the three tiny bedrooms in the joint, so you can see she is an all-around personality. She is maybe twenty years old, and I will not attempt to describe her except to say that if I am interested in the hugging and kissing department, I will most certainly take my business to Marie, especially as she speaks English, and you will not have to waste time with the sign language.

Well, it is very pleasant, to be sure, strolling around the little town talking to the fishermen or wandering out into the country and observing the agriculturists, who seem to be mostly female personalities who are all built in such a way that they will never be able to sit down in a washtub with comfort, and who really have very little glamor.

It is also very pleasant to nuzzle a dram or two in the cool of the evening at a little table in front of Marie's hotel and it is there I make the acquaintance of the only other roomer in the hotel. He is a fat old guy who is nobody but Thaddeus T. Blackman, a rich zillionaire from the city of New York and a lam-master from the Brush boys back home for over twenty years on an income-tax beef.

It seems that Thaddeus T. is mixed up in a large scandal about oil lands, and a grand jury hands out readers right and left among some of the best people in the U. S. A., although all they do is swindle the government, and it is a great shock to them to learn that this is against the law.

Anyway, Thaddeus T. starts running as soon as he gets wind of the beef and does not pause for breath until he arrives in this little town in France, and there he lives all these years. It seems the Brush cannot touch him there, and why this is I do not know, but I suppose it is because he is smart enough to take his zillions with him, and naturally this kind of moolouw is protection on land or sea.

He discusses his case with me once and gives me to understand that it is a bum beef as far as he is concerned and that he only takes the fall for others, but of course this is by no means an unfamiliar tale to me, and, as he never mentions why he does not try to chill the beef by paying the government the dough, I do not consider it tactful to bring the matter up.

He is up in the paint-cards in age when I meet him, being maybe close to seventy, and he is a fashion plate of the fashion of about 1922. Moreover, he seems to be a lonely old gee, though how anybody can be lonely with all his zillions is a great mystery to me. He always has a short briar pipe in his mouth and is generally lighting it with little wax matches, and, in fact, I never see a pipe man who is not generally lighting his pipe, and if ever I get time I will invent a pipe that stays lit and make a fortune.

ANYWAY, Thaddeus T. and I become good friends over the little table in front of the hotel, and then one day who shows up but an old pal of mine out of the city of Boston, Mass., who is also an absentee from a small charge of homicide in his home town.

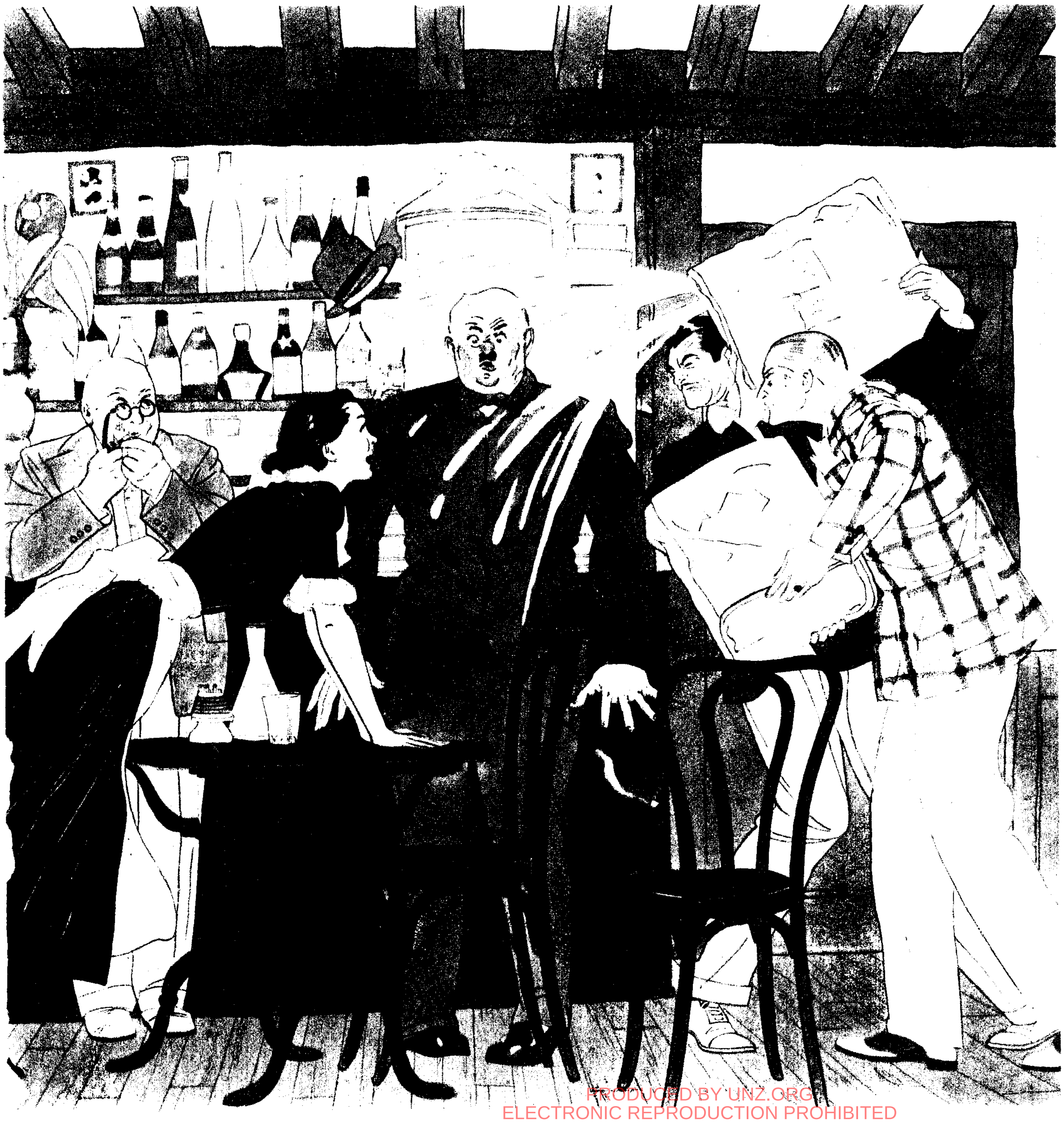
He is called by the name of Mike the Mugger because it seems his occupation is reaching out of doorways on dark nights and taking passers-by by the neck and pulling them in close to him with one hand and examining into their pockets with the other hand, the idea of the hand around the neck being to keep them from complaining aloud until he is through with them.

Personally, I do not consider this occupation at all essential or even strictly ethical, but I always say every guy to his own taste and naturally I have to respect Mike as the very top guy in his profession who never makes a mistake except the one time he clasps a customer too tight and too long and becomes involved in this difficulty I mention.

He is about thirty-odd and is a nifty-drifty in his dress and very good company, except that he is seldom holding anything and is generally leaning on me. However, I am personally loaded at this time and I am not only pleased to okay Mike with Marie for the last of her three rooms, but I stake him to walk-about money, which is money for his pocket, and he is grateful to me in every respect.

Naturally, Mike joins out with Thaddeus T. and me in strolling here and there and in sitting at the little table in front of the hotel or in the barroom, talking and playing cards, and what we generally talk about, of course, is the good old

(Continued on page 49)



The gas splatters over old Vass while he just stands there nonplused. Thaddeus T. is leaning against the bar lighting his pipe when we hear the planes. "A light, Marie?" he says. "A light for the English?"

SOVFOTO

Citizens of Kiev chat happily with the first Soviet troops to re-enter the city. Behind them is the opera, spared by the Nazi demolition squads

KIEV—NAZI CREMATORY

BY JEROME DAVIS

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

If Stalingrad deserved a sword from the British king for valor, then Kiev rates an urn for her ashes. Collier's correspondent, who toured the ruins of the Queen City of the Ukraine, tells you here why

THE Germans captured Kiev on September 19, 1941. They remained until the Red army drove them out on November 4, 1943. For over two years they controlled the city.

What is the pattern of their rule? How does the local population fare?

I went there a few weeks ago to find out.

Kiev, to my mind, had been the liveliest and gayest city in all Russia. I recalled the beautiful Ukrainian dancers with their riotous music. Often one heard peasants joyously singing as they worked. I had a mental image of the parks with their famed chestnut trees, the sparkling golden cathedrals and the beautiful buildings. In 1240 the Tartars under Batydashkhan had stormed and sacked the city. What had happened now?

We swung down the main thoroughfare, Kreshtchatnik, three quarters of a mile long and over a hundred feet wide. The street was unrecognizable. Even the name had been changed—to Eichhornstrasse. All houses on either side had been completely destroyed and lay in rubble—a deserted wilderness, mute testimony to the power of dynamite and fire. The Kiev I had known is dead.

The superb Continental Hotel, where I stayed so often, is gone. It had been used by the Germans as headquarters. The Russian guerrillas had blown it up, along with the Nazi staff.

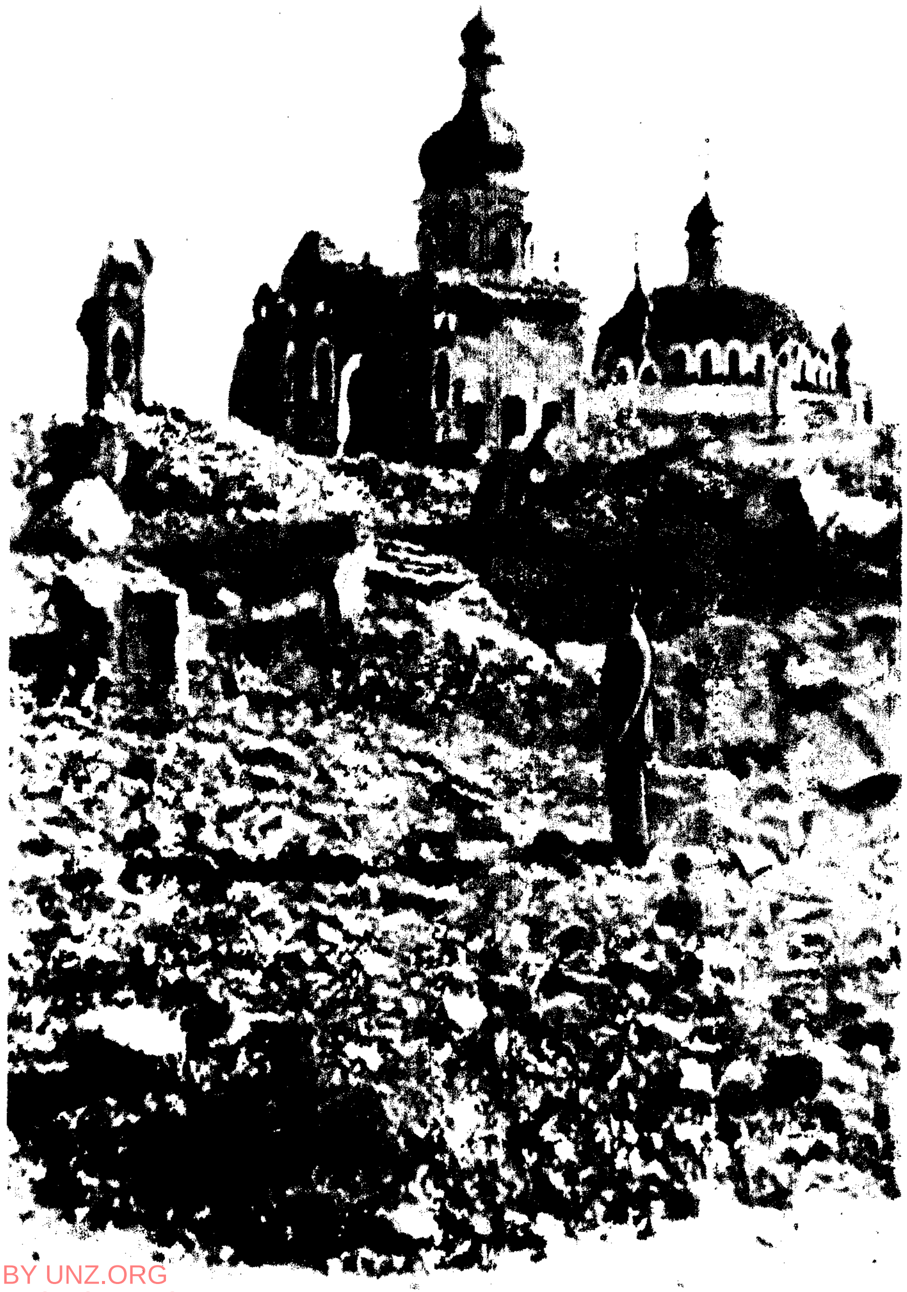
Blackened and charred remains were all that was left of the Palace and Grand Hotels. Uspensky Cathedral in the Lavra Monastery, perhaps the Holy of Holies of the Russian church, was completely destroyed.

This was one of the most famous cathedrals in the world—an edifice with seven gilt domes. Some of the icons were gifts from Peter the Great and were world renowned, as were the murals. I walked amidst debris. Statues minus heads, arms and legs were strewn in every direction. One wall with its mural still remained—a painting of Christ and Peter. Perhaps this is a symbol that even amidst war and destruction the power of love is never completely destroyed.

We went to a small third-rate hotel—the best now available. It had neither electricity nor running water. The power plant had been blown up and the water system destroyed by the Germans. There were no blankets or boiled water. As a grim reminder that war was near, all night long, tanks, guns and ammunition rolled past my window, some of it on American trucks destined for the fighting front at Zhitomir. Below my room on the street, the Germans had left a gallows from which they had hanged Russians. The next morning I found hanging on the gallows a Russian with a cardboard sign: "Traitor!"

To go back to our arrival, I went out on the street and began making a rough "Gallup Poll" of the inhabitants. In the next few days I was to talk with priests,

(Continued on page 54)



But, while the Nazis may be sympathetic to a house of Wagner, the houses of God were often reduced to tottering wrecks. This is the Pechersk Abbey

SOVFOTO

Husky Miller (Glenn Bryant), the champion, surrounded by his manager (E. L. Tyler) and his trainer (Richard Montgomery)

Carmen Jones (Muriel Smith) exercises her sultry wiles on Don José, now known as Joe (Luther Saxon), who goes A.W.O.L. to show his love

CARMEN JONES

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GUNTHER-FROST

It was a headache to put together, and nobody ever heard of the members of the cast, but Billy Rose's version of Bizet's opera is a hit that may run just short of forever

THE oldest chestnut on Broadway is the Cinderella story. Some press agent is forever charging up breathlessly to cry that Sally Vanderbilt (known last year in Gimbel's basement as Emma Dumbosky) is the toast of the cafés, the darling of the critics, the salvation of the Shuberts. She was totally untutored, she was inhaling a black-and-white soda in a drugstore, and the agent saw her, signed her, threw her into a cast that was stumbling pitifully. And now Ethel Merman is jealous!

Known far and wide as a man who never does things by halves, Billy Rose has produced Carmen Jones, the Negro version of the Bizet opera, and there are a hundred Cinderellas in the cast, both sexes.

The first Broadway scouts who saw the show open in Philadelphia came back on the midnight train, screaming.

"It'll last a hundred years," they cried, trampling people in Lindy's.

"Who's in the cast?" asked one of the more hard-boiled.

"Nobody's in the cast. Everybody's in the cast!" shouted the enthusiasts.

Only one member of the cast was ever on the legitimate stage before; only a few were known more than eight blocks outside their family circles. It is a miracle of show business, a vindication of every harassed press agent that ever lived. It will make Billy Rose a million dollars and prove to all men that going straight is a paying business.

Oscar Hammerstein 2d got the idea for the show while hearing a concert version of Carmen at Hollywood Bowl. He saw that the opera had a dozen song hits and was pure melody from start to finish. He also saw that each aria was a complete story that carried the plot forward. Forth-

William Dillard, the Brazilian Panther, enjoys the adulation of the ladies while awaiting his bout with Husky Miller, the world's champ

Cozy Cole beats out with the drums in the wild scene based on the famous Habanera theme. Jessica Brazil is [illegible] floor by the drum, June Hawkins is solo-dancing. Ballet which follows is the most spectacular in any show in [illegible]

The girls repeat the well-known card-playing scene from Carmen, which provides the nine of spades for Carmen and forebodes the sad end for the haughty lady. The singers give out with good Bizet music, no swing, no hotcha

Lindy Lou is the new name for Micaela in this version and the renowned aria is now sung by Carlotta Franzell, and brings down the house, as usual

with, he wrote a new book and new lyrics, keeping the music intact in a most religious fashion. His first idea was to make the toreador a swing-band leader, but he later changed that to a heavyweight prize fighter—one Husky Miller. Instead of a cigarette factory, he made it a factory running up parachutes for aviators.

That much done, he started looking around for a cast and a producer. Although he is the most successful figure in the musical field with such hits as Show Boat, Desert Song and Oklahoma to his credit, producers didn't fall over themselves to get to him. When Billy Rose finally showed interest, the possibility of a production hinged on getting the proper performers. After three months of auditions which turned up nobody usable, everybody concerned was ready to quit. It was a question of doing the show as a musical comedy, hotchaing it up and losing the Carmen flavor, or of dropping it.

It was then that John Hammond, Jr., scion of one of New York's famous families, came into the picture. His hobby has been swing music and Negro entertainment, and it was plain that if he couldn't find the talent, it wasn't to be had. He wouldn't touch the job till he saw the script.

"If it's that old crap-shooting Holy Roller stuff, count me out," he said.

He came back in two hours with his eyes popping, crying that it was great.

"I'll give you two hundred a week to round up the cast," said Rose.

"Nothing do," said Hammond. "If you want to pay my expenses, all right; but if you don't, I'll pay my own. This is the greatest chance the Negroes ever had, and I'm not taking money for it."

For two months auditions went on without finding a single actor good enough for a part.

"Hot singers, hot dancers," moaned

(Continued on page 60)

TROUBLE ON THE TRAIL

BY JIM MARSHALL

MAP BY LT. ROLF KLEP

The Alcan Highway turned out to be not so good. Now there is a battle for another road to Alaska, shorter and better

HOLD onto your hats, boys and girls. That little war in Europe may or may not be nearly over, but it's going to look like a family spat beside the battle looming up in the West—ours and Canada's—over the Alaska Highway.

If you think that the building of that road from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks settled anything and that you'll soon be *touring* over a speedway at sixty miles an hour, just forget it. The battle is only just starting. On one side are intermountain Canada and our own Middle West. On the other are southeastern Alaska, British Columbia and our three West Coast states.

The Alcan Highway, as it is occasionally called, was planned and built to get war material to Alaska in safety, even though the Jap fleet controlled the eastern North Pacific and Jap planes were based around Dutch Harbor. There was a time, if you remember, when these gloomy situations seemed distinctly possible. It was the Jap plane menace that located the road east of both Coast and Rocky Mountain ranges, instead of on the much shorter route west of the Rockies.

In 1941 Canada built a chain of air bases between Edmonton and the North, and when war came it became necessary to link these by road. This was another reason for the present location of the highway.

These bases are being used both by Canada and by us, and it is quite likely that some of them will continue to be used after the war for commercial flight between our Middle West and Alaska. So the road still will have its uses.

As insurance, the $100,000,000 road was worth while, it assured a flow of munitions to Alaska in safety, no matter what success the Japs had at sea. But as a means of transporting war material from Pacific Coast plants to Alaskan bases, it has two drawbacks: (1) It goes more than a thousand miles out of its way; and (2) with the Navy in command of the eastern North Pacific, it is much simpler and cheaper to ship directly by sea from any Coast port to any Alaskan port.

By the land route, a piece of war equipment gets from a Coast factory to Edmonton by rail. Then it is transferred to a secondary railroad and dragged west nearly five hundred more miles to Dawson Creek. Here it is transshipped to trucks and trundled slowly up through Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse to Fairbanks, 1,574 miles away. At Fairbanks, it still is more than two hundred and fifty miles from tidewater by rail. From San Francisco to Seward, Alaska, by water, is less than two thousand miles; by the present Alaskan Highway route it is more than four thousand miles.

Dubious Investment?

All that Canadians around Alberta are praying for is that the road will be finished before the war ends, fearing that, with peace, we might lose interest, and that American taxpayers might figure that paying taxes to build speedways through sparsely inhabited stretches of this section of Canada was not the best way to spend money.

However, Edmonton, a town of many booms, is having another one, on the theory that it is to become a crossroads of the world and the aerial gateway to the North. There is a huge new air base there, and there also is a huge pile of war freight that the little Northern Alberta Railway is trying to move along 495 miles of shaky track to the southern end of the highway at Dawson Creek. The road, in its timetable, promises to get passengers over the stretch at 23 miles an hour, and occasionally does. But it was built mainly to haul grain out of the Peace River country, and the present glut of freight is so great that last spring it had to clap on an embargo for a while.

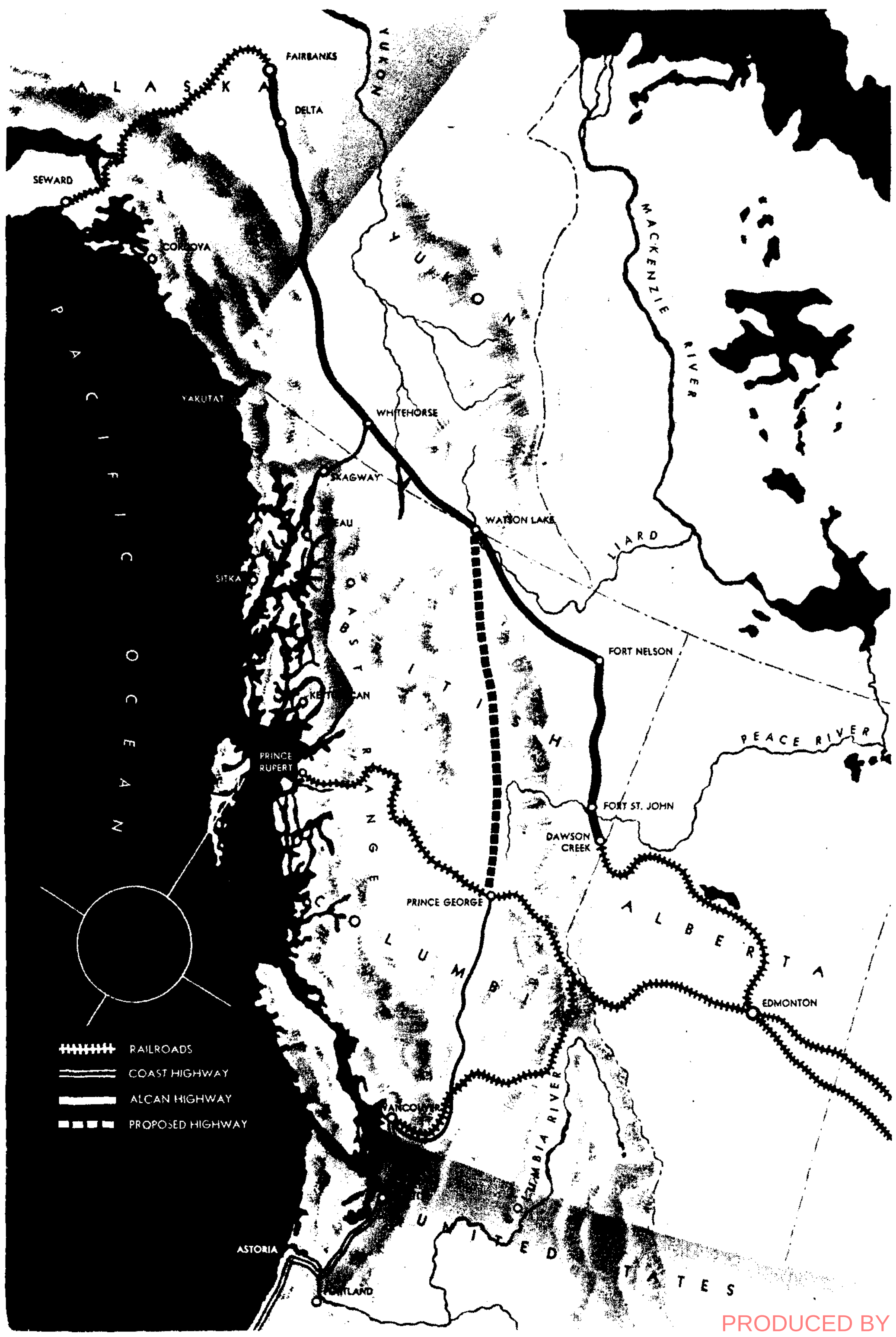
Despite all these troubles and handicaps, the boys and girls of Edmonton are hell-bent for the boomingest boom on the continent in the postwar period.

Mr. A. B. Watt, Collier's Alberta correspondent reports: "Edmonton has been dreaming great dreams for a long while about what the North Country is going to do for it. There has been a complete transformation in its life since the highway was started. The town is now being proclaimed 'The Crossroads of the World.' Air and highway traffic are expected to pour through it in the postwar era." It is expected the territory tapped by the new road will yield mineral and oil wealth in a volume large enough to make the city one of the principal centers of the continent.

"The immense airport development in and near Edmonton, people here say, surely has been planned by the American and Canadian governments with only immediate military purposes in view. . . . Edmonton seems firmly established as the aerial gateway to the Yukon and Alaska, and through them to Asia."

When these and like triumphant boastings from the Canadian prairies began to be heard on the Coast, Chambers of Commerce from Skagway and Juneau down to Los Angeles and San Diego suddenly sat up and took notice.

Here was the old intersectional battle again, a joyous revival of the knockdowns and drag-outs that preceded the building of the railroads across the West following the War Between the States.



The present road to Alaska is shown here, with the dotted line from Prince George, north, as an alternate, shorter route

The battle centered in Seattle, traditionally the home town for Alaskans ever since the old Portland sailed in with the first ton of northern gold in the summer of '97. But soon, every other Coast city had jumped into the fight, and there were outpourings of speeches, briefs, maps, pamphlets and editorials, all demanding a new, shorter and better road to Alaska.

The Edmonton boys retorted with advice to "look at the map." The map showed that an air line from our Middle West to Fairbanks did indeed pass right spang through Edmonton.

But the Coasters, for whom the civilized world ends abruptly at the crest of the Rockies, came back with new arguments. Mr. Foster L. McGovern, of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, pointed out several facts:

If Alaska is to be fortified and defended permanently, the supplies will come mainly from West Coast plants and bases. Over the present route, via Edmonton, these would have to travel 3,089 miles from Seattle; over a more direct route, just east of the Coast Range, the distance would be only 1,996 miles. Even heavy machinery and weapons from the East probably would come around through Panama by boat to a Coast port and then take to the road.

"Assuming it costs 30 cents a mile to run a truck," said Mr. McGovern, "every round trip between Seattle and Fairbanks will cost $600 more than over a direct road. About three thousand trucks were used on the present road last summer, and the extra hauling cost runs into millions."

To say nothing, he added, of the time wasted in running an extra thousand miles north and the same distance south again.

Edmonton boosters retorted that there was fifty times as much potential business east of the Rockies as west of them, and they asserted that the Coasters were trying to divert this from "its natural channel," which, strangely enough, ran right through Alberta.

No Need for a Highway?

The fight was going hot and heavy when certain aloof persons, including steamship men, introduced the thought that there *was no need for a highway to Alaska, anyway.*

Nearly all the territory's trade, they pointed out, is concentrated on its southeast coast, from Puget Sound one thousand miles north to Skagway, where the White Pass and Yukon Railway starts into the interior; and around to Seward and Anchorage, from which the Alaska Railroad runs to Fairbanks.

Alaska's exports are mainly fish and minerals; her imports mostly machinery and canned goods. None of this is likely to go by air for some years, and neither trucks nor trains can compete with ships on a cost basis.

In the heyday of the Matanuska colony, it cost more to ship Matanuska vegetables down the few miles of railroad to Anchorage than it did to ship them by sea up from Seattle.

The highway boys came back with the idea of building their new road parallel with the Coast, just east of the first range, and then running lateral roads down to Alaska and British Columbia ports. The steamship men pointed out that the entire population of Alaska is less than that of Binghamton, New York, in normal times; that Alaskan cities are little more than

(Continued on page 45)

TAVERN AT POWELL'S FERRY

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Joab Powell had brought his family westward in search of a rainbow, but now his daughter wanted to turn back toward another rainbow that old Joab couldn't see

THE coach rolled southward from the river into the flat valley's haze, with late September's dry dust smoking up from its wheels; and as it departed, Joab Powell had once more the vaguely discomforting sense of being left behind, of missing passage to the unknown place which was his rightful destination.

It was not a new feeling, but it made him impatient to be troubled so late in life by the urges which belonged to a young man. He turned the ferry across a river so low and quiet upon its bed that the old gray horse, plodding the treadmill, made no work of it. The mountains bordering the valley sank away in first twilight, the surface of the river began to exhale a thin crystal fog, and the smell of the earth was sharp and heavy with the year's decay. One day a hard rain would slant out of the southwest, announcing winter.

He tied the ferry and let the horse into its pasture, moving along a path bordered by wild-rose brambles whose seed pods hung fat and red. He studied the framework of the new gristmill as he passed toward the house, calculating the work done upon it this day; and he observed that young John Sharpp, employed as carpenter, now stood on the porch of the house talking to Elizabeth. Elizabeth laughed in her bright, half-mocking manner; her hand touched John Sharpp, and for a moment the man caught her arm, and the two were playfully struggling. Then John Sharpp heard Joab's step on the path and stepped away from Elizabeth with an embarrassed smile.

"She'll tease the wits out of you, John," said Joab Powell, and passed into the house. But he was thinking to himself: It is past time for her to be married.

He walked through the house to the kitchen, past his other daughter Anna who worked quietly and swiftly with the supper; he washed himself at the back porch well, put on his slippers, and moved back to the big room's table, upon which the oil lamps now were pleasantly shining. He sat down and waited for his daughters and for John Sharpp. When they were seated, he bowed his face with its rusty-iron beard, said grace, and began his meal. Far away, he thought he heard travelers on the road.

Sharpp said, "I have got the big timbers all hewed for the raceway."

"I'll help you set them in Monday," said Powell. The young man had a good, square face which looked honestly upon the world; he was steady, he was made for the long, slow pull, he would season with the years.

What did Elizabeth want with him—this daughter whose discontent came out of her like a heat to disturb everything about her? She was too pretty, she hated too quickly, she asked for things not to be had in this out-of-way spot whose high point was the daily passing of a stage. She was, Powell thought with a father's moment of stark realism, ripe and overready. He looked down the table and saw Anna looking on at Elizabeth and John Sharpp with her deep gravity.

A wagon came along with its racket, and someone said, "This is Powell's," and voices began to rise in the yard. Anna left the table at once, moving toward the kitchen. Rising to meet his guests, Joab Powell noticed sudden interest brighten Elizabeth's face as she touched her hair and ran a finger along her eyebrows in expectation of new eyes to look upon her. The travelers entered with the subdued

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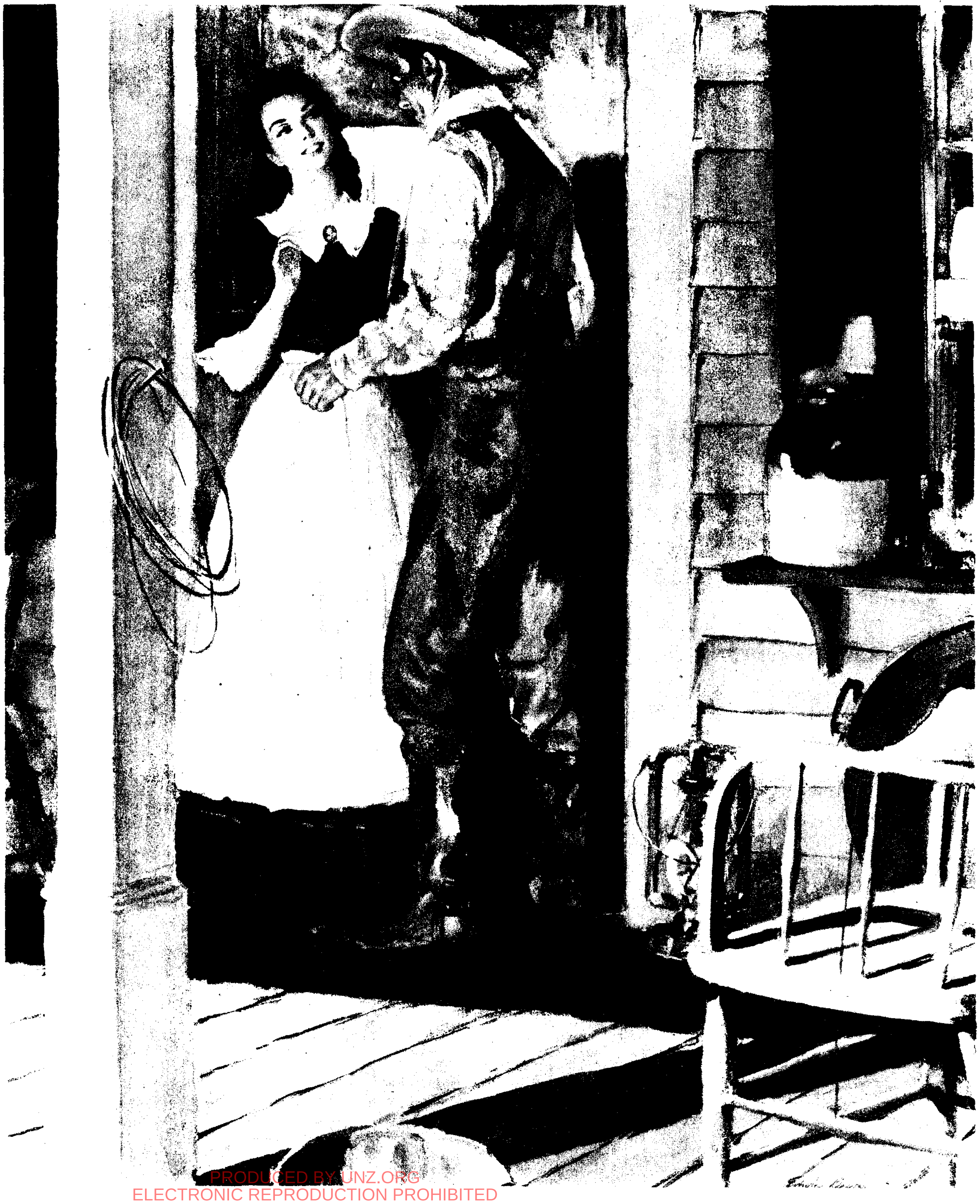
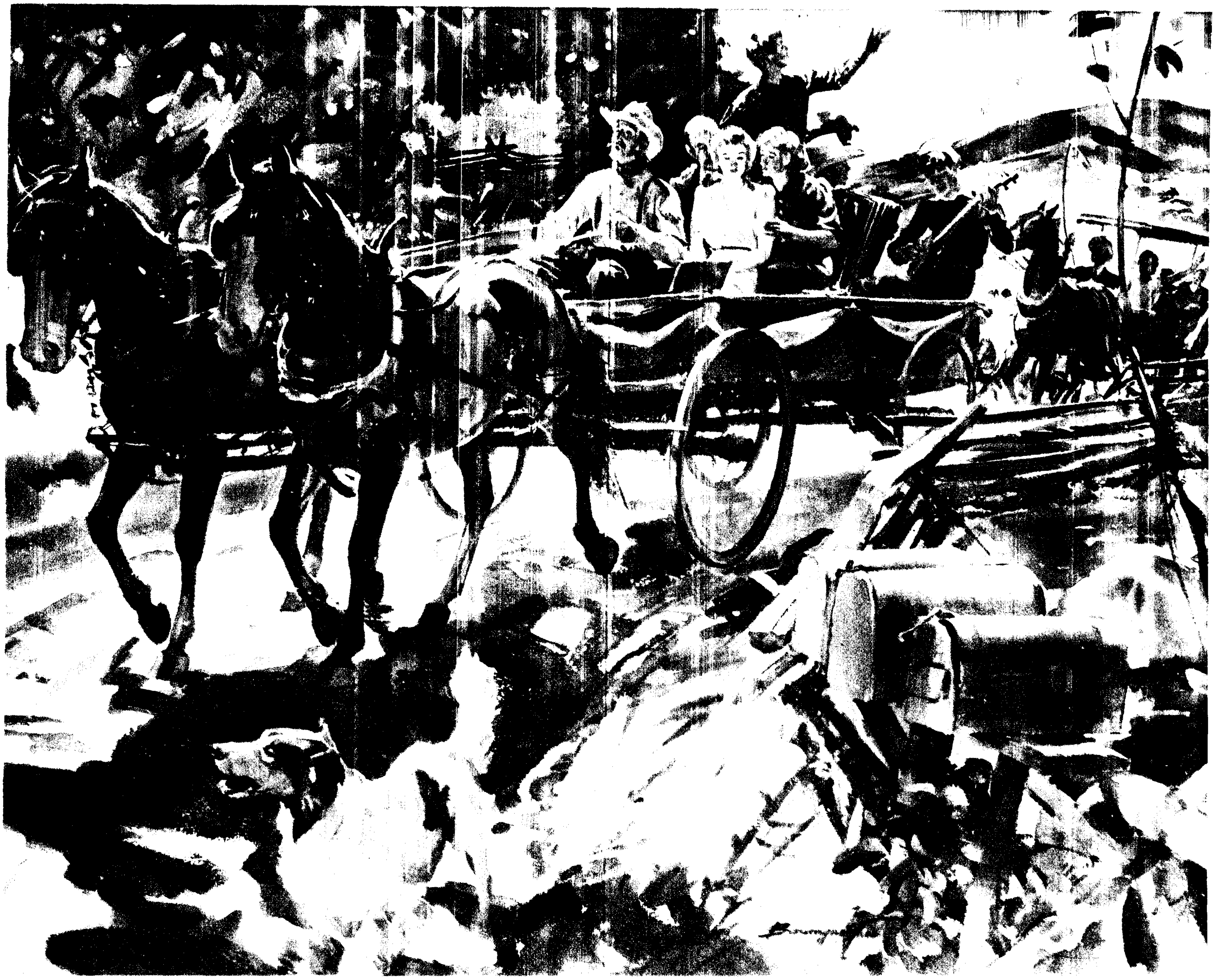


Young John Sharpp stood on the porch talking to Elizabeth. She laughed in her bright, half-mocking manner; her hand touched Sharpp and he caught her arm



The driver was singing loudly and Annie wished she could laugh and pretend Jimmy was beside her. But she couldn't

THE PICNIC

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

A story of a heartbreaking secret which needed to be shared

INSIDE her bag the official letter lay folded beside her lipstick, her comb and the bottle of ammonia spirits that Sam, the druggist, had recommended for those dizzy spells.

She clutched the bag tightly in her lap as if its words could scream through the imitation red leather and let everyone else in the big picnic wagon know that Jimmy wasn't coming back. Not ever. The letter had said so: "The War Department regrets to inform you . . . lost at sea . . . heroic action . . ." Strange words.

It was funny how you could read a letter like that on your tiny front porch and walk slowly and heavily into the house and finish drying your breakfast dishes. You could even wrap the fresh cake in wax paper and put on your big straw hat in front of the mirror and stare back at yourself with wide lost eyes. Your mind began running like a trapped rabbit searching for things—little things—to assure you that nothing had really changed.

The words in the letter weren't real. You were still Annie Weller, who'd married Jimmy Shipley nearly a year ago and were soon to have a baby. Nothing had changed because you still had your love for Jimmy and you couldn't remember a time when you hadn't been in love with him. From the very first day Jimmy had come into Huber's restaurant your heart had filled with such a song you could hardly take his order. He'd ordered the blue plate. Forty cents. When he started to leave a tip he looked up and grinned.

"What does a guy do?" he asked. "Tip a girl he wants to take to the movies?"

That's the way it had started and Annie Weller, who'd grown up to be a "mighty pretty girl," went dancing and skating with Jimmy Shipley, who helped his dad in the paint store. One day they'd run off and got married. Annie had a guilty conscience that first night.

"Your folks won't like it, Jimmy," she'd said, sitting on the edge of the bed in the auto court.

He took her in his arms and nuzzled his nose deep in her hair.

"God love you, baby," he said softly. "There isn't time to worry about Mom and Dad. They're swell. If this was peacetime I'd march you down the aisle, invite the whole town to our wedding, and we'd honeymoon at Paradise Peak. But what do we care?" He lifted her chin with his finger. "Look at me, Annie. What do you see?"

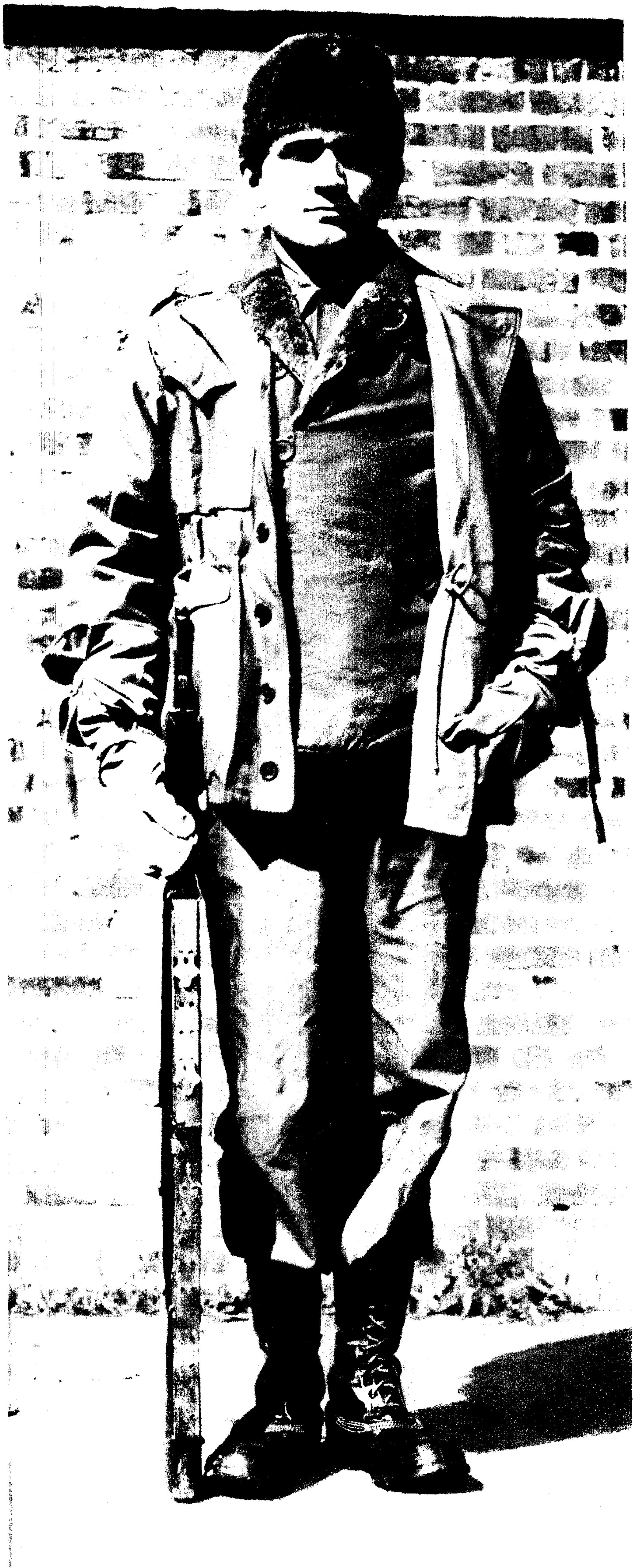
She looked at his face as if she were painting it with her eyes.

"I like what I see, Jimmy," she said softly. She'd always been like that, letting her heart brim over with such wonderful things there wasn't room for words.

"Crazy kid," he said, kissing her. Then in a voice that didn't sound like her gay Jimmy at all, he said: "I love you like—like my first red wagon, and sleigh bells across the snow on Smoky Hill, and the picnics at Rainbow Lake. . . . Gosh, Annie Laurie, I love you like anything." And after a long time he said, "We'll take a little house up on Maple Street, just a block from the folks' and after I'm—well, until I get back you go live with Mom. She'll be glad to have you. She'll love you, Annie. . . ."

"I hope so, Jimmy," she said fearfully. She wanted to say: From this moment on I want to be Annie Shipley. I want to run into your mother's house and hear her and your pa call me Annie Laurie, just like you do. And some day, when

(Continued on page 64)



This (right) is the new experimental cold-climate uniform complete from shoepacks to alpaca-lined cap. Jackets and trousers are worn in layers, depending on how cold it is. Oversize buttons permit dressing with mittens on. He looks like a humorless hunter—and that's just what he is

DRESSED TO KILL

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELLIOT CLARKE

HERE is the brand-new cold-weather uniform that is being tested for the American soldier in extremely cold climates. The resemblance between the new and anything used up to now is about as close as Betty Grable to a bearded, bowlegged cowpuncher. The new G.I. cold-climate outfit, from boots to cap, is a uniform which is water-repellent, snagproof and about as difficult to wear out as a top sergeant's epithets.

It comes in layers. The Chinese, you know, discuss weather in terms of a "one-coat day," a "two-coat day" or a "three-coat day." They discovered, a score of centuries ago, that two coats weighing, say, three pounds apiece, are much warmer than one coat weighing six pounds. Now we've discovered it. The new G.I. cold-climate suit will be equipped with two or more coats, which can be added or subtracted from the uniform at will. Thus, it becomes adjustable for varying degrees of temperature up to the most extremely cold weather.

The color is darker than the old standard uniform. Officially it's called Olive Drab 7, and it's practically invisible at a short distance against any background except snow. There are pockets for field rations and others for grenades.

Our Best-Tested Uniform

It's a 2-pants suit and, as it gets colder, both pairs are worn simultaneously. These come with suspenders, which are made so that they hold up both pairs of trousers at once. The cap is of the skiing type and has ear flaps which can be folded inside when not in use. Outdoor-type boots of the finest leather are an important part of the uniform. The soles are not of leather because it was found that leather soles and heels wear out sooner. The new sole is of synthetic rubber, and tests show that it is superior to leather.

The research and development of the new uniform was done by a staff of experts, including Quartermaster General E. B. Gregory, Colonel Georges F. Doriot and Lieutenant Colonel D. B. Dill, as well as by L. L. Weitz, chief of the Clothing Section. The fabric had to meet rigid specifications regarding shrinkage, color, strength, weight, heat penetration, moisture absorption and durability. The result, a 2-pants multicoated suit, is known officially as multiple-layer field uniform, cold climate.

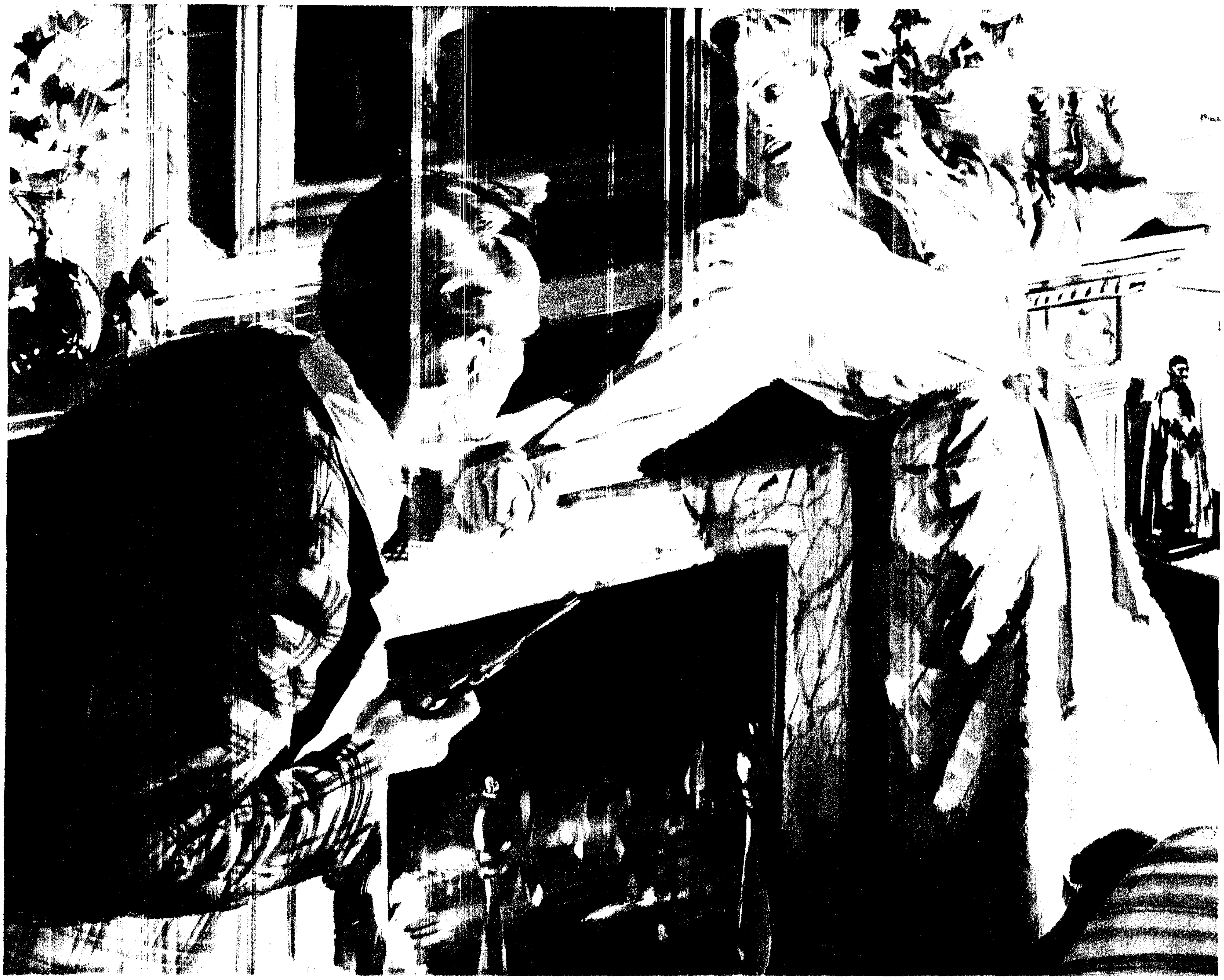
It looks like a hunting outfit and, of course, it is. The field jacket combines the most useful features of five coats and is made of a double layer of tight-twist cotton. It has a drawstring which can be closed or opened to accommodate other coats underneath. Under it, for added warmth, is worn a pile jacket with long sleeves and knitted collar and cuffs. Under the pile jacket is a heavy-duty wool shirt, and under that, cotton-and-wool underwear. Each item comes equipped with oversize buttons so that gloves won't have to be taken off for dressing and undressing.

Trousers are of the same heavy material as the outer jacket. Under them is a pair of wool pants, and under those, long wool-and-cotton underwear. The socks have wool cushion soles. Over them comes a wool ski sock. Over that comes the boot. Both pairs of trousers have button tabs at the cuff line, so that they can be stuffed inside the boot.

Cotton mittens are made with leather palms. There is an extra trigger finger on the back of the mitten so that, without taking it off, the soldier can lift his index finger and drop it into a trigger slot quickly. Under these cotton mittens are wool mittens. These, too, have a trigger finger.

The cap, which is water and wind resistant, is pile-lined—the G.I. steel helmet fits over it. ★★★

In combat zone, the OD 7 color melts against the background. The new cap has fold-in ear flaps and the shirt sleeves and trouser cuffs button tight for protective reasons



"Your lover has killed himself," said Gene. "Or you've killed your lover. You can take your choice." It was a simple, inexorable trap

THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE

BY JOHN AUGUST

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story Thus Far:

JIM GISLASON'S machine shop in Petit Marais, Wisconsin, goes into war production, and two New Yorkers, representing Spectacle, a picture magazine, visit the little plant, where they take pictures and gather data for an article.

Gislason's bookkeeper, Marie Royce, objects to being "shot" by a camera. But shot she is—a number of times. Later, that evening, Gislason *asks her to marry him. She listens to him* patiently, but says "No," although she knows he is offering her protection, security.

But far more important matters are shaping. United States Senator Fetterman is seriously ill in Denver, Colorado. Should he die, his state's chief executive, Governor Queed, must appoint a successor; and it is rumored that his choice will be Eugene Penfield, a wealthy politician with Fascist leanings, who is the tool of Taylor Damon, an unscrupulous newspaper publisher who is strongly Fascist. Damon—so it is said—is grooming Penfield for the Presidency. . . .

In Washington, D. C., Scott Warner, an OWI official, inspects the Spectacle photographs. Gazing at those of Marie Royce, he is tremendously excited; he believes that he can now scotch the Fascist peril. And this is why:

Some three years before, Dixon Gale (a man who may or may not have been the lover of Marta Penfield, Gene Penfield's wife) had shot himself (or been shot) at Penfield's magnificent Sierra Nevada estate, "Silvertip." Marta, suffering from shock, had been taken to a sanitarium and then later committed suicide. Her body was never found.

Now, *scrutinizing the pictures, Warner feels sure* that Marie Royce and Marta Penfield are one and the same person! He suspects that Penfield killed Dixon Gale. He is certain that, if he can interview Marie Royce and induce her to tell what she knows, he can ruin Penfield politically.

He acts quickly. First, he resigns at OWI. Then, going to New York, he secures the cooperation of Morris Stein, a rich anti-Fascist, and Irv Barney, a brilliant political reporter. As he leaves Stein's house, he is attacked by two strong-arm men who steal his brief case. Then he meets and has hot words with Taylor Damon, who, he feels sure, set the men on him. After this, he goes to Petit Marais.

In the little town, he meets Marie Royce and tries to inveigle her into admitting that she is Penfield's wife. The girl will admit nothing.

A few minutes later, on the street, a man—one of the two who had attacked him in New York—approaches him and tells him to get out of town at once! Realizing his peril, he hurries to the hotel, checks out, and goes, in the station wagon in which he'd driven into town, to the girl's home. He finds her preparing to make a getaway. She says she is going to Duluth. Warner *persuades her to let him drive her there.*

Slipping out a back way over a roof, they drive away. Warner turns on the radio. A news broadcaster announces that Jim Gislason has been murdered, and the police are looking for his bookkeeper, Marie Royce, who has disappeared!

The girl is indeed in a predicament, and she is aware of it. Warner induces her to go on west with him. He purchases camping equipment and food. Then he stops by a small lake and, because he feels the onset of an attack of migraine, from which he suffers intensely, he produces a hypodermic needle to give himself an injection.

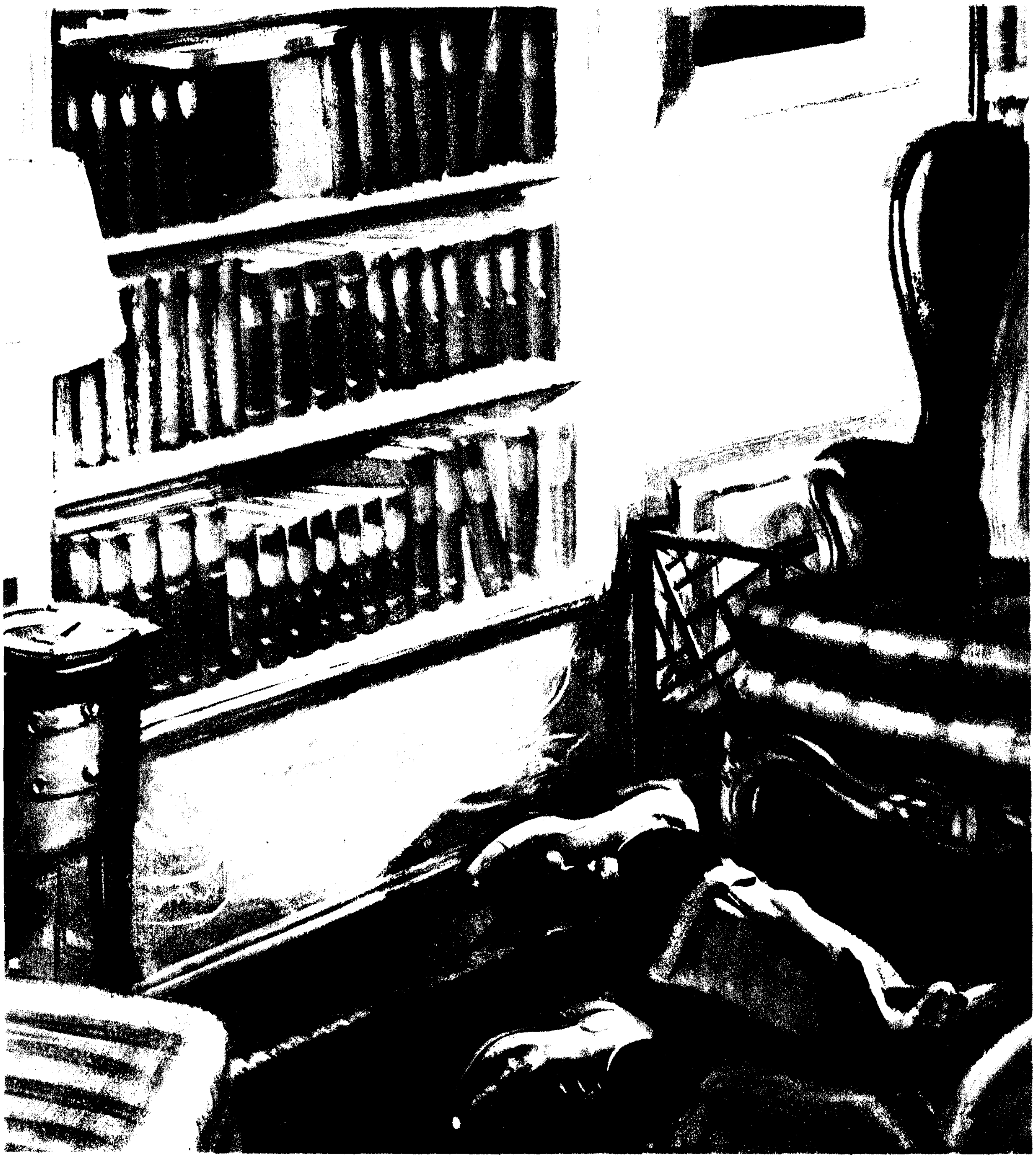
"You'd better let me give it to you," the girl says quietly. And she slips the needle into his bared arm with all the skill of a trained nurse.

II

IRV BARNEY sat in the city room of the Denver Morning Tribune Sunday afternoon, swapping lies with the amusing graybeard who doubled as mining editor and radio editor and thinking about the yellow-haired girl he'd spent hours with the day before in Calusa County, California.

He'd got a newspaper pal to cover for him while he took time off from the Fetterman story to make a quick trip by plane in the hope that Ann Sloane could *tell* him something useful about Marta Penfield and Dixon Gale. He'd stayed as long as he could because he liked Ann. There was no use kidding himself. He more than liked her. For the first time in years, he was crazy about a girl.

And he felt like a heel. Because when he'd got her confidence, she'd talked freely. If the things she'd told him were as important as he thought they were, he'd



have to drag her back into the mud of the Penfield story. That wasn't his idea of a nice thing to do to any girl. It was the dirtiest kind of trick to play on a girl like Ann Sloane. But he was a newspaperman, a political reporter, and the story wasn't just a scandal; it was the most important story politically he'd ever tried to dig up. If he got the rest of it, he'd have to print it, no matter how hard it was on Ann.

The solemn young man who covered hospitals for the paper came in. "Fetterman's got pneumonia now," he said.

Irv waited politely for the graybeard to finish his story about the miner. He saw a piece of flimsy on the floor and idly picked it up and as idly read it and forgot to be polite.

"Did you print this little A.P. story of a couple of days ago about a guy in Wisconsin getting shot?" he asked, just as the mining and radio editor was coming to his climax.

The editor took the flimsy, read the three lines of it, and shook his head. "What's the shooting of a machine-shop proprietor in Wisconsin got to do with Denver?" he asked.

"Nothing," Irv said. "I just happened to know a guy once whose name was Jim Gislason and I wondered if it was the same man. Go on with your story. I didn't mean to interrupt."

Irv left when the graybeard had finished. He walked down Broadway, asking himself what the murder of Gislason and the flight of Marie Royce meant. He guessed it meant that Marta Penfield was the *femme fatale* that Ann Sloane said she was. She hadn't been cured by her experience in the Dixon Gale scandal. Now she was responsible for another murder. That is, she was if Scott Warner had been right in identifying Marie Royce by those Spectacle pictures as Marta Penfield. Irv had been pretty skeptical of that. He'd agreed with Morris Stein it was ten to one Scott Warner was mistaken.

He was a nice guy, Warner. Too nice. Too much the young college professor type.

IRV turned around sharply and started back the way he had come and saw what he guessed he would see. The man who'd been following him stopped to look in the window of a sporting-goods store. Irv lounged up beside him and pretended to study golf clubs, tennis rackets, badminton sets and bathing suits. His companion was compelled to keep on staring at the window. Regretfully, because he would have liked to play the game longer, Irv held up a finger to a taxi driver parked at the curb.

"Fontenelle Hospital," he said, when the cab had started.

He looked through the rear window and saw that his fellow student of sporting goods was taking another taxi. He leaned back and prepared to enjoy a long drive in a brilliant mountain afternoon.

The hospital was a prideful new one, with yellow marble and a lot of chromium in the lobby, and it was as uncommunicative as all hospitals are. Irv rode back to the center of town and, on impulse, stopped at a little park. He stretched out in the shade of some shrubbery and enjoyed the rainbows formed in lawn sprinklers for half an hour. The backdrop of distant peaks had its merits, and Denver was a good town if you didn't like New York. Deciding that he had been annoying enough to his shadow, he caught another taxi and drove to an office building. The doctor's waiting room had a number of patients, so Irv told the girl that his scar had opened up, and she agreed that he should go in ahead of the others.

Irv had never succeeded in amusing the doctor. Now he said curtly that, yes, a paralyzed man could have pneumonia, that pneumonia was the merciful terminal disease of the aged, and that Senator Fetterman was going to die. Irv asked him how soon. The doctor called Irv a damn' newspaper ghoul and would make no prediction whatever. And why did Irv care? Wouldn't the obituary he'd written be as good one day as another?

Irv went out and noted that his unobtrusive friend followed him while he went to a bank and changed some bills for the heavy metal used as money in these parts. Irv went on to his hotel. His shadow had to stop in the lobby.

Irv went up to his room and, alone at last, stretched out on his bed to think. He looked longingly at the telephone. He'd have liked to call up that yellow-haired girl in Colusa County, but he had no doubt that even when he asked room service for a highball, the fact was duly reported to men who paid well for the information.

Everything looked bad: the fact that pneumonia, the terminal disease of the aged, didn't last long; that he had to stay in Denver when he ought to be other places; that Scott Warner had failed to get the girl he thought was Marta Penfield; and finally that Irv Barney couldn't go anywhere or talk to anybody without being observed.

The telephone rang sharply—Irv jumped for it and heard a voice that he didn't at once recognize.

"Irv Barney?" the voice asked.

"That's me," Irv said.

"This is Scott Warner in—"

"Wait a minute," Irv yelled. "Don't tell me who you are or where you are or say anything that anybody listening in would get."

"I left a message yesterday saying I'd called you."

"Somebody else got it. I didn't. Use the old double talk."

"I'll have to think," Scott said.

"I'm sorry you didn't get the nod from the referee in your last fight," Irv said.

"Save your sorrow till I need it," Scott said. "Can't you go somewhere and call me back, so we can talk?"

"I'll try," Irv said. "But you'll have to give me your number."

Scott Warner gave him a Williams, North Dakota, telephone number, and Irv hung up.

HE THOUGHT a minute and went out in the hall and rang for the service elevator. He went out through the hotel kitchen, caught a taxi and got out after three blocks. Then he ducked through an office building that fronted on two streets, got another taxi and drove to the telephone company's building.

He put in his call to Williams and waited for it in a green closet with a red bench in it. He had to wait half an hour and he was nearly suffocated by his own cigarette smoke by the time he heard Scott Warner's voice again.

"Okay, chum," Irv said. "Tell me all."

"I want you to dig up somebody who knew her when."

"You mean you know where she is?"

"I've had her with me for two days," Scott said.

"What about the murder?"

"We were a hundred miles away."

"I've got to hand it to you, chum," Irv Barney said. "You're better than I thought you were. Does she admit she's the right one?"

"She doesn't admit a thing."

"Then how do you know she is?"

"You find somebody who knew her before, and I'll prove it."

"That'll take time," Irv said.

He knew it wouldn't take much time. He knew exactly where to find the right person. The right person was Ann Sloane, but he hated to ask it of her. If the girl with Scott Warner turned out to be Marta Penfield, and Ann identified her, Ann would be all over the papers again.

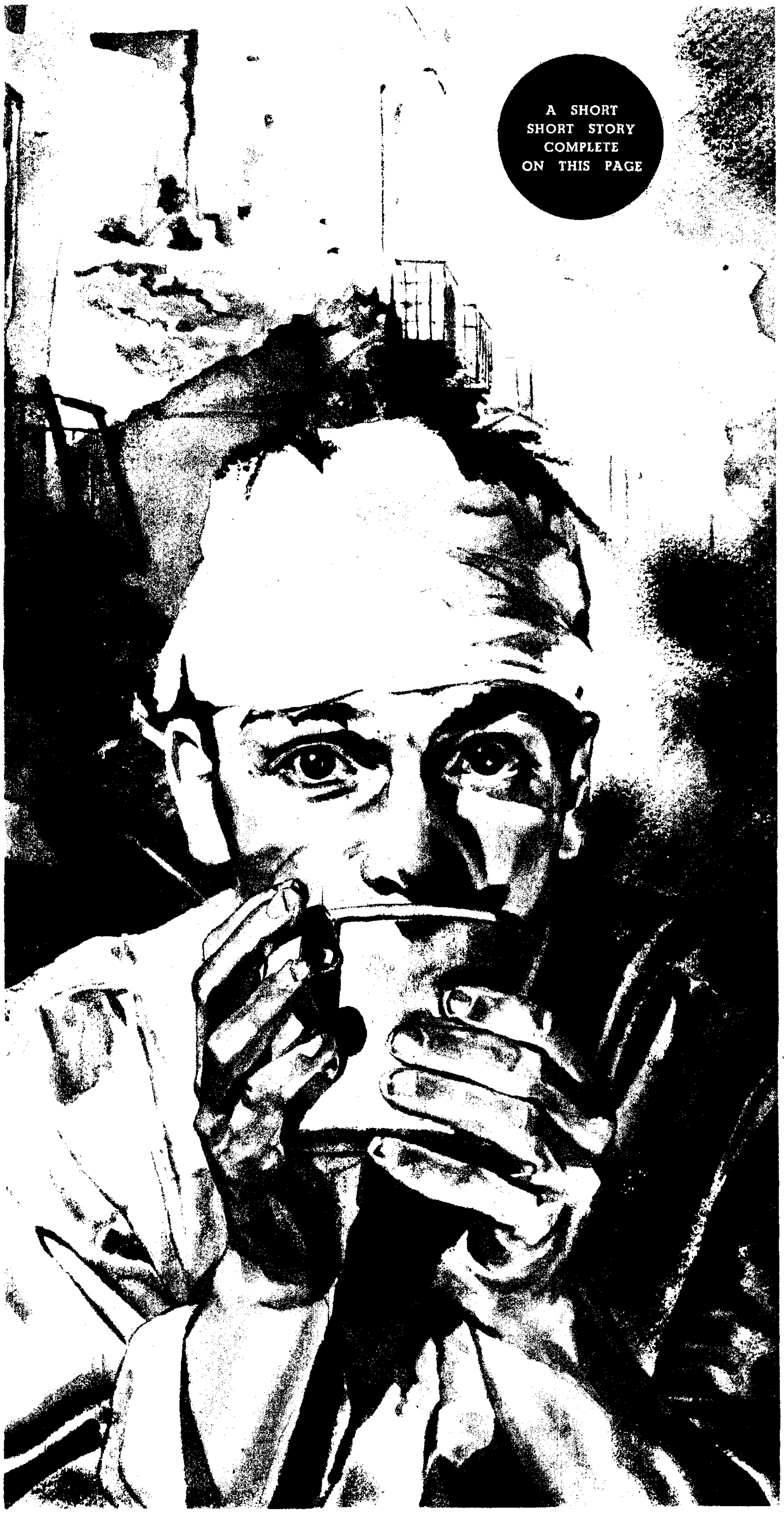
"We haven't got time," Scott said. "I just heard over the radio that Fetterman's got pneumonia. And how long do you think I can keep ahead of the hounds? Where can I call you back tomorrow?"

"Call me at the city desk of the Denver Tribune and make it as near noon as you can. And watch yourself with that dame. I've picked up some more things about her out here. She's bad."

"I'm not so sure of that as you are," Scott Warner said.

"So she's been working on you."

(Continued on page 28)



A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

THE DATE

BY WALTER HAYDOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL

The wounded boy clutched the cup and gulped the wine down without stopping. He coughed a bit, then he broke into a wide grin. "Never thought that dago red would ever taste like an ice-cream soda," he said

IN A VERY few minutes, twelve minutes to be exact, he would keep his date with Linda. It was a date made long ago and a very important date. Wherever they might be at five o'clock on that very special day in October, they would lift their glasses high and drink to each other. Of course, they would not be together.

Terry knew exactly what he would say. He had rehearsed that little toast a thousand times, first on the deck of the blacked-out transport beneath a canopy of stars, and then again as he lolled in the warm sand to stare at the deep clear African sky through the filigree patterns of palm leaves. He had murmured it to himself as he marched across the green Sicilian valley in the shadow of Mount Etna. And now in this funny little Italian village high in the hills above Salerno, it was almost time really to keep his date with Linda.

When the company had reached the village, orders had come to "fall out," and the men had dived to the sides of the road to sprawl, smoke and bask in the mellow sunlight. Terry sat upright, alternately glancing at his wrist watch and at the little wineshop across the road. The time was growing short. He raised his eyes until they met the warm, blue sky. The words he was to say began to cross his mind: "To this little moment that ends the first beautiful year of our marriage! To the years of happiness to come! To you, Linda, my pretty, sweet and lovely little wife!"

THE roll of distant guns snapped him out of the pleasant lethargy that held him for an instant. It was the artillery paving the way for their advance, blasting Hitler's rear guard. Seven minutes more. He looked at the wineshop. But he hardly saw it—he was wondering where she would be, where Linda would drink their anniversary toast. Would she be at André's tiny restaurant on far-off Forty-eighth Street, where they had made the date those four—or was it five?—months ago? It all seemed so vague. So much had happened since then. Everything seemed vague except Linda, and especially how she looked and acted that last night he had seen her.

When he told her he suspected he would not see her for a while, she seemed to understand immediately. She did not cry or even look sad. She fixed her wide brown eyes on something across the restaurant for an instant. Then she turned them back to him, smiled that quick, funny smile of hers and tapped her cocktail glass with a long, slender finger.

"No matter where you will be, Terry," she said, "we have a date together. On our anniversary, the very minute we were married, we'll have a date. Wherever you are and wherever I am, we'll drink to each other."

He remembered saying, "I'll be there, Linda."

They laughed and kidded all through the dinner at André's just as they always did and, later, when the time came for him to say goodby and go back to camp, it wasn't so terribly bad. He knew and she knew that they had an anniversary date, that they would be together for an instant, even if they were thousands of miles apart. It seemed to make things a lot easier.

When he kissed her for the last time, she said, "Don't forget, Terry dear."

Six minutes more. Ambulances and trucks were rolling unevenly along the dirt road now, carrying the casualties of the day from the front-line dressing stations to the main field hospital a mile back. . . .

It was time now. Terry rose and ducked across the road through the slow caravan. Inside the dark store an old man with a great walrus mustache regarded him stoically. With his fingers, Terry tapped a great keg and pointed to a cup. *"Vino."*

The old man got up slowly and drew the wine. He handed the cup to Terry, who slapped a coin down on the counter and walked to the front of the store. From the doorway step, he could see far to the north. To the right was Vesuvius with its thin column of smoke creeping lazily heavenward. Below and to the left, Naples sprawled along the shimmering bay, while farther on, Capri rested in the sun-swept waters like some great anchored ship. Fate had not picked such a bad place for his date with Linda.

Terry dropped his eyes. Walking casualties were coming now. Terry's fingers tightened around the handle of the cup as he saw one boy who was making slow progress, with his arm around the shoulder of a medical orderly. The few days' growth of scraggly beard could not hide his youth. The corporal's chevrons on his sleeve were almost lost in dark bloodstains, and his head was swathed in a hasty bandage. Terry glanced at his watch. Sixty seconds. In just one minute, his lips would touch that wine and, for a few brief moments, there would be no distance. He and Linda would be together, saying the things they wanted to say to each other. The wounded corporal and the orderly came to an uncertain halt in front of the store, a few feet from where he stood. The arm slipped slowly from the medical orderly's neck, and the boy slid limply to the dust. He looked up at Terry and tried to grin. "Flat feet, I guess."

It was time now. Terry raised the cup until he breathed in the heavy odor of the chianti. The first words of the toast sprung to his mind: "To this little—"

The third word froze in his mind as he saw the eyes of the fallen boy fixed upon him. They were soft dark eyes, with a quiet, hopeful look. Linda was waiting. He began again: "To this little moment—"

Flat feet—hell! That guy down there didn't have flat feet any more than he did. It was just his way of apology for sitting down on the road. He was just one of the guys that couldn't be licked. He was one of the reasons why Hitler's supermen were running like the very devil. The boy on the ground rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth and licked his cracked, dry lips with his tongue. Terry felt the cup quiver in his hand, as he said the words just as if he were talking to someone at the bar in the country club: "Have a drink?"

The boy on the ground shot forward a grimy hand. He clutched the cup that Terry handed to him and gulped the wine down without stopping, the purple liquid running off his mouth and chin in tiny rivulets. He coughed a bit, then broke into a wide grin.

"Never thought that dago red would ever taste like an ice-cream soda," he said. "Thanks. It was swell, guy."

After a moment, Terry and the orderly helped him up, and the two resumed their journey down the road. They stopped once, and the boy tried to wave a hand. Terry watched them disappear around the curve.

Terry did not look at his wrist watch. There wasn't any use now. *He had missed his date with Linda. . . .*

IT WAS almost three weeks later when the letter arrived. The mail sergeant yelled, "Terry Lawton," and Terry scrambled up to get the letter. He did not have to look at the evenly written words to know it was from her. He walked away until he was alone, then opened the letter slowly. It was going to be hard to take, to read her words about the date. She would tell about that moment. He had not been there.

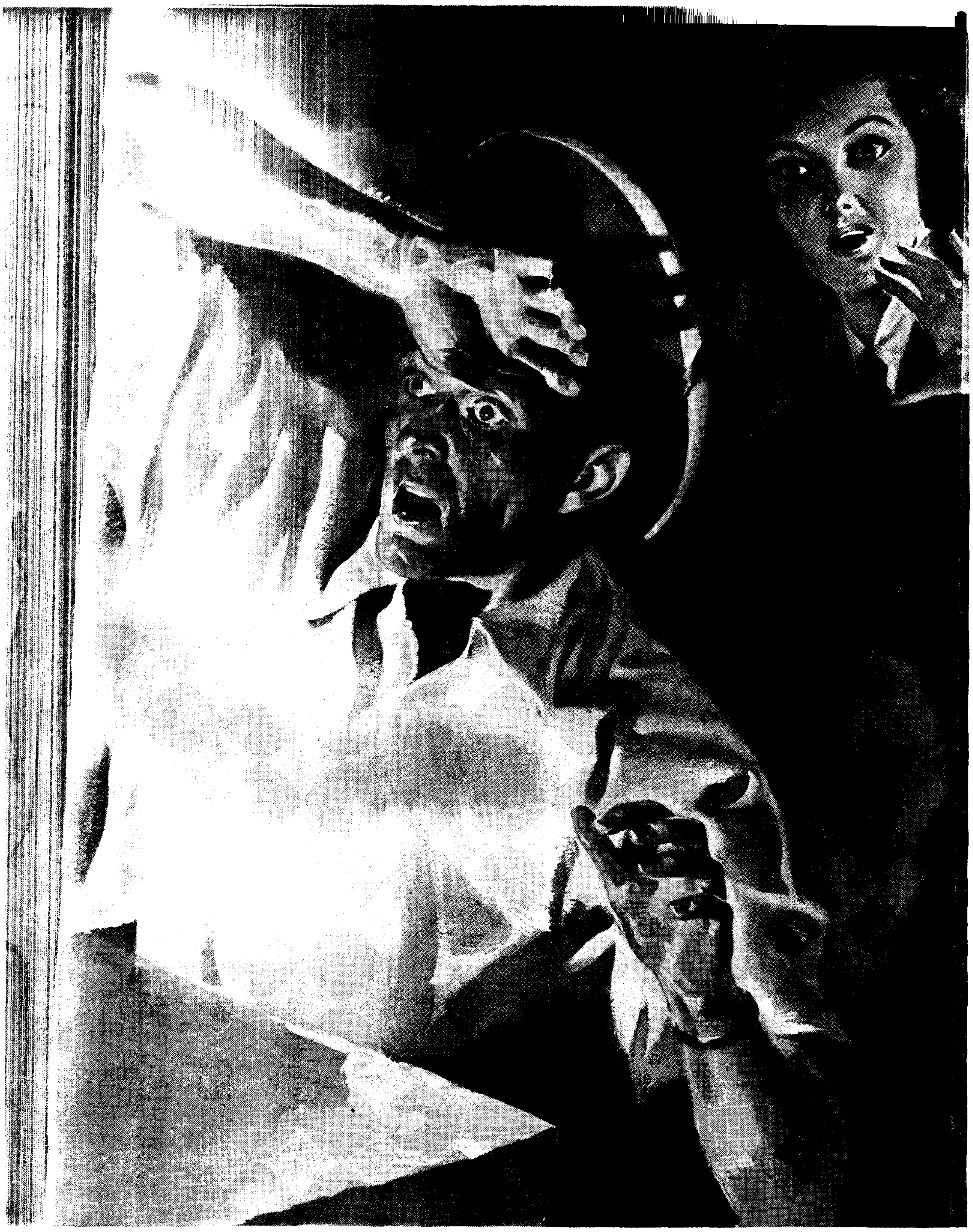
He slipped the letter from the envelope and read the few lines of greeting. Then it came: "About our date, Terry dear. I went down to the blood bank that day and thought I had so much time. There were so many people ahead of me, it was ten minutes to five when I got to the head of the line. I was just going to jump up, run out and get my drink when someone said, 'Mrs. Lawton.' When anybody calls me that, I just can't run away. I just love being Mrs. Lawton. I was on the table at five. I could not keep the date, but I was thinking of you. I love you so much, Terry dear. Silly me! Will you ever forgive me?"

THE MARK OF MAAT

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

How an offender was lured to execution by the Feather of Truth, all in the cause of love



There was a blinding flash of light. Something shot toward Lake which Moira described as "a brown shadow." Lake uttered a choking sound and fell

WHAT you say is true enough," Tom Borrodale admitted. "Most professional Egyptologists are unimaginative. Meant to be, I guess. You see, they come across queer things, things which just have to be written off for the good of a man's health. There's the Haunted Tomb in the Valley of the Kings where the unwrapped mummy of a strangled girl was found; there's the empty room in the Pyramid of Meydum; and there's the Woman of the Great Pyramid."

He rested bronzed and hairy legs on one chair, leaning back in another—six feet of sunbaked stolidity arrayed in shorts and a khaki shirt. It was the in-between hour, so that Shepheard's terrace showed as nearly deserted as I had seen it since my arrival in Cairo. There were inky shadows and dazzling high lights, and, save for rather more uniforms than usual, traffic in the Sharia Kâmel was much like the traffic I remembered ten years before.

"You look fit, but a trifle warworn, Tom."

"Yes." He nodded and began to fill his pipe. "I joined the infantry, like a mug—and any foot slogger who follows Montgomery wants iron feet as much as iron nerves. Enjoying a spot of leave at the moment."

He fell silent, until: "You are not one of those, I recall, who believe that Ancient Egypt holds no more mysteries for modern man?" I said.

"Not by long odds." He threw a worn pouch on the table and took a sip from his glass. "Those I have mentioned, for instance. Then, since your time, a case cropped up which eclipsed, for a while, the Tutankhamen legends. Something quite in your way."

"What was it?"

"Oh, a classic example! If we hadn't been in the middle of a number-one war, the home newspapers would have sent special reporters out on the job. It happened to a man we'll call Lake. You don't know him, and nothing would be served by using his other name. The second man—a fellow in my own line; experienced excavator and well up in Arab matters—we'll call Thomson. Then—there was a girl."

And this is the story which Tom Borrodale told me about Lake, Thomson, a girl, and the mark of Maat.

THOMSON, before the war, had been employed by the Department of Antiquities, and was recognized as a sound Egyptologist. His last job (for which he had been "lent" by the department) was an attempt to complete an excavation begun by Schroeder, the American. Schroeder had sunk a shaft, at great cost, by means of which he had hoped to gain access to the tomb of a queen who was also a priestess of Maat (Maat is the Ancient Egyptian goddess of truth, a somewhat mysterious deity of whose rites little is known).

Funds failing, or something of the kind, Schroeder went home and this shaft was never completed; but Thomson, who had followed the work with interest, decided to try to influence new capital and to carry Schroeder's shaft through. This was where Lake came into the scheme of things.

Lake and Thomson had been up at Oxford together; but Lake, who had inherited a considerable property, had blossomed into a fashionable dilettante, whereas Thomson had had to work hard for his living. Lake, latterly (this was just before the outbreak of war) had been pottering about Egypt and had developed a keen interest in Thomson's studies. Perhaps seeing himself as another Carnarvon, he agreed to put up the necessary funds and, Thomson in charge, they resumed the work.

It seems that Schroeder's calculations were accurate enough, and in rather a shorter time than Thomson had anticipated, they found their way into the antechamber of the tomb. Further progress was held up by a massive portcullis which offered every promise of a first-class nuisance. However, there were some objects of interest in the anteroom, including a great part of the regalia of a royal high priestess. An amethyst scarab set in a heavy gold ring and inscribed with the sign of Maat, Thomson pronounced to be unique.

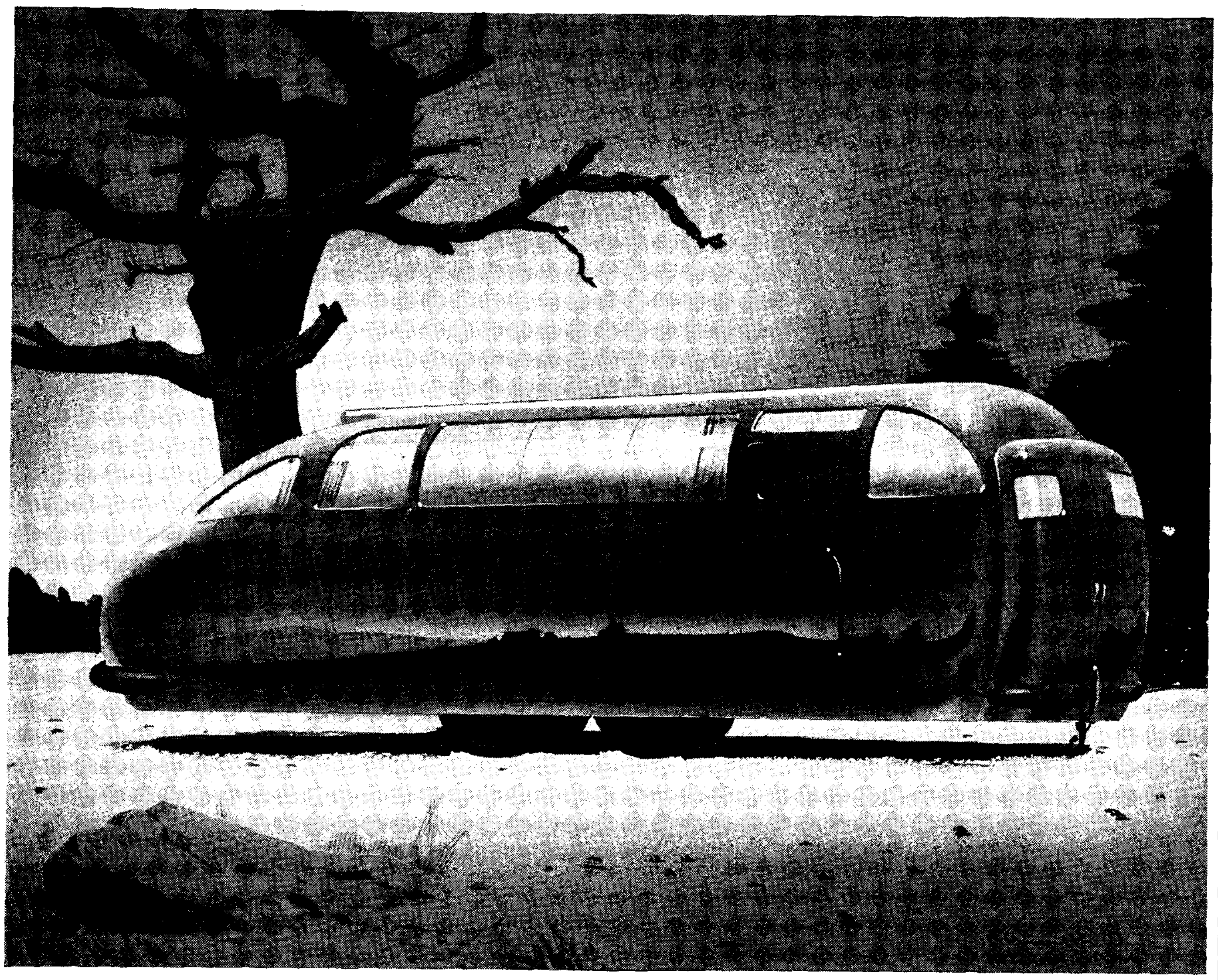
Much encouraged, they had just gone to work on the portcullis when war was declared—and once more Schroeder's shaft had to be abandoned. Lake, who already held a pilot's certificate, joined the R.A.F., and Thomson obtained an infantry commission. In due course, both drifted back to North Africa, and both became attached to the Eighth Army. It was during the lull before Montgomery's great advance that the girl stepped into the picture.

Moira (let's call her Moira) was an Irish-Australian and had come out as a nurse with a contingent from Melbourne. Her family had plenty of money, and she had been educated in England, and I gathered that she was by way of being a beauty.

Both Lake and Thomson met her socially in Cairo, and Thomson, who found her altogether too attractive for his peace of mind, seems to have resigned her to Lake, slightly the younger man, good-looking, and in every way more suitable; or so Thomson thought. "He didn't believe," as Tom Borrodale put it, "that mere brawn, a medium brain, and small prospects beyond five hundred a year could appeal to any sensible girl. Particularly, with a charming and wealthy man, who one day would inherit a baronetcy, in the running."

Thomson was shifted first; and Moira saw him off. There were tears in her eyes, and he decided that she was sorry for him. Although he had tried hard to conceal his real sentiments, he gave her credit for

(*Continued on page 24*)



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Tomorrow's Home on Wheels

The small portable homes already mentioned in this column will not be alone in serving the footloose after the war. Ultramodern, highly developed automobile trailers will give them lusty competition. War-wise trailer makers, who have already sold the government nearly 40,000 rubber-tired homes, believe they can match the features of any portable house and show many advantages, too.

Houses on wheels accommodating four people will sell for as little as $700, we are told. Compact oil heating and high-efficiency insulating materials will make them as snug as permanent homes in the coldest winter weather. Trailer floors especially will be made coldproof to make up for the absence of cellars. Plywood and airplane metals will permit trailers to be roomier without adding weight.

Great attention will be paid to multiple-purpose furniture. Full-sized beds will fold into the walls and become chairs, shelves, lockers and tables. Miniature but practical washing machines, vacuum cleaners, even sewing machines, will be fitted into niches, to be released by pushing a button. Larger models will be air-conditioned.

Fake "Jewels" for Better Watches

"Glass!" will always be the ultimate cry of contempt for cheap costume jewelry, perhaps, but in the watch of the future glass "jewels" will be the hallmark of the best. The little sapphires which have made Swiss watches so famous—and so expensive—will be abandoned forever when a new glass substitute for them returns from the war.

This special glass, almost pure quartz, has recently been developed for hundreds of types of precision fighting instruments and timekeepers. Your stake in this war discovery will be that you can own the finest watch for a fraction of the cost of today's finer timepieces.

Promised for tomorrow is the nonpuncturable auto tire, fitted with an inner tube that is self-sealing when a hole is punched in it. The idea will come directly from today's bulletproof gasoline tanks on fighting planes, which are lined with special self-healing rubber lining.

Blasting Paths to Peace

An innocent rope that looks like clothesline but that detonates with more force than dynamite, will figure importantly in postwar assaults upon the vast wildernesses that will be crossed in linking the nations together.

The rope is designed like standard fuse, but is filled with the very newest thing in high explosives. When it is ignited at one end, the explosion travels forward at more than three miles per second, so that a practically instantaneous blast can be produced along a strip several miles in extent. So violent is the explosive force all the way along that a path several feet wide can be cleared. Rocks and trees up to a foot in diameter can be blasted out of the way.

After the war this new kind of cross-country blasting will be used to clear paths through jungles and forests to open up right of way for pole lines and highways, and even to dig shallow trenches for cables and pipe lines. A single advance crew of two or three men will be able to lay many miles of explosive rope a day and, with a single electric contact, clear the path behind them at nightfall. It will work as powerfully under water as on dry land.

The new method will also be invaluable in the tremendous demolition work that will be needed before ruined Europe can be rebuilt.

The Sun Will Cut Your Fuel Bills

An economical future is in store for home owners who buy themselves "glass houses," for the specially designed transparent walls will make the sun pay part of the heating bills. Radiant solar heat of short wave length will pass through the glass with no trouble at all, but the heat of longer wave length generated within cannot escape. The glass will act like a one-way valve for warmth.

Experimental homes outside Chicago have already proved the efficiency of the new insulating glass. On sunny midwinter days, even with the temperature diving to zero and staying there all day, the furnace may be turned off from nine in the morning till sundown.

Architects of the future will design these "solar" homes with large sheets of double or triple plate glass composing most of the south walls. Deeply overhanging eaves will shade the interior of the house from the high sun's rays in summer, but will not interfere with the more oblique rays of winter.

Rooms flooded with sunshine, or on stormy days with full sky light, will not only ease the burden on the furnace—they will give a powerful lift to sagging morale as the winter grows old. ★★★

(Continued from page 23) knowing how he felt; he believed that women were like that. To Lake, on parting, he said simply, "Good luck, old man.". . .

When the campaign really got going, Lake's squadron was right up in support. But the two men had seen little of each other up to the time that Thomson was sent over on a special job behind Rommel's lines. His intimate knowledge of Arabic and the Arabs was not wasted. Suitably dressed, he could pass for a member of any one of six or more orders without much risk of detection.

Attired in Senusi style, he was flown across by a roundabout route to be parachuted at a selected point; and the pilot allotted to him was Lake.

Well, they were unlucky. An unsuspected A.A. gun, hidden in a wadi, scored a beauty just as they were turning northward toward the coast. It developed into a race against leaking petrol and faltering engines—and they lost. Lake crash-landed in the middle of what Borrodale described as "God knows where."

Thomson had a splinter in one shoulder, and lost a quantity of blood; the wound was difficult to dress; but Lake escaped intact. Observations showed that they were about sixty miles west of the British lines. They had, and could carry, sufficient rations and water, sparingly shared, to last them for three days. Their radio had cracked up. It would have been grim enough under normal conditions: being in enemy country made it worse.

They started to trek back; "and," said Borrodale, "only those who know the gritty, shelterless hell called the Libyan desert can begin to imagine those days and nights."

BOTH were bitten by some unidentified crawling thing while they slept in the shadow of a wadi, and Thomson developed a high temperature. His injured arm swelled to nearly twice its normal size and he began to laugh out loud and talk nonsense. Lake, a man of slighter physique, was not in much better shape. But he did his best to drag Thomson along.

Just before dawn of the third day, Thomson fell into a sort of coma from which Lake was unable to rouse him. Weak as a kitten, himself, he waited until the end. It meant the loss of eighteen precious hours and of nearly all the water. Then, he scraped out a shallow pit and dragged the largest bits of stone which he could carry from a neighboring mound to make a cairn over his dead companion. It was the best he could do to protect him from the jackals and the vultures.

Lake was picked up, a whole day later, by a reconnaissance party from an Indian unit and rushed to a hospital in Cairo.

"I may as well tell you," said Tom Borrodale, "that he was a pretty desperate case. He looked more like a mummy than a man; and for a long time he hovered on the border line."

No one followed the stages of his slow recovery with greater interest than Moira. You see, so far, he had been quite unable to tell the story of that dreadful march. Incoherent rambling formed his only conversation; and the grim facts were fearfully awaited.

When, at last, a sick man but a sane one, Lake told his story, Moira was among the first to hear it. Much to most people's surprise, she took the news of Thomson's death very badly. The thing that seemed to worry her, and it was a queer thing to worry about in the circumstances, was the possibility that Lake, in his weakened state, had made an inadequate cairn—the possibility that Thomson's body might become the prey of carrion birds and beasts. Lake did his best to reassure her, but he was not altogether successful, as will appear.

Whether the thought of the dead man lying out there in the Libyan desert preyed

(Continued on page 43)

GIDAL-PIX

[illegible] ing, center, pr[illegible] an inter-Allied Supply conference in Teheran. Here, democracy works

YANKS IN IRAN

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

"Every weapon we can put into the hands of the Russians means an American life saved." So Americans put over one of the world's biggest transport jobs in the hottest spot on the globe

MAJOR GENERAL DONALD H. CONNOLLY is a very big, stern-looking man with an outthrust chin. When you first meet Connolly, you say to yourself, "Don't get into any trouble with this guy or you'll get your ears knocked off." General Connolly is in charge of one of the most important military operations in the world; he heads the Persian Gulf Command, which delivers goods to Russia.

It is one of the toughest of all jobs, too, because often his men have to work in blast-furnace temperatures, and Connolly has to watch out lest hard work plus murderous heat do not cause crack-ups.

I had just come out of Russia, and Connolly asked me to stay with him in Teheran. This was before the President and Churchill and Stalin met there. He asked me what I wanted for breakfast, and I told him I would settle for eight cups of American coffee and two packs of American cigarettes. The general said very gravely that these simple wants would be attended to.

"Every man on my staff," he said, "knows more about his particular job than I do, and I am proud of that. I worry about my men working in the Persian Gulf ports. That's the hottest part of the world, you know, but you never hear any complaints from the boys."

He was interrupted at this point by his aide, Major Ben Wyatt, of Texas, who dropped two telegrams. Connolly opened them, and then, without a word, handed them to me. They had both come from the same Persian Gulf port. The first merely said, "Temperature today 129 degrees." The second was from his man in charge at the same port. It read:

BECAUSE OF THE UNEXPECTED SIZE OF THE LATEST CONVOY TO ARRIVE THE MEN ARE AFRAID WE MAY FALL BEHIND SCHEDULE STOP THEY SUGGEST THAT UNTIL CARGO DISPOSED OF THEIR EIGHT-HOUR DAY BE INCREASED TO TWELVE.

I looked at Connolly, and he didn't look stern or tough now at all. He said, "That's what I mean about my men never complaining. Twelve hours' work in that kind of heat would kill a native. Yet these boys ask for it. Do you wonder I am proud of them?"

I didn't wonder at all. There's nothing glamorous in the job done by the Persian Gulf Command. Their job is transportation. Ships arrive in ports, loaded to the gunwales with war material for Russia. They unload it, put it on trains and trucks, transport it north, deliver it to the Russians and then go back to do it all over again.

Iran is larger than France and had the misfortune to be born in the wrong place. To use a couple of clichés, Iran—which was Persia until 1935—is the back door to the Caucasus and the gateway to India. Poor Iran was just not born to be neutral. She was too vulnerable.

Germany knew this, and for years before the war Mr. Hitler's little men were busy molding the Iranian mind. Germany helped to build an 870-mile trans-Iranian railroad, which is now 100 per cent American operated. Germany helped to build

(Continued on page 57)

Short evening dresses were popular with smart audiences at Winged Victory opening. But women should look at themselves fore and aft

Natalie Shaffer, Hollywood, at Winged Victory in gold embroidered black. Long gloves complete most brief evening dresses

Short and Low

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

Designer Hattie Carnegie gets the credit for launching short formal dress. One of her models (at the left) wears one of her latest at El Morocco

NEWEST, most dramatic wartime fashion is the short evening dress. Look in at the Stork Club or the Waldorf or an opening night at the theater—wherever the fashionable congregate—and you'll see some brief costumes that will startle you alongside the accustomed long-skirted gowns. They stop just below the knee, are as naked up top as the wearer's anatomy will allow, and so slim she can't have hips.

The fashion may have started in New York. But it's not stopping there. In Dayton, Indianapolis, Oklahoma City, to name a few representative spots, women are paying high prices,—$49.95 and up—for the least amount of cloth with the greatest amount of sex appeal they can lay their hands on. The department-store ads are uninhibited. "The new short dinner sheath, barebacked, edged in orchid satin," romances Indianapolis. "Frankly show your throat," urges San Antonio, offering "flirty, flirty black, lush with lace," to set it off. "Low-necked charm for juniors," cries Washington, "absolute TNT." Glamor, glitter, deviltry are some of the means they suggest to "win a glance and capture a heart."

Some of these costumes are more conservative in their methods than others, sticking to the usual long skirt, and letting go with low-cut flattery up above. But it won't be long for them, either, according to Mary Lewis, stylist for Sears, Roebuck, head of her own Fifth Avenue shop and one of the canniest clothes prophets in the country.

"This is the first major fashion change of the war," she says, "and a revolutionary one. Long skirts are clipped forever. They don't fit the times, and people who swish along the street look out of place. We'll wear short skirts outside the home, and pants or peasant-type costumes at home for dressing up."

If you say you won't wear this new short dress, nobody's listening. In 1929, women said they wouldn't wear long skirts. And look at you.

Biggest hazard to the new fashion is women's figures. All clothes today are slim and brief. They are also pretty and becoming—if you have the figure. That's up to you and your will power. ★★★

FAR CRY

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THEY abandoned the raft without remorse to the suck of the undertow, and, beaten forward by the surf, stumbled toward those inviting level sands where a man might fling himself full length and sleep. That was all they asked. They staggered like drunken men, knowing only that the sand was real beneath them and rejoicing in security. Their senses were furred by the urgency of this desire to sleep. Lane felt it attack the nape of his neck like an opiate that reaches up compelling fingers to erase all feeling.

Only a wish to put their enemy, the sea, far behind them kept them in motion across the vast, level floor of sand until they were well under the shadow of the cliff. There they flung themselves down, outstretched, bone-weary. Miller's triumphant grin said clearly that if you let things take their course something will turn up. Marks' eyes were hard, his mouth was tight. Only young Lane stared about him as if this were a shining miracle.

Lane had a girl at home, a girl he had thought he would never see again. Now in anticipation he could hold her warm young body in his arms and feel her eager lips tight against his. For he had seen a fisherman's cottage, white on a high green slope above the cliff, and, against the evening sky line, the figure of a child—a living symbol of the things to which he had come back.

Nonie was crazy about kids. They meant someday o have one of their own. All this now blurred in a single desire—to sleep.

And then the sound came, shrill as a scream in the evening stillness.

"What was that?" said Lane.

"What does it matter?" grunted Marks. "I want to leep."

"Me, too," said Miller.

Lane was uneasy. "I saw a kid up there on the cliff!" he told them.

"Forget it," Marks said, and in a moment he was sleep, his bulk stretched on the hard sand.

THE cry came again; muted by distance, it had an eerie quality, but there was in it a note of human fear.

"Sure does sound like a kid screaming," Miller admitted. "Maybe it ain't. Maybe it's just a sea bird. That's what it is, like enough." He looked at Lane harply. "Don't be a fool," he warned. "You couldn't climb up there if that's what's on your mind. Do you want to die, now you're saved? Lie down, you idiot."

Lane obeyed. He stretched out his cramped limbs in movement that was at once ecstasy and pain. He pilowed his face on his elbow where the rags of his shirt flew in the breeze, and a fine filter of sand caressed the blond hair of his forearm.

"I wish I knew," he said.

Miller murmured, "See you in the morning." In a moment he, too, was deep asleep.

Lane edged up. He looked at Miller, at Marks. You ould shake them, he thought, or shout in their ears, and here would be no waking. Except for their stertorous reathing, the only sounds were the mewing of gulls nd the far beat of the surf.

Slashed with the sunset, the sea lay far out, the surf self diminishing in the slack tide. And still he listened. Maybe it was only his mind that gave this haunting sense f urgency. Blurred as it was with long endurance, it might not unnaturally link the fleeting vision of the child with a scream, a far cry—now unheard. A mere deluon, perhaps, to set against the compelling fingers that ressed against his nape, the fingers of that sleep which promised immediate oblivion, an inviting and wholly desirable blackness

They would call him a fool, Marks and Miller would. Perhaps he was. On the lower rocks were barnacles with cutting edges cruel as razors; and then the hazard of height. Dusk was falling quickly, but a cloud still hung above the summit like a pillar of fire. Toward it he climbed. He climbed as a man might in a nightmare, leaden-limbed yet with desperation, in his ears a night wind blowing stronger from the sea, in his ears the mockery of Miller's warning: "Do you want to die, now you're saved?"

He looked below and saw there was no going back now. He looked above and saw what looked to be his only goal: a ledge, a kind of cavern in the rocks, above it a thin trickle of path leading to the summit—a path down which, it was conceivable, small, reckless feet might go. He inched toward it, clawing for handholds, feeling for footholds, his breath painful in him. He got his hands on the promising ledge, and under him the cliff gave way. He could feel it give under his feet in a rain of rocks and gravel dropping far below.

In a sobbing agony, he hung on, thinking now of Nonie, whose happiness as well as his own life was in jeopardy. He thought of Nonie's warm young body and eager lips, and of how her eyes at the last, when he went away, had flashed the message: "Oh, Johnny, darling, you *must* come back!" And he, like the fool he was, was throwing that away. He could hold on no longer. He must drop.

Then, from the cavern above, came a beat of wings. He was no ornithologist to judge what dweller of the cliff flew out in the dusky light, beat for a homicidal moment against him, attacking with beak and claw, then, with wide wings, launched above the abyss. But as it flew it mocked him with its cry—a cry so human that it was like a child screaming in pain or fear. . . .

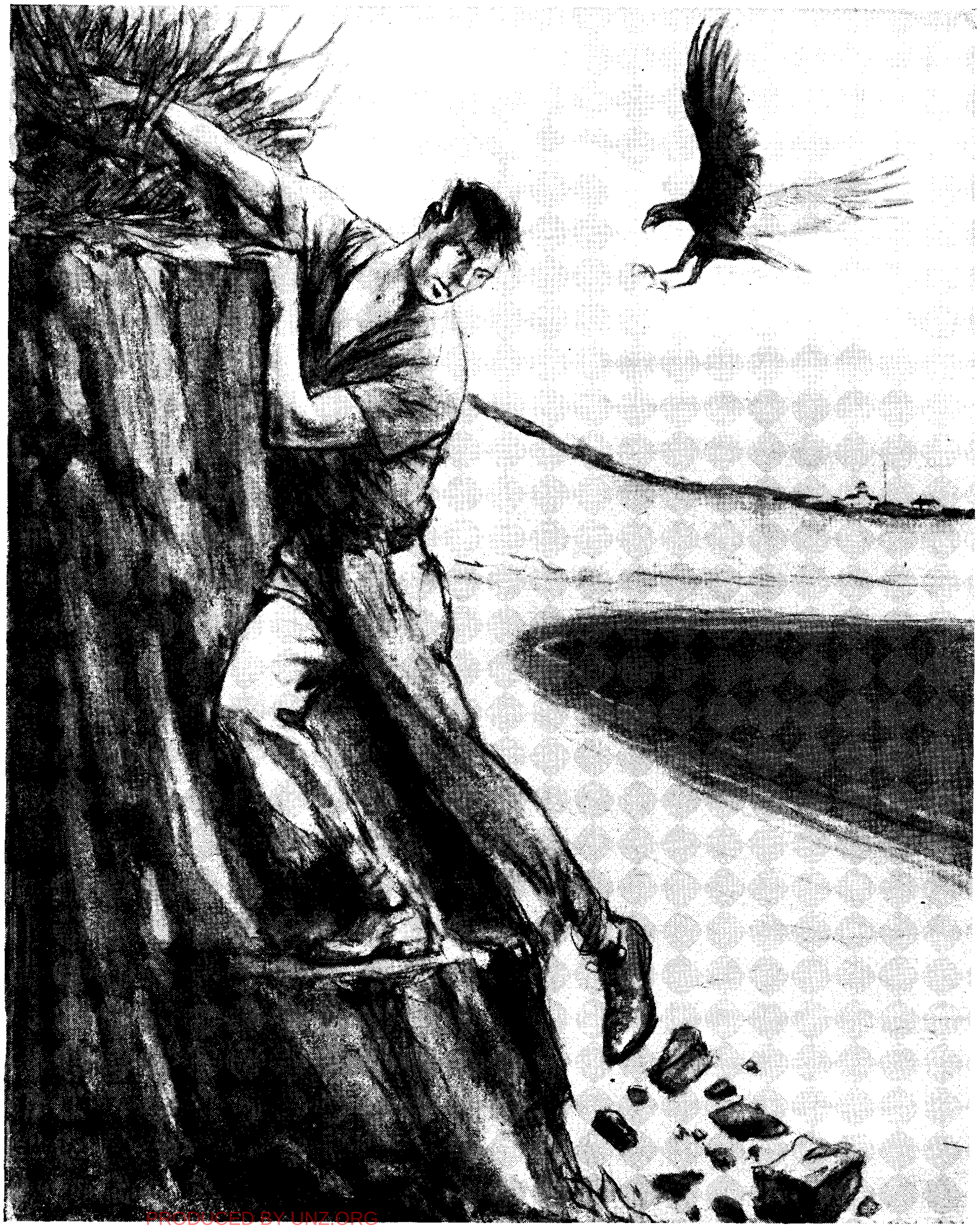
It was in the fierce anger and bitterness of that moment he found strength for the impossible, made the ledge and crawled, pulling with bleeding hands at the tufts of strongly rooted grass, until he reached the top, and flung himself exhausted on the level land, and slept.

THE fisherman and his wife came from their cottage under the noon sun. "Yes," said the man, answering Lane's first eager query, "you could send a telegram all right from the lighthouse yonder. We saw you here first thing this morning," he explained; "but there was no waking you at all. You're in from the sea?"

Lane could grin now as he told them of his folly.

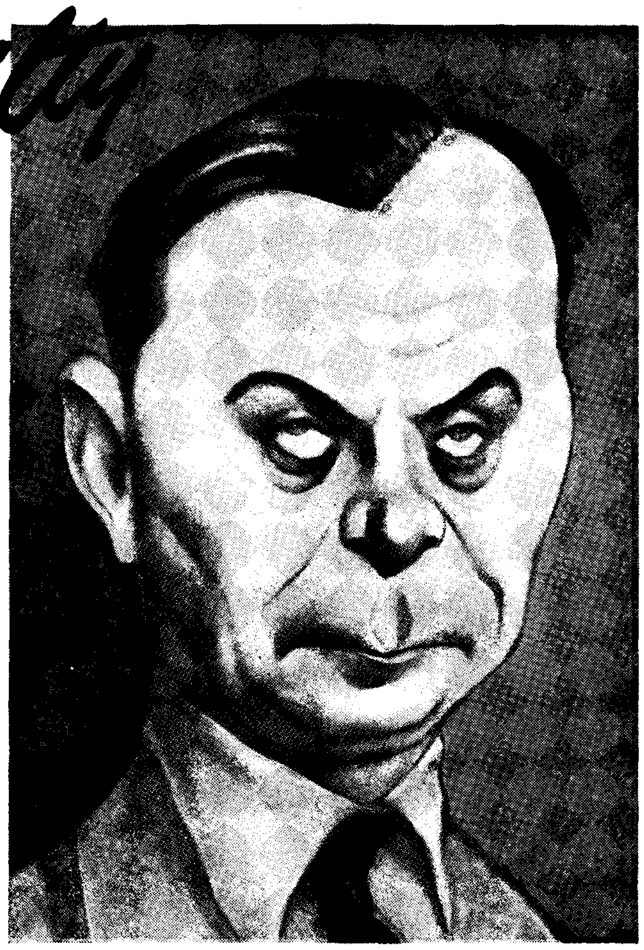
"It might very well be our small boy you saw," said the woman. "God bless you for it, even though—" Her eyes rewarded him. He was glad he had not mentioned Marks or Miller, lest she think them less—less humane. But the fisherman laughed shortly.

"Lad, you're lucky," he said. "Sleep down there on the beach like you did up here? Say, I've seen the tide come in so fast over them sands a man would need to run for the cliffs or he'd be trapped. Awful vicious tide comes in there. If you'd slept down there, God help you, you'd be a drowned man now, you would, and not sending any telegram home this bright morning."



Under Lane the cliff gave way. He could feel it give nder his feet in a rain of rocks and gravel droping far below. And the bird mocked him with its ry—a cry so human it was like a child screaming

THE Guilty



ALFRED ROSENBERG

XXIV

NOTHING more clearly proves the humorlessness of the Nazis—or it may be their sheer ignorance—than their boast that Germans are a Master Race. Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who first advanced the claim, was a Lusatian Serb; Clausewitz had Polish blood; Bismarck was more Slav than Teuton; the great Moltke was Danish; Nietzsche came from Czech stock; Kant, Beethoven and Humboldt were only half German; Hitler himself is a mongrel Austrian, and Alfred Rosenberg, apostle of Thor and Wotan, and preacher of a "purely Germanic religion," is an Estonian whose grandfathers worshiped the God of Abraham.

A complete fanatic, this fat-rumped, frowzy Balt shares with Hitler himself the responsibility for many of the Nazi shames and degradations. Doubtless the Fuehrer needed little urging, but, from the very first, Rosenberg screamed for the extermination of the Jews and insisted that Germany could not know health until the cancer of Christianity had been cut out. Day in and day out, the blasphemer poured forth his hatred and obscenities in a steady stream. Down with the accursed Israelites! Down with priests and pastors!

In his book, the Mythos of the Twentieth Century, no teaching of Christ but is fouled and derided. Damning Christianity as an alien faith, too namby-pamby for a warrior race, he demanded that the weak, maudlin booberies of the Nazarene give way to the splendid virilities "of the old Norse gods." Family ties were dismissed as outmoded; he ridiculed the sacrament of marriage. In the hour of Allied victory, Rosenberg will undoubtedly plead that he himself has shed no blood.

The answer is that his campaigns of hate had no other object than the extermination of Jews and the brutal persecution of Protestants and Catholics. He may not have clubbed rabbis to death or thrown priests from church windows, but his was the voice that urged Storm Troopers on. It is equally certain that he will attempt to clear himself of all guilt in connection with pillage, arson and massacre in the Ukraine, yet, here again, full responsibility lies at his door.

It was Alfred Rosenberg who first conceived the slogan of *Lebensraum* (living space), and it was Rosenberg, as much as any other, who persuaded Hitler to break the pact with Stalin and invade Russia. Conquest of the rich Black Earth region, as he explained it, would assure the Ever Abundant Life for Germany. And when Hitler's *Panzer* divisions swept over the Ukraine and the Balkan states, it was Alfred Rosenberg who put himself forward as the logical man to govern the occupied area. Not as any mere gauleiter, but as *Reichsminister* of the whole territory.

In one great ravine in the Ukraine, there are several thousand bodies, and there is amply authenticated evidence that these men and women were herded to the edge, so that their bodies might fall over after the firing squad had done its work—an instance of German efficiency.

According to Russian report, no bullets were found in the dead children, indicating that they were tossed to their death by way of saving ammunition. Hundreds of shallow trenches yielded bodies that still bore the marks of cruel beatings, and an examination of the stomachs of unburied dead in several areas showed that the poor wretches had been eating grass in a futile attempt to ward off starvation.

Rosenberg will claim that he did all of his governing from Berlin, and that is true enough, for the cautious Balt has never yet exposed himself to danger. But, as *Reichsminister,* how may he deny that these barbarities were carried out under his orders or else with his tacit approval?

Many interesting conjectures arise in connection with Rosenberg. He and Hitler have been inseparable from the first dawn of the Nazi faith, and it is still a question as to which one influenced the other. Did Rosenberg muddle Hitler, or did Hitler scramble Rosenberg's brains? How they came together throws light on both. As a young man, Rosenberg worked for the Ochrana, the Czar's secret police, first in Russia and then in France—a low, sneaking *agent provocateur.* Thrown out of his job by the Bolshevik revolution, he drifted to Munich and, after the war, took pay from Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. There he met Adolf Hitler, the down-and-out house painter, also on Rupprecht's pay roll as a spy of sorts. That was the birth of Nazism, for it was in the maggoty minds of these embittered failures that the idea of the Master Race took shape and form, Hitler screaming it from platforms, and Rosenberg promoting it in the columns of an anti-Semitic weekly. It was Hitler who rose to power, but at every step in his rise, the Balt clung like a leech. Remember all this when he pleads that he was only an innocent onlooker. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Woman in the Picture

Continued from page 21

"She has not. She hates my guts."

"Okay, chum," Irv said. "Now listen and get what I'm going to give you: If she is Marta Penfield, and you can make her think you know everything, maybe you can break her down. Ask her about Professor Idsu of Berkeley."

"What?"

"Idsu—I for Indian, d for damn, s for short, u for unicorn. Got it?"

"I've got it," Scott said.

"You remember Penfield's flight to Natal with Dixon Gale. Did you ever wonder if maybe there were three men on that trip, and only two of them came back?"

"No," Scott said. "Who was the third?"

"That's the sixty-four-dollar question. Maybe your little friend you think isn't so bad could answer that one. One more thing: Let on you know there was a flight to Portland."

"If I get the chance," Scott said.

"Okay, chum. And keep on going west as fast as you can. The nearer you are to us, the easier it'll be to meet you."

"I'll make time," Scott said.

Irv Barney got out of the telephone booth and had a look around. Neither his shadow nor any other suspicious person was in the corridor. He felt it was safe to call Ann Sloane.

He could fairly see the olive trees and the roses, and the black-and-white setter dog, and the girl herself with that golden tan against her yellow hair, when he heard her surprised voice.

"Listen," he said. "Would you take the next plane out of Sacramento for Denver to help a heel out of a jam?"

"I guess I could. What for?"

"You remember the lady we were talking about yesterday?"

"Lady!" Ann said. "That's the first time I ever heard anyone call her that."

"Anyway, you know who I mean," Irv said. "It looks as if she's turned up."

"What!"

"We think so, but she doesn't agree with us. So we want you to tell us if we're right."

She didn't answer at once.

"I hate to ask it, darling," Irv said. "Because if we're right, you're going to have your picture in all the papers."

"And that whole horrible story raked up again," Ann said.

"That's right."

"I wouldn't do it for anybody but you, Irv, but I will."

"That's a honey!" Irv said. "And, believe me, I wouldn't ask you to if it was just for me. It may turn out to make a lot of difference to these United States. You go to the Marquis House when you get in, and wait for me."

TAYLOR DAMON sat in his ranch-house headquarters on the road to Colorado Springs waiting for Peticic. Damon prided himself on being without emotion. He was, he believed, an intellectual machine. It was his principal superiority to the rest of the human race, who so regularly let their feelings interfere with their judgment. But every time he thought of Peticic he wanted to yell with rage.

While he waited for the man, he studied some notes he'd just received. He arranged them methodically and read them again:

A. Scott Warner had called Irv Barney at the Bartlett Hotel on Saturday afternoon from Grandon, Minnesota, and failed to reach him.

B. Scott Warner had talked to Irv Barney over the telephone at the Bartlett Hotel late Sunday afternoon from Williams, North Dakota. Irv Barney had shut him off and promised to go somewhere else to telephone. But before that happened, he'd said, "I'm sorry you didn't get the referee's nod in your last fight." And Scott Warner had told him to save his sorrow.

C. This didn't mean what it said. Scott Warner wasn't a prize fighter. It must have meant: I'm sorry you failed in the last important thing you were trying to do.

Taylor Damon knew what Scott Warner had been trying to do in New York on Thursday night. He'd been trying to persuade that fanatic fool, Morris Stein, that he'd discovered Marta Penfield. That was why he had those Spectacle photographs of Marie Royce, together with all those newspaper pictures of Marta Penfield in the brief case Peticic had taken away from him when he'd left Stein's house.

DAMON remembered how fortunate it was that Scott Warner came into Marcel's that night. It had given him a chance to put the fear of Taylor Damon into Mr. Warner. Warner had been outraged over what he called being assaulted and robbed. If he'd really been assaulted by Peticic, he wouldn't have been eating at Marcel's fifteen minutes later. He'd have been in an ambulance on his way to Bellevue.

Damon knew that Warner had understood him perfectly when he'd suggested that Warner avoid trouble in the future. Warner had said something defiant in reply. Damon didn't take his defiance seriously. Men were often defiant when he told them what they couldn't do, but they thought better of it later.

He hadn't thought it possible that this mild-mannered book-writing Scott Warner had the courage to defy Taylor Damon and do what he'd been told not to, but obviously he had. He must have succeeded at Petit Marais. He must have Marta Penfield with him.

A servant opened the door. "Peticic is here, Mr. Damon," the servant said.

"Show him in."

Peticic's manner gave no doubt that he was afraid of Taylor Damon. He was wearing a tight double-breasted brown suit and a green shirt and brown-and-white shoes, so that he looked like a former prize fighter turned manager. But his usual easy swagger was gone. The small eyes in his rather fat face were like those of a setter dog who knows it is about to be thrashed for chasing rabbits instead of hunting quail.

"So you made a complete mess of it," Taylor Damon said. "You didn't get the girl and you did shoot a man when it wasn't necessary."

"Listen, Chief—" Peticic began.

Taylor Damon shut him off. "Forget the excuses. I want to know exactly what you and Berg did."

"We got there just about the time this guy Warner did. He was walking around town and he must have seen the broad first."

"What do you mean by saying he must have seen her first?"

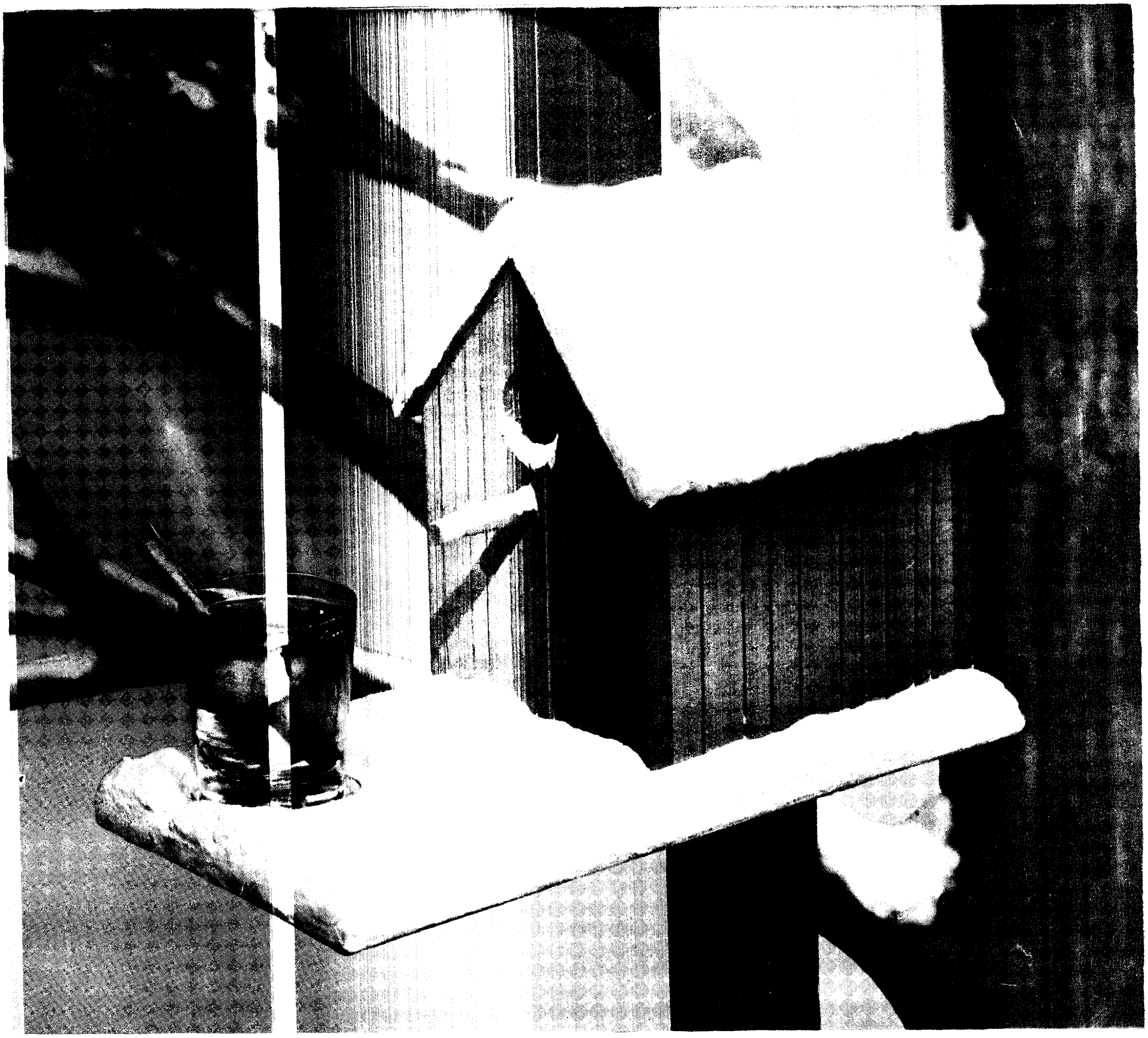
Peticic sighed. "He did see her first. We saw him following her, so we followed the two of them. She went into her place and he went up there, too. We waited for him across the street, and he come out in maybe ten or fifteen minutes, and we tailed him back to his hotel, and I told him to beat it out of town quick, and he was so scared he did."

"What kind of a car did he have?"

"A 1941 station wagon with Illinois dealer's plates."

"Go on," Damon said.

"So we waited for the broad. Her windows were all lit up. It was too early to do anything. We waited till near mid



For birds too busy to go South

THAT means just about *everybody*, today. But, even so, we hope there'll be winter evenings when you'll find time to relax and enjoy the heart-warming comfort and solace of a steaming hot toddy . . . made, of course, with that superbly flavorful whiskey, Four Roses.

And we hope, too, that you'll be patient if your bar or package store cannot always supply you with Four Roses when you ask for it.

You see, we are trying our best to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply of Four Roses until the war is won.

In the meantime, our distilleries are producing alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war needs.

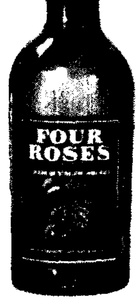
So, if you can't always get Four Roses, you'll know why. And with a war to be won, you wouldn't want it any other way.

One thing more—our prices have not been increased—except for Government taxes.

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES ***A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY***



For a Hot Toddy that's *Super!*

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

Armour ideas make the most of meat

Food fights for freedom

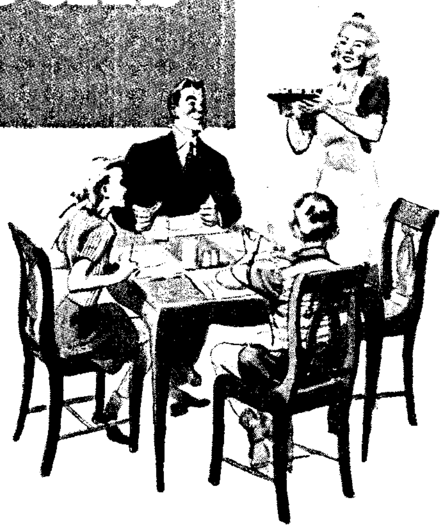
don't waste it!

How many of these ideas do you know for saving leftover meats

Try these Armour suggestions to help you cut waste in your home and conserve America's food supply

WITH wise planning, your leftover meats can often win you more praise than the original roasts. And our war needs make it vital now to save every bit of food left over. You may be wasting only a spoonful or two in your house—but America's wasted spoonfuls add up to *40 billion pounds* of food every year. That's enough to feed all our armies overseas and our fighting allies, too!

Even the *ounces* of food you save will help to shorten this war. That's why Armour and Company brings you these meat-saving ideas. Check them over. If you have been using them all, you are doing better than average in making "Food Fight For Freedom!"



HAM SHORTCAKE

2 cups cubed *cooked* Star Ham
¼ cup Cloverbloom Butter or Margarine
¼ cup flour
2 cups milk
¼ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup minced green pepper
Biscuit dough

Make a white sauce by melting butter, adding flour and stirring in milk. When thickened, season with salt, pepper, Worcestershire Sauce. Add green pepper and ham and let heat through. Make regular biscuit dough, pat out ½ inch thick and cut 4 circles with a plain biscuit cutter and 4 with a doughnut cutter the same size. Bake in 450° F. oven for 12-15 minutes. Serve like shortcake with ham mixture between biscuits. 4 servings.

FREE! Armour's new booklet "69 Meat Ration Recipes" shows how to make many of the dishes suggested below. Write Marie Gifford, P. O. Box 6310A, Chicago, Illinois, for your free copy today!

What to do with
SLICES of LEFTOVER MEAT

When you have leftover meat in a piece that is large enough to slice, you can whisk up another hearty meat dinner in a hurry. Serve beef, veal, pork or lamb:

1. Sliced cold with hot vegetables.
2. Hot slices with gravy and noodles.
3. Hot sandwiches with gravy.
4. Hot slices with barbecue sauce.

For an exceptionally tasty meal from leftover ham, serve

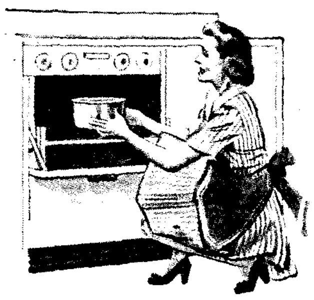
1. Hot slices in orange or other fruit sauce.
2. Hot slices with cheese sauce on toasted buns.

Tempting ways to use
CUBED LEFTOVER MEATS

Dishes made with diced or cubed leftover meats can be so temptingly different the family will never recognize them as leftovers. Cubed ham, beef, veal or lamb are grand when served in:

Casseroles with noodles, potatoes, spaghetti, etc.
Meat pie with vegetable extenders
Curries with rice ring
Salads
Shortcakes (see recipe above)
Creamed vegetable soups

NOTE: Don't use leftover meats in two successive meals—serve them on alternate days.



How to make the most of
GROUND LEFTOVER MEATS

You can make a hearty meal out of just a little leftover meat if you grind it and serve it with vegetables, bread crumbs or other extenders that spread the flavor of your meat through more servings.

Leftover ham, beef, veal, lamb or pork take on new appeal when ground and served in the following ways:

Meat loaves Patties Souffles Hash

Or use them for:

Sandwich fillings
Omelets
Turnover fillings
Jellied cold meats

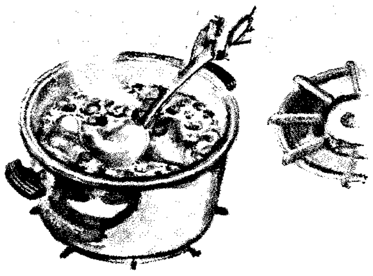
Bones and Tidbits make
RICH, HEARTY SOUPS

Use bones and meat tidbits for soup stock. Put in cold water with seasonings of salt, pepper, onion and bay leaf and simmer for 2 hours. Strain and use as a foundation for vegetable, bean, pea or noodle soup.

Leftover bones and small pieces of meat from beef can serve as a foundation for a hearty vegetable soup.

Lamb bones and tidbits can be made into delicious Scotch broth.

A leftover ham bone and small pieces of ham can be used for a delicious Ham Split Pea Soup that is practically a meal in itself.



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Armour's STAR
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U.S. CHOICE

Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Lamb and Veal, Star Sausages, Star Canned Meats, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs night and then we went up. The door was locked, so we busted in. She wasn't there, and while we were looking over the joint to see how she got out without us seeing her—"

"She walked out while you and Berg were asleep."

"No, she didn't, Boss. She went out through a back window. We seen where she got out through a back window. But, as I was tellin' you, this big ape came bouncing up the stairs and, without asking any questions, he hits Berg a crack on the jaw that puts him on the floor and he starts a swing for me that would 'a' knocked me cold if I hadn't ducked it. So Berg shoots him. He had to, Chief. It was one o' those things."

"Go on," Taylor Damon said.

"When we got to Chicago, we went to Ernie's, and I got my good clothes and took a plane to Denver."

"Where's Berg?"

"Denver."

Taylor looked at his hired man with disgust. He had no place for men who failed, and this failure was serious. It created a supreme crisis. Everything had been endangered including the lifework of Taylor Damon and the future of the United States. And Peticic and Berg were the only men he had who knew Scott Warner by sight.

"The man you think you scared out of town has put it all over you," Taylor Damon said. "He wasn't as scared as you'd like to believe. He was just thinking faster than you were. You were sent to get the girl. You didn't. He did."

"WHAT!" Peticic said, and it was plain he was utterly astonished and incredulous. "He couldn't have, Chief. You must 'a' got a wrong steer."

"Scott Warner is somewhere west of Williams, North Dakota, driving five or six hundred miles a day, and the girl is with him."

Peticic shook his head.

"If you don't get her and get her quick, you're through. You know what that means. I'll let you go to the chair for—you know what."

Peticic's face went white and his voice trembled as he spoke. "Chief, I'll get her."

"How?"

"Chief, I gotta think."

"I'll do the thinking," Damon said.

He considered how much to tell Peticic Montana and Wyoming were big states, but the main highways were few, and so were the cars on them. Scott Warner was making time, or else he wouldn't have called Irv Barney from Grandon, Minnesota one day and from Williams, North Dakota, the next. Taylor Damon asked himself what he would do if he were in Scott Warner's place. He knew he would arrange to confront Gene Penfield with his wife before newspapermen. If Gene tried to avoid being confronted, the publicity would force him, but, of course, he wouldn't go to Silvertip, so far from a railway station, and the police, and newspapermen. He would head for Denver. Scott Warner had called Irv Barney in Denver twice. He was undoubtedly planning to meet Irv Barney in Denver or some good-sized town comparatively near by. Cheyenne was the most likely place, and the next was Hitchcock.

"You go to Cheyenne, Peticic," Damon said, and watch the hotels. "Send Berg to Hitchcock and have him do the same thing. Then you put two men on the three main roads. They can spell each other. Tell them to get out in a lonely place and stop every car that comes by."

"Is that so-and-so still driving that station wagon?" Peticic asked.

"I don't know," Taylor Damon said. "Have you still got the pictures of Marta Penfield I gave you?"

Peticic took newspaper clippings out of a wallet.

Taylor Damon nodded and opened a folder and took out more newspaper and magazine clippings. "Here are some more," he said. "See that the men on the roads have pictures of her."

"All right, Chief," Peticic said, and put the new clippings in his wallet.

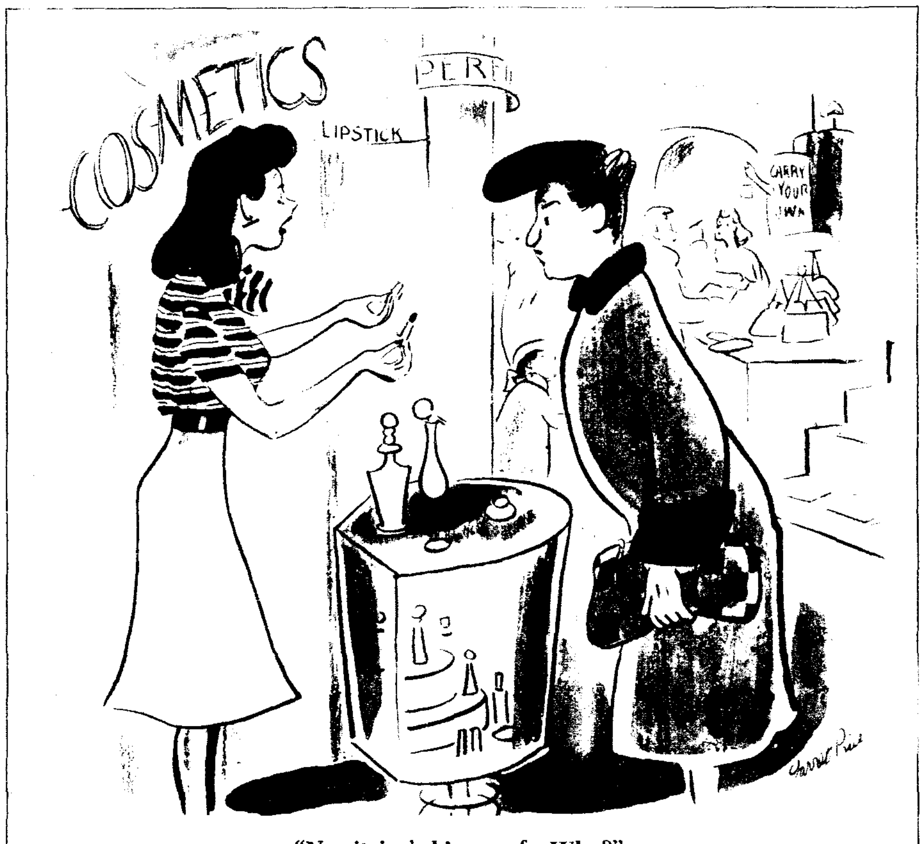
"You've got it all straight now?"

"Yes, Chief."

"Then get out."

MARIE ROYCE thought, sitting beside Scott Warner, as the station wagon hurried westward through the endless reaches of Montana, that she had never in her life had such mixed feelings about anybody. One minute she hated the man and the next minute she liked him. By now, she respected him in both moods.

At first sight, she had picked him for the sensitive sort of well-bred young man who would be easy to manage. And when she'd found out all she needed to know about his purpose in calling on her in Petit Marais, she'd had no difficulty in getting rid of him. She'd asked him to go and she'd said she'd lean out of the window and scream for help if he didn't. A rough, tough man would have told her he'd choke her if she tried it. Scott Warner had yielded to her threat.



COLLIER'S "No, it isn't kissproof. Why?" GARRETT PRICE

He'd been pretty cool when he came back later and she'd gone with him because she had to get away from Petit Marais and he offered to take her. She'd had no doubt that she could leave him whenever she liked.

The murder of Jim Gislason had forced her to stay with Scott Warner until she was within reach of a city that was big enough and far enough away from Wisconsin to hide in. When he'd proposed camping out, she'd taken it for granted that he'd make a pass at her. She knew that when he did, she'd have the upper hand. Sensitive, well-bred men were completely beaten when they tried to kiss a girl and were met with the right kind of scorn. They just couldn't take it. But she'd spent nearly every minute since Friday night sitting beside Scott Warner in the station wagon, or eating with him beside a gasoline stove, or sleeping on the ground in blankets only a few feet from his blankets. He'd never once made the slightest gesture toward her or said a word that suggested he had any romantic interest in her. She guessed it wasn't because he was too noble or because he failed to find her attractive. He thought he was doing his duty, and nothing was going to swerve him from it.

She decided that she'd made a mistake in treating him as meanly as she had. She'd have done better if she'd been as nice to him as she knew how to be and won his confidence. It would be easier to get away when the time came, if he believed she wasn't going to try.

A road crew stopped them and waved them to a detour that led by increasingly bad going through ten miles of bare hills broken by coulees. Recent rains had washed out the crude road in places and made it a quagmire in others. They overtook an enormous six-wheel trailer truck that was laboring up a slope ahead of them.

An arm thrust out from the cab signaled them to stop. The monster slid back toward them, crawled forward again, drifted toward the edge, was righted, and careened with a scream of gears toward the top of the rise. At the crest, the road curved sharply. She could see the driver fighting his wheel, and the front element of the truck made the turn, but the huge rear element plunged straight ahead, whipsawing the cab, and everything slid sidewise toward the edge.

Scott stopped the station wagon and jumped out.

"Let it slide back slowly," he said and ran for the truck.

The girl got behind the wheel and let the car drift backward to level ground.

Scott climbed in the far side of the truck's cab. He got the truck stopped on the edge. It began to slide back toward the station wagon, stopped, started again, turned off the road and went straight up the incline, bucked, vibrated, got to the top, stopped.

SCOTT came out of the cab pulling the driver after him. He laid the driver out on the ground, waved the girl to come on, and got back in the cab. As she reached the driver, she saw the truck move again, saw it make the road in safety, then leap tipsily as a rear wheel collapsed.

Scott came back again, told the driver to lie still and asked her to get his medicine kit. When she brought the worn old leather case, Scott was feeling the driver's arms and legs with what looked like professional skill. Many small beads of blood stood out on the driver's cheek, and his forehead was swelling fast where he'd got a hard bump. Scott taped a gauze pad on the driver's cheek, and sat back.

"I don't think you've broken anything but you'd better lie quiet for a while."

"Where's the crap game, Doc?" the driver asked. "My luck's in."

He sat up and Scott shoved him down again.

"Look, Doc," the driver said, "I ain't china and I got a living to make. I'm anyway two hours behind. And look at that wheel."

"If you want to take that truck in by yourself, you'll lie down for a while," Scott said. "I'll change your wheel."

"You can't, Doc," the driver said. "It takes a trucker to do that."

"Maybe," Scott said.

She talked to the trucker while Scott went to work. The trucker asked her name and she told him she was Mrs. Scott Warner. His name was Bert Hagen and his regular run was from Hitchcock to Grand Forks, but he'd been given this special trip to Glasgow with a load of hardware for the dam. He was a big chunky man who laughed easily and was fresh without being offensive. Presently he was calling her "Sister" and frankly admiring her with his eyes.

SHE saw that Scott had the wheel on. He was storing the old one where the spare had been. He came back dirty and sweating.

"The wheel is shot," he said to Bert Hagen. "But I think they can save the tire."

"If they can't," Bert Hagen said, "they'll retread it with my hide." He got to his feet and looked at his truck and then he stared at Scott. "You mean you changed that wheel?" he asked.

"Why not?"

"I got to believe my eyes," Bert Hagen said. "Mrs. Warner, you got some man for a husband. He may be skinny, but he's sure tough."

Scott felt the trucker's forearm again. "You're lucky you didn't break your arm. Keep that scraped cheek covered." He took some pills out of the medicine case. "If you get a headache, take one of these."

"Thanks, Doc," Bert Hagen said. "I don't wish you any bad luck, but if you're ever in trouble, I hope I'm there. That goes for you too, Mrs. Warner."

His horn saluted them as they passed him.

"How come you knew how to do that?" the girl asked.

"I drove trucks almost as big as that one summer when I was in college, Mrs. Warner," he said.

"But where did you learn medicine? You aren't a physician, are you?"

"I went on an anthropological expedition to South America, and the doctor of our outfit was flat on his back for two months. He picked me as his assistant. He told me exactly what to do, and I tried to do it. Luckily, nobody broke a leg or got a hot appendix."

"Why do you carry a medicine case?"

"It's the one I used down there. When I began to have migraine, I kept it by me. The headaches are supposed to be the aftermath of a fever I had in the jungle. I don't have them any more unless I'm pretty tired and pretty worried at the same time."

Marie Royce reflected that they'd exchanged more words since they'd met Bert Hagen than in the previous two days. She'd hardly spoken to Scott unless it was necessary, and he hadn't tried to make conversation, but now she fell silent. She couldn't talk to him about the things she most wanted to talk to him about.

They drove through ranch country where they met an occasional truck or a man on horseback, and then into bad lands following a dim, dusty road around rust-red buttes, along the base of cliffs, over divides, up coulees, through patches of cedar. The road became a trail.

"You're just a trifle lost," she said.

He nodded.

For another half-hour, he followed the trail across red earth. The buttes grew more twisted and a vast red light began to envelop everything. The hills drew together, and then the trail plunged between two gaunt needles and came out to cross a flat stretch and run in purple shadow along the base of gullied and pitted cliffs.

She saw a small opening. "That looks like the place," she said.

Fifty feet of corridor led to something like a room five hundred feet across, with steep walls on all sides. There was a clump of gnarled black cedars near a trickle of water from the base of one wall. Some dried cedar branches formed what had been a lean-to.

She thought: This was a line camp. They graze this country in good years.

"Do you know we haven't got much food?" Scott said, as he stopped the car.

"We can't go on in country like this after dark," she said.

He hauled the stove and the blankets and the cooking things out of the car, and she found they had half a dozen eggs, a little bacon, some potatoes, one onion, and bread, butter, coffee and evaporated milk.

"It's cold," she said.

"I'll get wood and build a fire," Scott said.

SHE boiled the potatoes. When they were nearly done, she put the frying pan on the gasoline flame and melted butter in it. She sliced the potatoes and the onion and dropped them in the pan. While they were browning, she beat up four of the eggs with a fork and a little evaporated milk, and poured them over the potatoes.

"Come and get it while it's hot," she said.

The dish she'd cooked looked like a meal for four, but they ate it all.

"That was very bettering," Scott said, as they sat close to the fire with their coffee and cigarettes. "What do you call it?"

"Back home in southern Ohio, they called it yellow jackets."

He grinned. She'd been trying to be pleasing and she saw that he was responding. She'd been a fool to let this man know she hated him because he was her captor. She should have been nice to him from the beginning and wound him around her little finger.

"Of course, I know that your maiden name was Leighton and that you were born in California and lived there until you were married," he said.

"Are you trying to start a fight?" she asked.

He didn't answer. He looked up at the sky, so she looked up, too.

The sun had disappeared behind the cliffs, but its light was still turning the clouds above their desert room to a wild medley of greens, browns and scarlet. The light faded fast through those colors, and the dusk seemed to begin at the base of the dusty buttes and flow upward as the firelight grew brighter against it. The stars came out. She knew it was going to be one of those nights when water froze in the camp bucket.

He must have had the same idea because he got up and took the ax and went to get more wood. She scoured the frying pan and washed the dishes. He got in the remains of the old lean-to by the light of the fire, but she knew it wasn't enough to last the night.

She got another sweater out of her suitcase and put it on over the one she was wearing. Scott put on his jacket and built up the fire. He got into his blankets and lay with his head propped up on his elbow. She got into her blankets and lay with her head propped up on her elbow.

"No," he said, referring to her question of fifteen minutes before, "I don't want to start a fight. But I'd persuade you to do what I think you ought to do, if I could."

"You don't think much of me, do you?"

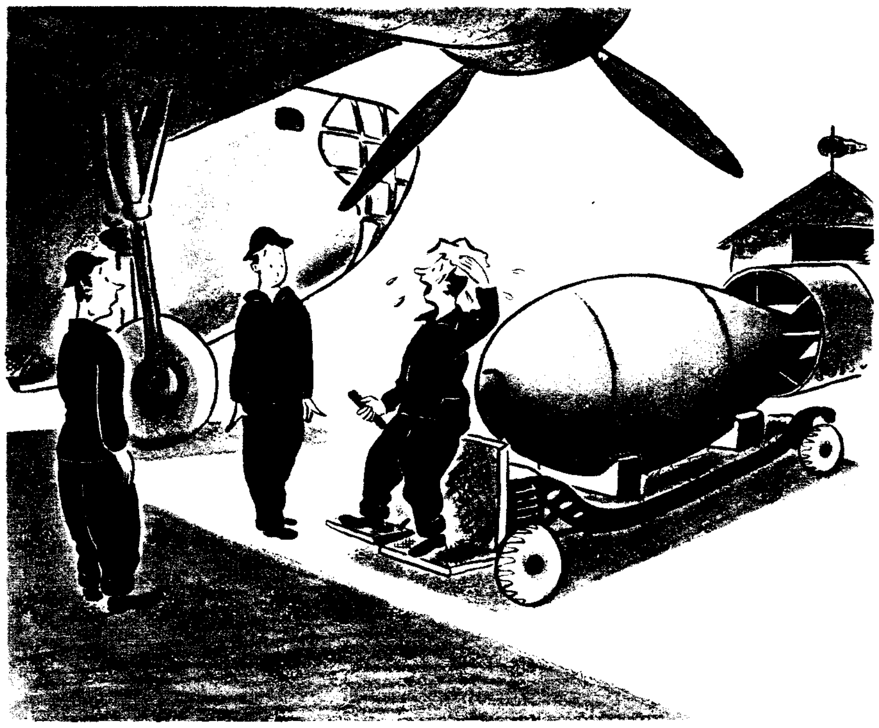
"I think that physically you're one of the most attractive women I ever saw. And you know how to be charming, even if you don't work at it much. And you must have brains and courage—real guts—to do what you've done."

She felt that he was mistaken about that last. She hadn't enough courage. She had yielded to fear—like a child—when a grown-up woman would have seen it through.

"But, of course, I disapprove of you," Scott went on. "I can't understand why a woman who has everything you have, should make such a mess of her life."

"What do you know about my life?"

She had led a foolish life until she'd gone to work at Petit Marais. But she was proud of her two years in the machine shop, working sixty hours a week; and it really wasn't her fault that Jim had been killed. Even Scott had said it wasn't.



"What a trip! I ran over two cigarette butts, a toothpick, and an extra large pebble"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

"I was thinking of you as Gene Penfield's wife," Scott said.

"There you go again with your pet obsession. Can't you quit thinking of me as Marta Penfield? And I don't know why you feel so smugly superior to her."

"There's the Dixon Gale thing," Scott said.

"What do you actually know about that? How do you know Dixon Gale was her lover?"

"I think she shouldn't have gone into a sanitarium," Scott said. "I think she should have stayed and fought. And now that she has another chance to fight, I think she should take it and be glad."

She tossed her cigarette into the fire. "I don't want to talk to any such noble, virtuous person as you think you are. I hate stuffed shirts. I'm going to sleep."

SHE rolled up her blankets and closed her eyes but she couldn't go to sleep. She kept thinking how she'd like to tell him that Dixon Gale had never been her lover; that he'd never kissed her; or even tried to. She wondered why she cared what Scott Warner thought. What difference did it make?

She dozed off and was wakened by the cold. She dozed off a second time and was wakened again. She had a thin camp mattress and one blanket under her and one blanket over her. Scott had undoubtedly thought that two blankets would be ample. They had been enough for Minnesota, but in this country you got frosts in September. It was hopeless to try to keep warm with two blankets.

When she couldn't stand it any longer, she got up and put the last of the wood on the fire. It blazed up. She went to sleep but she awoke after an hour. The fire was only a few glowing embers fanned by a cold wind.

She got up with sudden determination and spread her blankets over Scott's blankets. She crawled in and put her back against his. In a few minutes, she was warm and strangely comforted.

SHE awoke in the first faint cold twilight before dawn and lighted the gasoline stove and put water on to boil. When she'd made coffee, she took her blankets and spread them out on the absurd mattress where they'd been before. Scott awoke in a few minutes and sat up and shrugged his shoulders against the cold.

She gave him hot coffee. She wondered if he knew she had slept with her back against his. She hoped he didn't. She certainly would never tell him.

He got a road map out of the car and studied it, while she cooked the bacon and the last two eggs. "This is Monday, isn't it?" he asked.

She had to stop and think. They'd been getting up at daylight, eating a quick breakfast and driving hard until six or seven o'clock in the evening, and having dinner and going to bed at dusk.

"It was Friday night when we left Petit Marais," she said. "And Saturday morning when you went into Superior and bought the camp outfit. It was that night we camped by the lake and you had a headache. Sunday you drove like mad all day until we met Bert Hagen and his truck. That was yesterday. This is Monday morning."

They ate the bacon and eggs.

"Let's go," he said. "I think I know my way out of here."

He didn't want to wait while she washed the dishes. The sun was just clear of the eastern wall of their desert room when they started. He found the main highway after an hour and drove at sixty-five or seventy all morning. Toward noon, he stopped at a gas station.

"Will you watch the man check everything and fill the tank?" Scott said. "I'm going into the rest room."

She asked the proprietor to see that the tires had thirty-five pounds in them and to check the oil and to fill up the tank, but she didn't wait to see that he did it. She went into the gas station. Scott was in the phone booth. It wasn't a commercial booth with a trick folding and sliding door. It was a homemade one with a big wide door that had a glass panel in the upper half. She saw that the ladies' room was on one side of it, and the men's room on the other. She walked lightly across the floor and into the ladies' room and listened.

She heard Scott say, "I want Irv Barney." And then, after a long wait: "Hello, Irv, this is the guy you felt so sorry for when he called you yesterday."

So, she thought, that's what he was doing when he left me outside Williams and went in to shop.

Scott said, "Irv, that's perfect." And then: "You'd better reserve the rooms in some other name. Make it George Cook . . . All right. I'll plan to get in there at sunrise when the town's asleep. We'll stay in the suite until she comes . . . You needn't worry, Irv. There's no doubt at all . . ."

She had heard enough. He was planning to meet somebody who would identify her as Marta Penfield.

She slipped out of the ladies' room and started toward the car, and on the wall in front of her, she saw a framed photograph of Gene Penfield. It was the "bloody bandage picture."

She hurried out to the car. She was sitting in the car when Scott came out and paid for the gasoline. They drove on at seventy miles an hour, but she continued to see that picture.

FIVE years ago, Gene had flown the injured Dixon Gale out of an Amazon jungle in a wrecked plane that he had patched up. When the little plane, with one wing crumpled and the last teaspoonful of the last half pint of gasoline stuttering in the engine, had landed at Bogota, there was a press photographer waiting.

Gene Penfield had stood beside the shattered door of the plane, behind which Dixon Gale, his lifelong friend, lay unconscious and probably dying. The crude bandage around Penfield's head was caked with blood and grease. His face was gullied with strain and pain, but his head was thrown back. He was the dauntless man—the hero defying fate. So it had seemed to millions. So, undoubtedly, it had seemed to the proprietor of the gas station who'd had a copy of it framed, and so it had seemed to Marta Leighton. As much as anything, it was why she had married the great hero when he'd humbly asked her to heal his loneliness.

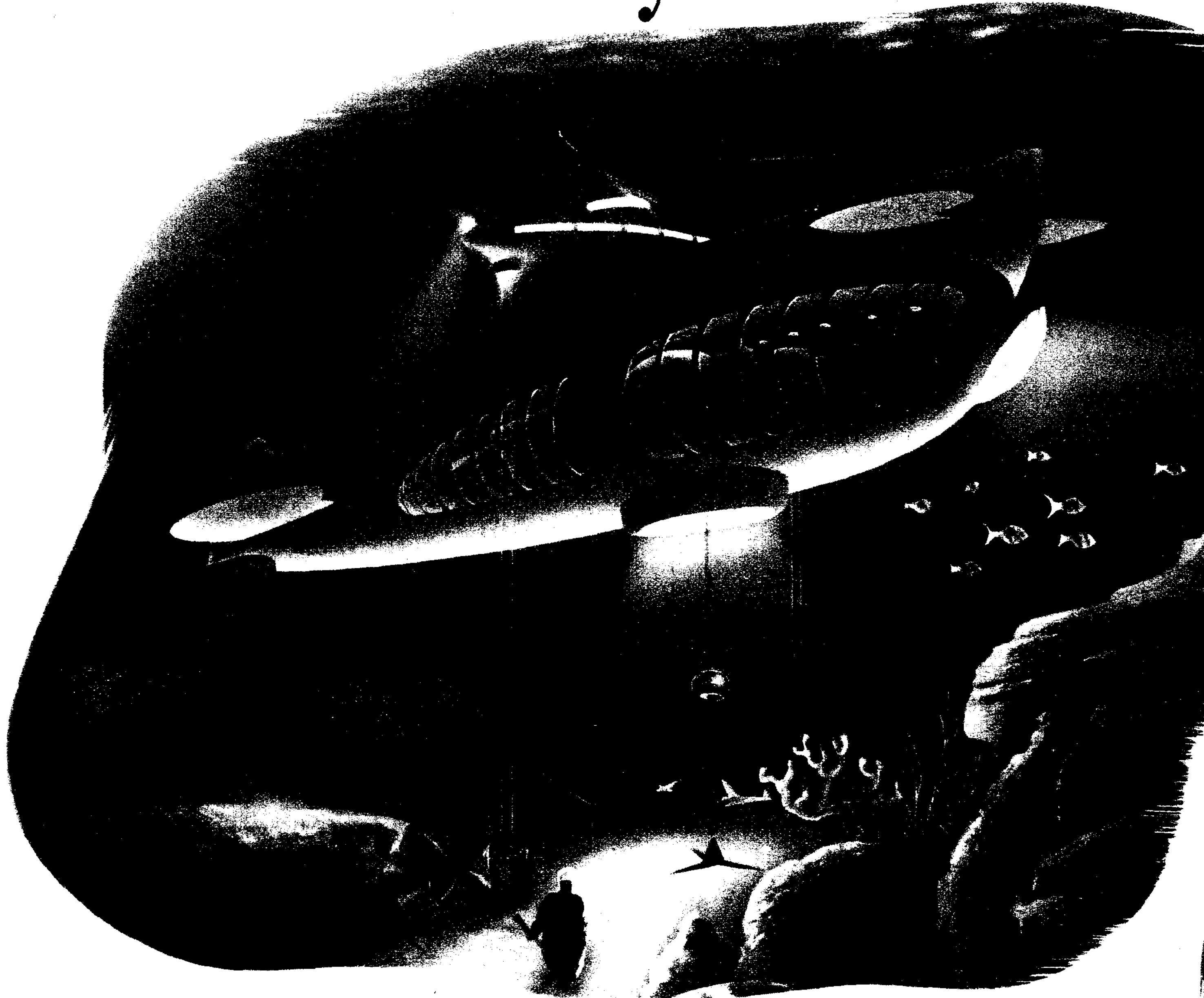
How many girls had dreamed of marrying that photograph? And how many mediocre, incompetent, broken men had seen in that photograph the man they might have been, with the victory that life had never given them?

A current of sick disgust passed through her. And then another familiar picture flashed into her mind—the picture of Dixon Gale's room at three in the morning, in April, 1939.

The old friendship between Gene and Dixon Gale had been broken a month before—when they made that sudden flight to Natal. They had been quarreling when they got back and they had been quarreling ever since. That afternoon, Professor Idsu had started home to Berkeley. Dixon arrived within an hour and must have met his car somewhere on the mountain roads. When she saw him, she knew intuitively that the final break with Gene had come—the break she had anticipated for a month, and which Dixon had tried to draw her out about so clumsily and so mysteriously.

There were, oddly, no other guests at Silvertip—not even one of Gene's new

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best!



IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

SALVAGE SUBMARINES OF TOMORROW!

Already more than 40 *million* tons of shipping are estimated to have been sunk in World War II. What a treasure trove of valuable metals and non-perishable cargoes may be reclaimed with these powerful undersea craft...equipped with salvaging cables and with decompression chambers for diving operations!

* * *

SEAGRAM'S was planning for the future six years ago, when Germany, Italy and Japan signed a treaty of alliance...when Lou Gehrig set *seven* baseball records...and when "Lost Horizon" was the movie of the hour. The rare, fine whiskies that Seagram's laid away *then,* to age and mellow through the years, are ready *now* to give you Canadian whisky at its glorious best! You'll appreciate Seagram's foresight, when you enjoy the WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York and dubious friends among the international rich. Marta had spent the afternoon walking in the pine forest, and the evening pacing her bedroom. Elsewhere, she guessed, the final quarrel was going on. She was abandoned to the despair that had oppressed her for over a year. It was some prescience that had turned her, toward three o'clock, from standing in her window, looking out at the moonlit pines to running down the long corridor to Dixon's room. She was still short of it when she heard the shot.

Gene had turned toward her. For months afterward, that contorted vengeful face would invade even drug-induced sleep and wake her, screaming. She'd had no doubt when she saw him that he was going to kill her, too. But, as Doctor Whittemore had brought her to understand while she was in the sanitarium, not even the lust for murder could overcome Gene Penfield's feeling of his own high destiny. So he hadn't shot her. He had put one hand over her mouth and, with the other, he'd twisted her arm behind her and said, "You won't drag me into a divorce court now. Your lover has killed himself. Or you've killed your lover. You can take your choice."

Afterward, in her room, he had coldly perfected the details of the trap before the servants were permitted to find the body of Gene Penfield's closest friend. It was a simple, inexorable trap.

Scott Warner woke her out of her unhappy reverie. "What's the matter?" he asked.

She realized that she was trembling. With a great effort, she managed to stop trembling. "I just feel jittery," she said.

She'd thought sometimes, since she'd met Scott, that she could go through with what he wanted. Now she knew she couldn't. She had to get away from him before that woman (whoever she was) arrived to look at her and say, "Hello, Marta." Once that happened, all that she feared would follow. She couldn't face it. She had to get away and hide. She would never be Marta Penfield again. But her only chance of getting away from Scott Warner was to be nice to him, to win his confidence. She must pretend that he wasn't her deadly enemy. She must act as if she liked being with him.

TAYLOR DAMON sat at his desk in his lodge near Colorado Springs. By now, Peticic was in Cheyenne, Berg was in Hitchcock, four other men were on the main highways of Wyoming, and every hotel in Denver was being watched. Damon hadn't heard from any of them. That meant they hadn't yet found Marta Penfield and Scott Warner. But he was confident it was only a matter of hours.

He tried again to get Penfield on the long-distance telephone at Silvertip. The Colorado Springs operator reported, as another operator had reported the night before: "Mr. Penfield is not at home. They can't set a time when he will be at home. Do you wish to talk to anybody else?"

"No," Taylor Damon said.

He'd had word that Judge Sumter had taken a plane from Washington the day before. He should be at Silvertip by now. Other men had flown to Silvertip at the command of Taylor Damon. They were probably in a stew while they waited for Senator Fetterman's death and word from Taylor Damon. Taylor Damon thought it was good for them to stew. They needed to be reminded every so often of their absolute dependence on him.

"Shall I keep the call on file?" the operator asked.

"No," Taylor Damon said. "Just remember how you get Silvertip."

He'd had to explain something she should have known: that you got Silvertip over fifty miles of Forest Service wire and ten miles of Penfield wire over Penfield land.

OPTOMETRIST
EAT
AT JOE'S
10 WEST MAIN ST.
THE BEST FOOD IN TOWN
Gene Carr

COLLIER'S "It serves the purpose and I get my lunches free" GENE CARR

Taylor Damon thought a moment. Eugene Penfield hadn't been at home when he'd tried to get him late yesterday. His card-catalogue brain reminded him that the grouse season had opened yesterday. In preparing the United States for a government that would be strong where democracy was weak, Taylor Damon had to allow for the stupid pleasures of simple-minded millionaires. While an exquisitely calibrated plan hung poised waiting for death to make him senator, Penfield was probably shooting grouse.

Besides the men who were gathering at Silvertip, there were other men waiting anxiously in a Denver hotel suite.

Damon called his chauffeur, Wilson, a lean and powerful colored man who had been a light-heavyweight fighter and who knew how to use a revolver, though he preferred the knife he always carried. Damon had given him orders to use either gun or knife without worrying about the consequences if anyone threatened Taylor Damon.

"I'm going to Denver, Wilson, and I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," Wilson said.

When he was in the car, Damon turned on the radio and dialed a local radio station. He was halfway to Denver when a radio sketch was interrupted for a news flash.

The announcer said, "We have just heard that Senator Tom Fetterman died five minutes ago."

DAMON turned off the radio and spoke to his chauffeur. "Wilson, can't you drive faster?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Damon, but you don't like me to take no chances."

"Take a chance," Damon said. "But be careful."

Wilson increased his speed. He braked as he approached a sharp curve and then, as he entered the curve, he stepped on the gas. The power pulled the car smoothly into the curve. The car went on and into the straightaway without swaying, but Taylor Damon saw that the speedometer said sixty.

"Don't do that again, Wilson," he said. "You know better than to go around a sharp curve at sixty miles an hour."

"Yes, sir," Wilson said.

Taylor Damon saw a faint smile at the corner of Wilson's mouth. "What are you grinning at?" he asked.

"Nothin', Mr. Damon. I just feelin' good."

"Well, I'm not," Taylor Damon said.

Daring and ruthless as he was in ordering men who were in his power to use physical violence, Taylor Damon lived in fear of physical injury to himself. He could commit treason without the slightest qualm. He had never given or taken a punch on the nose and he never intended to.

He walked through the big room in the hotel suite at Denver without a smile or a nod to any of the men who had gathered there. He went into a bedroom and shut the door and called Silvertip.

After a long wait, the operator reported that Mr. Penfield was not at home. "I'll speak to Judge Sumter," Taylor Damon said.

When he heard Sumter's voice, he asked, "Where's Penfield?"

"I'm very much relieved to hear from you," Sumter said. "We're seriously concerned. Penfield went out yesterday morning and he hasn't come back."

"Don't you know where he went?" Damon asked.

"We haven't the faintest notion."

"Did he go hunting?"

"Apparently not. He went down the mountain alone in a car yesterday, and that's all anybody here knows."

"Don't do anything until you hear from me," Damon said. "He's to report to me the minute he comes in."

He broke the connection before Judge Sumter could protest. When the unforeseen happens, you have to act. Damon called Governor Queed.

"You've had the flash?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Hold everything. Make no statement. When they ask who you're appointing, your reply is that there's plenty of time. You have no intention of being rushed into a decision."

Damon went into the big room where his men sat waiting. The fact was it might be necessary not to appoint Penfield. Everything hung on its being done at once, before there was time for public feeling to be aroused.

"Penfield has chosen this particular moment to get beyond reach," he said. "Nothing will be done until I talk to him."

TOWARD six o'clock, Scott turned the car off the main highway into a little valley with a creek tumbling down it, and drove in until the trail ran close to a wide pool.

They got stiffly out of the car. They'd been sitting in it ever since sunrise, except for the stop at the gas station where Scott had telephoned his friend in Denver, and a stop almost as short for lunch.

"We won't camp here," Scott said. "We'll eat and go on."

She wanted to ask him where they were going, but she thought she'd better not seem curious.

He got the gasoline stove out of the car. She unwrapped the package of meat he'd bought in a little town that afternoon. She knew as soon as she saw it that the thin slices of round steak were from a range-fed steer killed within a day or two. It was the kind of beef you got on a roundup.

"It will be tough," she said.

"It's all there was," he said.

She laid a slice out on a big rock and pounded it, while he started the stove and got water from the brook and opened a can of tomatoes and put the frying pan on. When the pan was nearly red-hot, she broiled a piece of the steak for a minute or less on each side and put it on a plate.

"Try that," she said. "Well?" she prompted, as he chewed on the steak.

"The flavor's good," he said.

"You mean it's as tough as latigo leather."

He looked up at her and grinned, and she knew she had made a slip. A girl who said she had been brought up in Ohio and married a garage mechanic and run away from him to work in a machine shop wouldn't know about latigos.

THEY ate a lot of the steak, tough as it was, with bread and butter and stewed tomatoes. While they were having coffee, he put more water on to boil.

"I want to fill that vacuum bottle of yours," he said. "I'm going to need coffee tonight. And we might as well broil the rest of the steak and make sandwiches. It's going to be a long pull."

Marta broiled more steak and sliced bread. Scott sat cross-legged, checking the revolver he had taken away from her that first morning. It was almost the only thing she had with her, besides the clothes she was wearing, when she had gone to the sanitarium. Doctor Whittemore had let her keep it, saying, "I'm betting that you won't commit suicide." The gun was the sort the makers called a "banker's special." It was .38 caliber, but the barrel was only two inches long, so the weapon was compact. A gunsmith had modified it, cutting the guard away in front, so that your finger found the trigger quickly and surely, and cutting off the hammer spur, so it could not catch in anything, as you took it out of your pocket.

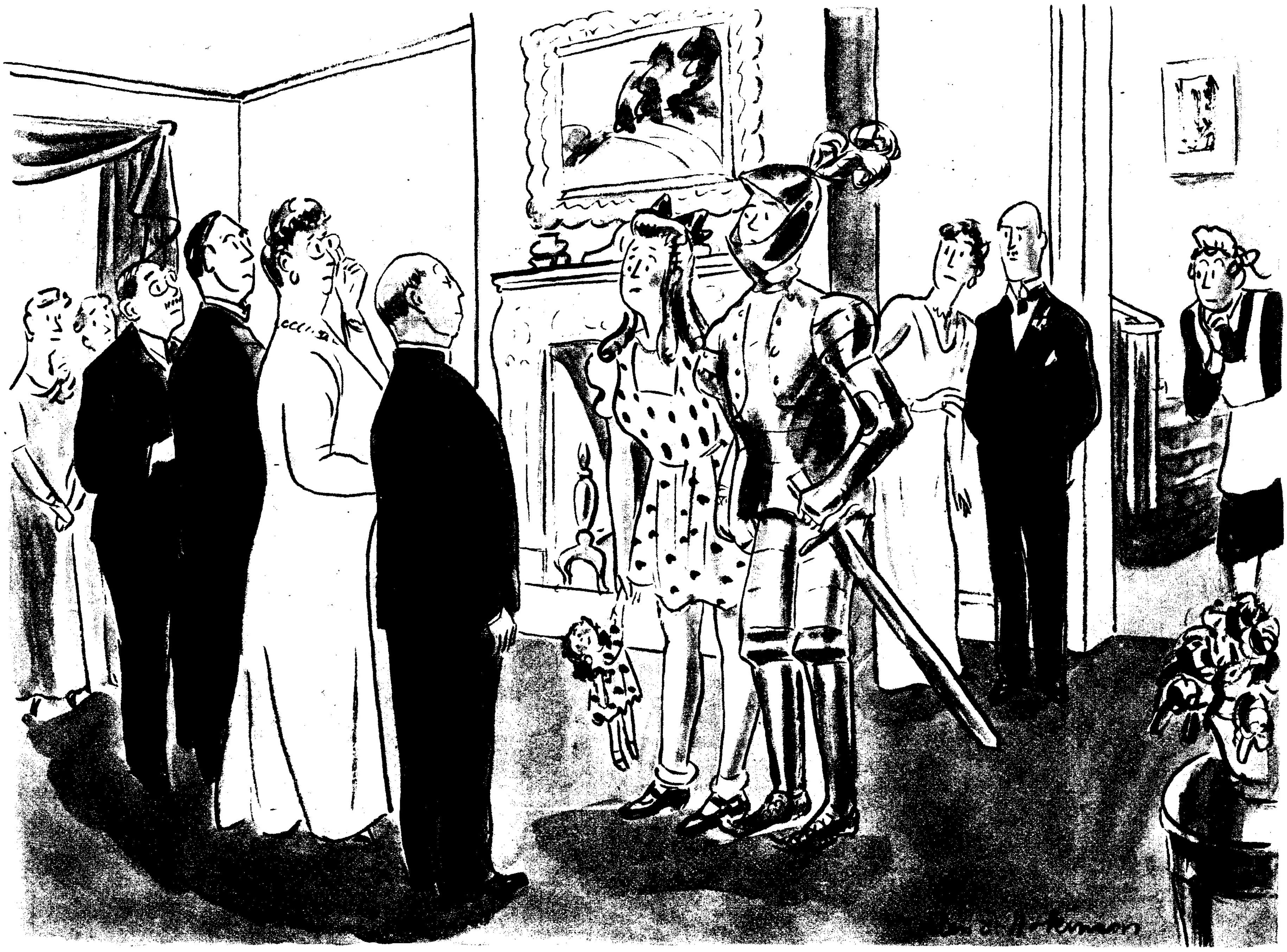
Scott ejected the cartridges and tried the trigger pull several times and practiced raising the hammer high enough to enable him to catch it with his thumb, by pulling on the trigger.

"Ugly little gadget," he said. He put the cartridges back in the cylinder, closed the gun, and tucked it in his jacket pocket.

"Where are we going?" Marta asked, when they were in the station wagon again.

"Hitchcock."

"You don't expect to make Hitchcock tonight, do you? You've driven six hun-



the Joneses are always balled up!

OH, THE JONESES are wonderful. They *never* get things right. For instance, it was quite characteristic of them to get the dates crossed for the Fancy Dress Ball and the reception for the new minister.

Or like the time that Mrs. Jones, who is a kindly, well-meaning soul, made up that beautiful bouquet of goldenrod for a neighbor of hers who was sick—with hayfever.

So, when the Joneses assured me that Postum was just a coffee substitute, and I found myself admitting that that had always been my understanding, too—I thought twice and said to myself, "Whoa . . ."

If the Joneses are always getting things all mixed up—they *must* be wrong about Postum, and so maybe I've been wrong about Postum, too! Just to be on the safe side I think I'll try it for myself and see.

That's how I discovered that, actually, Postum isn't a substitute for *anything*—but a darned delicious drink in its own right. Taste like coffee? Why should you expect it to taste like coffee, any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea?

Postum, I found to my delight, has a robust, distinctive flavor all its own. Something so special, so heart-warming it always brings you back for a second cup. So if you haven't got on to Postum, yet, take a tip from me—the first swell-tasting sip will have you rolling up your eyes in what amounts to ecstasy.

P. S. Postum is economical, too. Costs only ½ a cent a cup to make. Two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or percolate . . . and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water. A product of General Foods.

TUNE IN The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

postum

one of America's great mealtime drinks

Instant Postum
Postum

I Musta Slipped Her Mind!
NO PARKING IN THIS BLOCK POLICE DEPT
U.S. NAVY
YOU MUSTA SLIPPED YOUR MOORINGS, EDDIE! TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU CAN'T HOLD A DAME ON COURSE BY LETTING HER GIVE YOU PNEUMONIA!
I CAN'T HOLD A DAME ON COURSE NO MATTER WHAT I DO, RED!
TRY POLICING UP THAT BREATH OF YOURS! STRAIGHT DOPE, EDDIE! SO CAST OFF FROM THAT FIREPLUG AND GET UNDER WAY—TO YOUR DENTIST'S!
EDDIE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I WISE EDDIE UP AND NOW EVEN MY OWN DAME WANTS TO TIE A KNOT OR TWO ON THE GUY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

dred miles today. Hitchcock must be two hundred and fifty miles farther."

He nodded.

"Isn't Hitchcock a good-sized city?" she asked.

He grinned at her again. He might as well have said, "Why pretend you don't know all about Hitchcock?"

"It's a big city for Wyoming."

"I thought we were staying away from towns."

"It can't be helped this time."

So, she thought, Hitchcock is my last chance. I've got to get away there.

She tried to go to sleep but, for hours, her thoughts kept her awake. Some woman was coming to meet him in Hitchcock and say, "Of course, this is Marta Penfield."

SHE awoke to find the car standing well off the road with no lights on, except the one under the cowl. He was eating a steak sandwich and drinking coffee out of the cap of the vacuum bottle.

"Coffee?" he said.

"No," she said, "I'm going to try to sleep."

She lighted a cigarette. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Less than a hundred miles from Hitchcock."

"Then you will make it."

"I'll have time to pull up beside the road and get a nap."

They drove into Hitchcock at sunrise, through streets decorated with bunting.

"It's Old West Week," Scott said. "The town's been celebrating. The people aren't thinking about anything else, and neither are the police."

He drew up in front of the familiar six-story, red-brick building of the Hitchcock Hotel. She wondered if the clerk would recognize her.

"You're Mrs. George Cook now," Scott said. "You aren't Mrs. Warner any more."

She nodded. She was looking across the street at a short man with excessively long arms, who was staring at them as if he were interested.

"Come on," Scott said.

She noticed that he had his right hand in his jacket pocket as they walked into the empty hotel lobby. Scott looked like a tramp. He hadn't shaved for two days. His face was gray with dust or weariness or both, and his clothes showed that he had slept in them. She caught a glimpse of herself in a big mirror. She looked like a tramp, too. Her shoes were the work shoes she'd worn in Gislason's machine shop, her slacks were dirty, her hair was bound with a bright handkerchief tied around her head, and her make-up was awful. There was no danger that the clerk would recognize her.

"Yes, Mr. Cook," the clerk was saying, "we're expecting you. Your suite is ready."

"How about breakfast?" Scott asked. "We'd like it in our rooms."

The clerk glanced at the clock. "It's a little early for breakfast, but I'll see what I can do."

"We'd like some clothes pressed," Scott said.

"The valet will be in at eight o'clock. I'll send him up."

"I'd like to have my car put in a garage."

"Yes, sir," the clerk said.

They went up to a suite on the top floor. Scott locked the door, put the key in his pocket and explored the sitting room, bedroom and bath. He was plainly making sure that there was no way out except through the door he had locked. He'd probably noticed that the fire escape was at the end of the hall.

"Do I get the first bath?" she asked. "I haven't had a bath for two days—not since we camped beside the lake in Minnesota, and you had a migraine, and I gave you your ergotamine tartarate."

"You get the first bath," he said.

She filled the tub almost to the brim with hot water and scrubbed herself. Afterward, she put on the brown rayon dress with the white polka dots, stockings and opera pumps. She looked herself again.

Scott was sitting in a chair in the living room, smoking a cigarette, when she came out. He looked as if he'd had about all he could take.

"It's your turn," she said.

When he came out of the bathroom, he had shaved and he was wearing a clean shirt with a tie and a pair of gray flannel slacks and a tweed jacket.

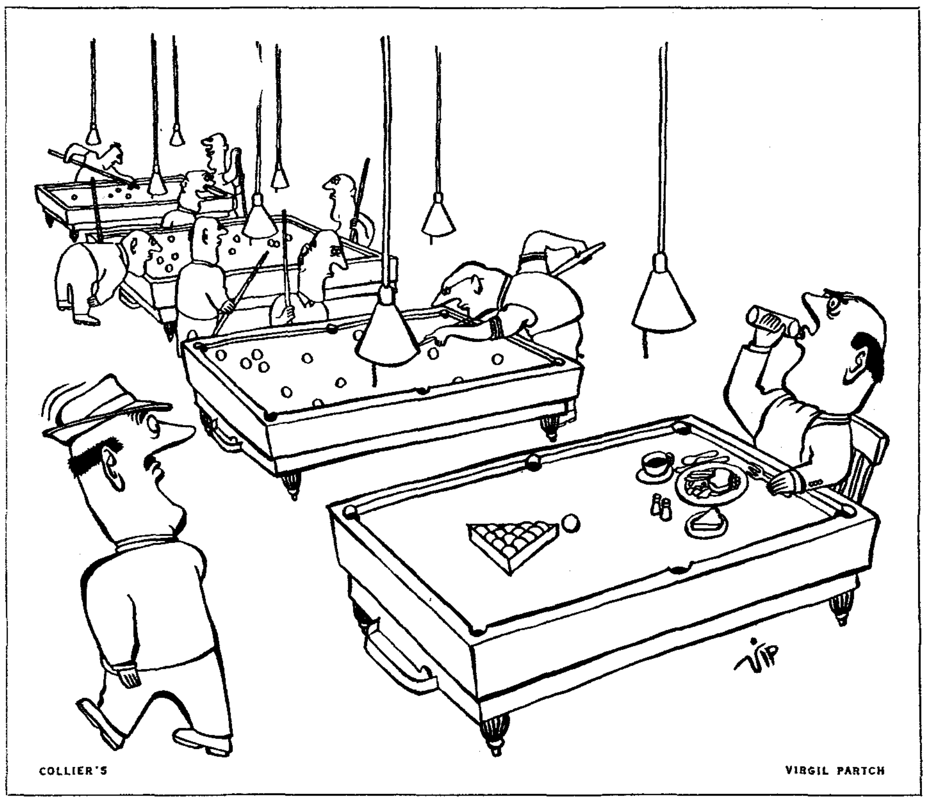
The waiter set a table near the window, with fresh linen. They had orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast and marmalade and coffee in luxury, and she tried to be friendly and amusing. She hoped he'd think she wasn't going to try to run away and that he'd go to sleep. But she didn't know how she'd get the key out of his pocket without waking him up. She had to have that key.

"Why don't you take a nap?" she asked. "You're bushed."

"I don't feel sleepy," he said.

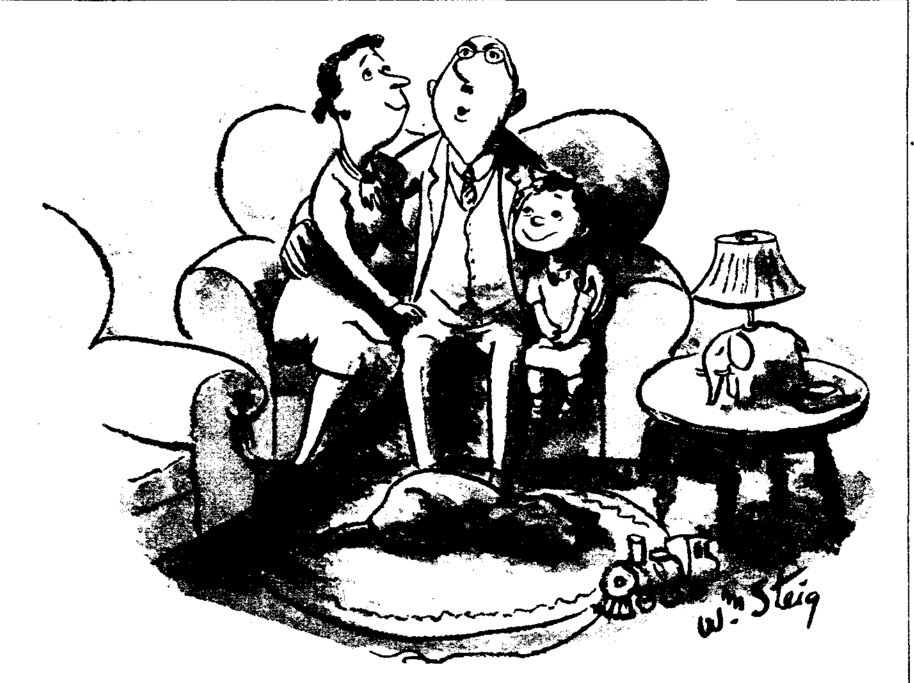
There was a knock on the door.

Scott went to the door. "Who is it?" he asked.



COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH



"This is the world, right here. The rest is all a fantastic dream"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

"It's the tailor, mister. I come to get your clothes to be pressed."

The voice and the intonation were pure Brooklyn.

"Just a minute," Scott said.

He motioned to her to get out of the line of the doorway, took the key out of his trousers' pocket and the gun out of his jacket pocket. He cocked the gun, held it with the muzzle pointed waist high, unlocked the door with his left hand and opened it a trifle.

She caught a glimpse of the surprised face of the man with the long arms she'd seen staring at them when they had stopped in front of the hotel an hour ago.

"Listen, mister—" the man began to protest.

"Beat it," Scott said.

He closed the door and locked it. Then he went to the telephone and told the manager that there was a New York gangster roaming the corridors of his hotel and pretending to be the valet.

"They'll put him out," Scott said when he'd hung up. "He'll hang around outside, but he won't get anywhere. We aren't going out of these rooms."

"For how long?" she asked.

"Until everything is settled, and you're safe," he said.

SHE found it a long morning. Scott had them send up the Hitchcock Herald and the Denver Post and a New York Globe three days old. He read them all and, for lack of anything else to do, so did she. When he'd read the papers, he paced up and down. She asked him again why he didn't get some sleep.

"I need it," he said. "But I can't take it now."

They had lunch, and the hotel valet came up with their pressed clothes, and a bellboy brought a telegram.

Scott tore the telegram into small pieces and dropped them in the wastebasket. She knew by his manner that he didn't like what the telegram said. She guessed that he'd been told of some delay in his plans.

She could hear the sounds of the Old West celebration in the street below—the yippee yells of cowboys and the flat bang of blank cartridges. She went to the window and looked out. The people in the street were wearing the costumes of the Old West—the men with whiskers, genuine or crepe, with frock coats and high hats, or hair pants and cowboy boots with sombreros. The women wore sunbonnets, hoop skirts, India shawls. The crowd eddied around stagecoaches and wagons.

"I'd just as soon you stayed away from that window," Scott said.

She sat down at the writing desk and picked up a pen as if she were going to write a letter. He was still reading a newspaper. She found timetables in the drawer of the desk and slipped them into her purse.

"I think I'll take a nap," she said.

"That's sensible," he said.

She went into the bedroom and made herself comfortable with two pillows on one of the twin beds, but she didn't try to go to sleep. She studied the timetables until she could remember when the transcontinental expresses went through on their way west and when the airplanes left.

She asked herself for the hundredth time how she could win his confidence and put him off guard. She could think of only one way to do it, but it wasn't until long after dinner that she tried it. He was pacing up and down the room again, and she was sitting in an armchair with a magazine in her lap.

"Dixon Gale and I weren't lovers," she said.

Scott Warner stopped short, staring at her as if he didn't at once comprehend the full meaning of what she'd said. Then he sat down in the other armchair.

"Tell me the story, Marta," he said.

"I don't know the whole story, and at the time, I didn't understand a great many things I did know. Doctor Whittemore helped me to understand some of them while I was in the sanitarium. I'm sorry he died. He was the best friend I ever had."

She saw that Scott was waiting, patient but eager. She wanted to tell him the whole story. She wanted him to know it.

"Doctor Whittemore said that Gene was paranoiac."

"Insane."

"Doctor Whittemore said there isn't any sharp dividing line between sane and insane. But he thought, from what I told him, that Gene was dangerous. He said I must never go back to him."

"Did Doctor Whittemore help you to escape?"

"Of course he did. I told him I'd been leading the foolish, frustrated life of a rich woman who had no children and nothing worth while to do. He said it would be good for me to get out on my own and start all over again and earn my own living."

"I can't believe he approved of your jumping off that bridge."

Marta smiled. She hadn't known there was going to be a cloudburst and that the river would be at flood. She remembered waiting on the bridge for three men who were walking toward her to come near enough, so they'd be able to describe her afterward, and she remembered looking

GREASE for GEARS but NOT for SHAVING
MENNEN Brushless SHAVE
CREAM NOT GREASE
MENNEN Brushless SHAVE LATHER NO BRUSH

Grease is great for machines, but men *hate* to put it on their faces. That is why so many men are switching from ordinary brushless to the new Mennen Brushless Shave—it's a cream, not a grease! Get it in either jar or tube.

— wilts whiskers faster
— snowy white in color
— spreads easily, rapidly
— soothes dry, tender skin
— not messy, washes off easily
— goes farther, costs less per shave

"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT

down at that yellow torrent with dead trees and somebody's woodshed floating in it, only they weren't just floating. They were going forty miles an hour.

"I don't suppose he did approve of that, but it was too late to turn back when I saw what I was in for. So I dived. I swim quite well. I stayed under water as long as I could. I got to the other bank half a mile farther down. It was dark by that time. They had clothes and money and a car waiting for me."

Scott shook his head. "You've got more guts than any other girl I ever knew," he said. "Why don't they commit a man like Gene Penfield to an insane asylum?"

"You can't—not legally. Not until he does something. Under the law, we wait until the paranoiac commits the murder and then we do something about it."

"He shot Dixon Gale?"

"Yes," she said. "But I couldn't testify to that, even if I'd told all I knew at the inquest. I didn't see Gene shoot him. The coroner's jury said Dixon committed suicide."

"Why did Gene shoot Dixon Gale?"

"I don't know. I don't think it was because of me. When I told Doctor Whittemore about Gene, he said that Gene was pathologically jealous."

"Meaning that he was jealous when there was no cause for jealousy."

"Yes," she said. "Maybe his jealousy got worse after I told him I wanted a divorce and moved into a room of my own at Silvertip. But he'd accused me of having an affair with Dixon Gale before that. He'd accused me of having affairs with several men. I don't know whether he believed it or not. I wouldn't sleep with him the last year, but I wasn't unfaithful."

"WHAT makes you think he didn't shoot Gale out of jealousy?"

"They were quarreling about something else. They always quarreled after that flight to Natal. I saw a lot of Dixon. He wasn't in the least in love with me. He was in love with Ann Sloane. His only interest in me was to try to pump me about Gene, and I knew less about what was going on in Gene's mind than he did. I know from the questions Dixon asked that he and Gene quarreled about something at Natal, but Dixon never told me what it was."

"Who was the third person on that flight to Natal?"

Marta wondered what made Scott think there was a third person on the flight to Natal. That had been what she'd worked out—that Gene and Dixon had flown some man out of the country, and that, after it was over, Dixon had found out there was something wrong about it.

"I don't know," she said.

"Who is Professor Idsu?"

"He was at Berkeley. I think he went back to Japan before Pearl Harbor."

"What about the flight to Portland?"

"I didn't know there was a flight to Portland," Marta said.

Scott sat silent, looking at her, for a long minute. She found it hard to meet his eyes. He got up and paced back and forth.

"You're going to help us," he said.

"No," she said.

He turned. He was pretty grim. "Don't you realize that Taylor Damon is going to have Gene Penfield appointed senator and then he's going to make him a candidate for the Presidency? There's all the money in the world behind him, and Taylor Damon is an absolute Fascist. Can't you see that he stands a good chance of using Gene Penfield as a front while he rules the country as a dictator?"

"Yes," she said. "But what can I do about it?"

"All you have to do is tell your story. We'll see that Gene Penfield isn't a candidate for anything."

"I don't see how it would do any good."

"Can't you take my word for it?"

"What about me? Don't you know they'll kill me?"

"Don't be silly. Once your story is in the papers, Taylor Damon will have no further interest in you. He'll be busy looking for another candidate."

Marta felt that was true, but Scott didn't know Gene Penfield. Gene would certainly try to kill her, and she saw no way in which she could be safe from him, except to disappear, the way she had before.

"You're going to have some of my old friends identify me as Marta Penfield and show me to the newspapermen and the police, no matter what I do," she said. "Why do you care whether I agree to help or not?"

Scott paced up and down without answering that question. "Damn it!" he said at last. "I'm going to have migraine again."

"I should think you would, after what you've been through in the last twenty-four hours. Do you want me to get the hypo?"

"It would be nice of you."

COLLIER'S "It's that new ration 'Z', Sir!" DON TOBIN

"I haven't any way to boil the needle."

"There's alcohol in the medicine case."

She got the medicine case and took it into the bathroom. The little bottle that had been on her mind ever since she'd seen it when Scott was patching up Bert Hagen was not ergotamine tartarate. It was labeled "Morphine Sulphate 1 cc equals ¼ grain." She had learned about morphine at Doctor Whittemore's sanitarium. A grain would probably kill Scott. A quarter of a grain might not put him into deep sleep. She sterilized the needle, drew the liquid into the graduated tube, and went back into the living room.

SCOTT had taken off his jacket and rolled up his sleeve. She pinched up some skin, thrust the needle into it, and slowly sank the plunger home. She wiped the puncture with gauze saturated in alcohol.

"Thank you, Marta," he said.

She put the hypodermic syringe away and came back. He was standing up as she entered the room. She hated herself for what she had done, but she had to do it. There wasn't any other way.

"You asked me why I cared whether you helped," he said.

She looked at him. Their eyes met, and she knew why.

He took her in his arms, and she couldn't struggle or push him away or pretend. She turned her face up to his and, when he kissed her, she abandoned herself completely to his kiss. Her arms went around his neck, and she clung to him as if this was what she had always dreamed of and longed for. Then he was looking into her eyes and she was looking into his.

"I love you," he said.

She couldn't meet his eyes any longer. She could only lift her mouth to his.

"I'll see it through," she said.

IT WAS sweet to be held so close, and ever so bitter. He'd be asleep in fifteen minutes, and she'd be on her way and she'd never see him again.

"Ann Sloane will be here in the morning," he said. "I'll make it as easy as I can for you."

When he got drowsy, she made him take off his clothes and go to bed. He was perfectly amenable by now. She waited until he was deep in sleep and then she put on her gray flannel suit with the blue sweater, and got the key out of his trousers pocket. She went through his wallet. He had nine hundred dollars. She took a hundred dollars in ten- and twenty-dollar bills. She hated taking his money but she had to.

She couldn't go without a last word to him. She sat down at the little desk in the living room and wrote a note. She put it in his wallet so it stuck out a little and put his wallet back in his inside jacket pocket.

She unlocked the door and went down the corridor to the fire escape. She was glad the streets were so full of noisy people. She took one look around for the short man with the long arms and darted into the crowd and hurried toward the railway station.

She had almost reached the station when, looking back over her shoulder, she saw the man with the long arms. She began to run but, looking back, she saw he was running, too. She knew she could never make the station before he caught up with her; and she couldn't run any faster, and there weren't many people in the street here.

Panting for breath, trying to run faster, she saw a big man with a woman ahead of her. As she came even, she saw that the big man was Bert Hagen. The man with the long arms was right behind her.

"Oh, Bert!" she gasped. "This man is chasing me."

Bert took one look at her and turned and swung from the floor. The man with the long arms went sprawling across the sidewalk.

"Am I glad to see you, Mrs. Warner!" Bert said. "Meet my sister-in-law."

Bert took her arm, and the three of them walked to the station.

The ticket agent told her she could get space. The railway had anticipated Old West Week. There were Pullmans waiting on a sidetrack now. She bought a ticket for San Francisco, and a bedroom, and went to the car. She locked the door. She was safe now. She'd got away.

A train came into the station. A switch engine coupled on her car. There was a long pause after the banging and the jolting. She thought the train would never move, but it did.

She sat by the window, looking out at a barren country streaming by under a late moon, and thinking about Scott Warner. She couldn't quite keep the tears back, but she knew she'd had to do what she had done. She hated publicity. She'd been through it once. But what she couldn't face was what would come afterward. She couldn't face sitting and waiting for Gene Penfield to come and kill her. She had no doubt that he would.

She got undressed and took the nightgown and the toilet things she'd stuffed in her purse because she couldn't carry a bag, and went to bed. She knew now how nearly exhausted she was. She hadn't driven eight hundred and fifty miles in one stretch, but she'd ridden eight hundred and fifty miles. She hadn't had much more sleep than Scott Warner had. She was going to sleep and sleep and sleep. And when she was herself again, she was going to start all over in some place where no one knew her, and the past would never trouble her.

SHE was dozing off when she heard a key in the door and sat up. It wasn't the door to the corridor. It was the door to the next bedroom. Only the conductor had the key. What did he want?

She turned on the light. As she did so, the door opened, and a man came through it. He wasn't the conductor. He was Gene Penfield. . . .

Scott Warner gasped and opened his eyes and shut them tightly. Somebody was throwing cold water on him, but it didn't do any good to shut his eyes. He was drenched again.

"Lay off," he said and opened his eyes. A girl he'd never seen before was bending over him. Her face was tanned to a rich brown, and her hair was yellow.

"Come on! Wake up!" she said. "You've got to wake up."

He closed his eyes again. "Where's Marta?" he murmured.

"Yes—where?" the girl asked.

He sat up and tried to wipe the water out of his eyes.

The girl held a cup to his mouth. "Here," she said, "drink some coffee. You've got to wake up."

He took a swallow of the coffee. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's half past eight," she said. "Marta's gone."

He stared at her. "Who are you?"

"I'm Ann Sloane. I just got in half an hour ago and found you asleep. I've been trying to wake you up ever since."

He began to get it. He jumped out of

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The Eagle looks to the Sun

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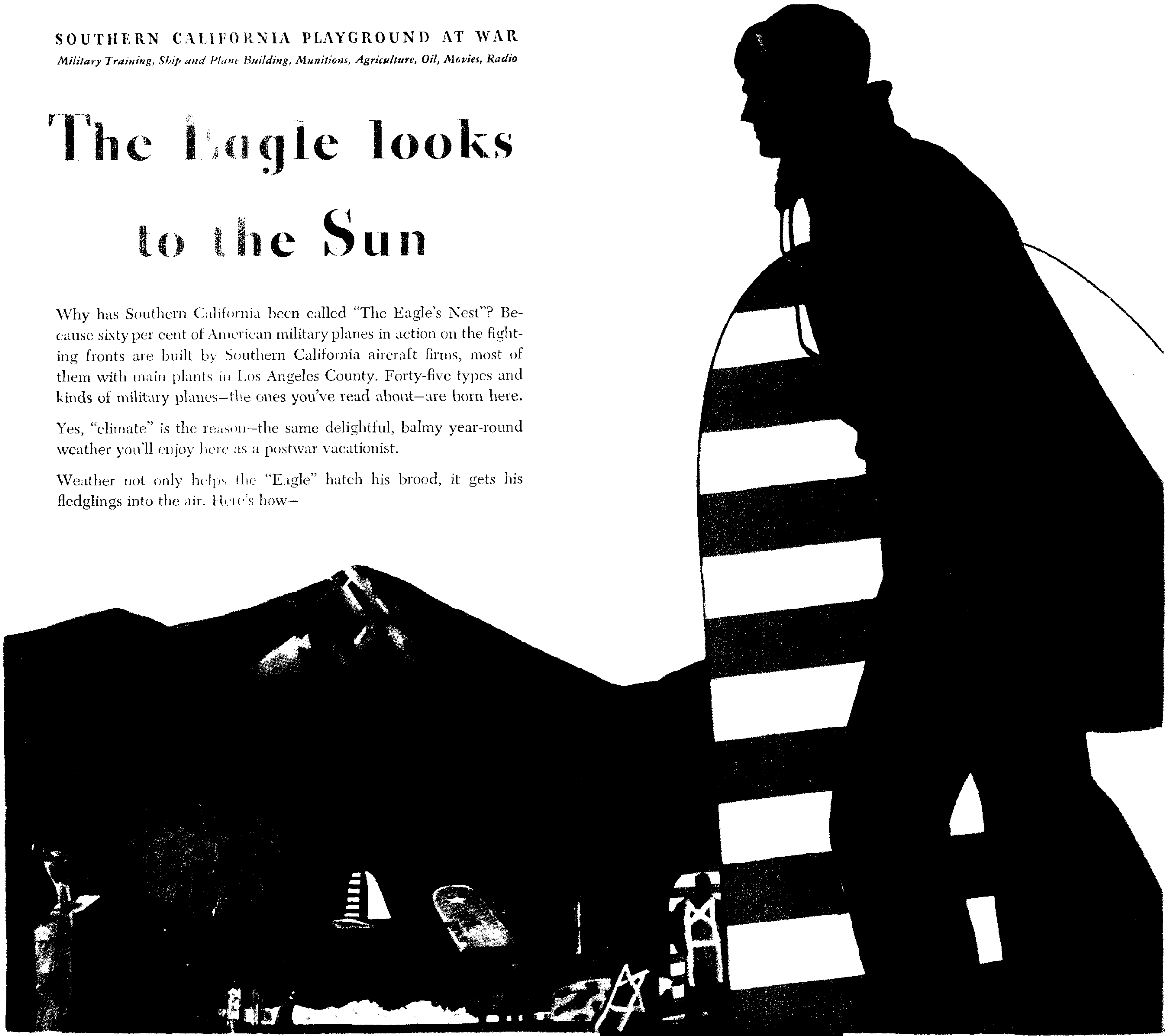
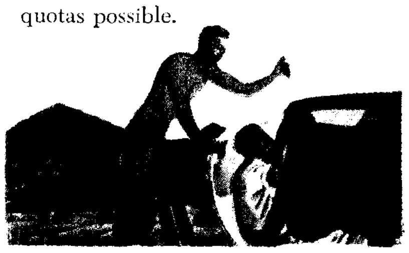


How good flying weather helps—355 days of sunshine a year eliminate the need to delay plane-testing. And giant Navy patrol bombers always have ice-free water for their "landing fields." Fine weather makes large production quotas possible.



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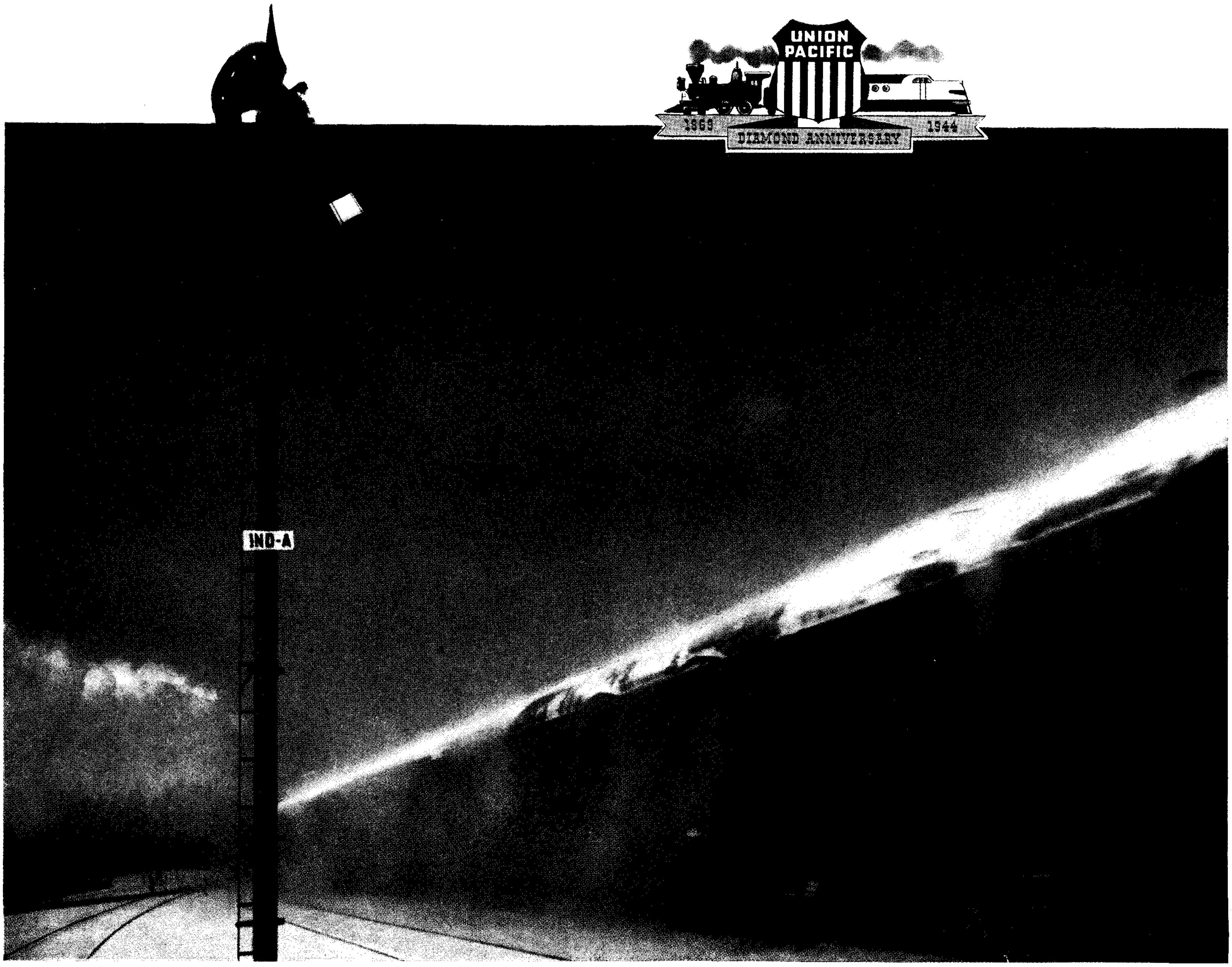

Through snow, sleet, rain or fog

● Swirling snow, dense fog, dim the vision. Enginemen and trainmen are constantly alert. Trackmen, switchmen, signalmen—and others—facing bitter winds and drenching rains, are vigilantly performing their duties.

Regardless of weather conditions, the trains are going through. Carloads of war materials, thousands of troops, are being transported without undue delay. Every minute counts.

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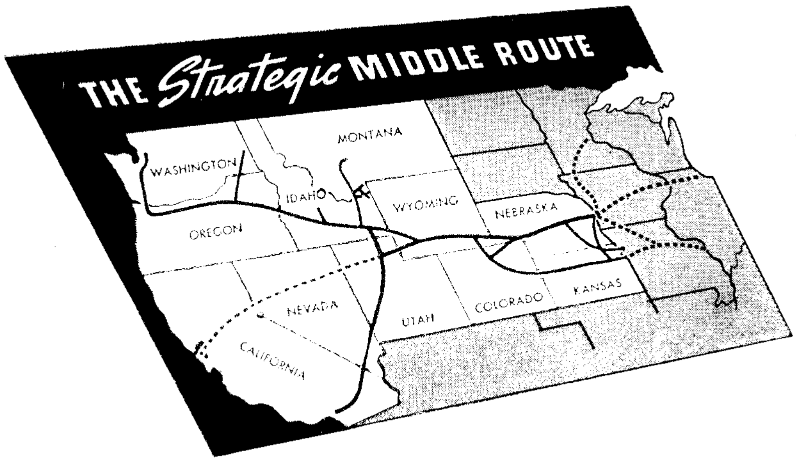
Thousands of Union Pacific employes are working, sacrificing and fighting to keep alive the American tradition of equal opportunity for all . . . to maintain the doctrine of liberty which guarantees every individual the right to advancement, limited only by ability and enterprise.



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

bed. The other bed hadn't been slept in. He reeled into the living room. Marta wasn't there.

"She's gone," he said.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," Ann Sloane said.

"She couldn't have run away," Scott said. "She promised she'd see it through. She'd made up her mind it was her duty."

"Oh, yeah," Ann Sloane said.

"Besides, I locked the door and put the key in my pocket."

"And hung your pants on a chair."

"Let me get dressed," Scott said. "I'll see the police. I'll see the Hitchcock Herald. I'll have every newspaper reader in this country looking for her, and every policeman."

He got into his clothes as fast as he could. "You stay here," he said to Ann Sloane. "I'm going places. I may need you."

"What you need is a nurse," Ann said.

"I can't understand it," Scott said. "The last thing that happened was she gave me a dose of ergotamine tartarate."

He looked in his medicine case. The hypodermic syringe was there. So was the ergotamine tartarate, but the bottle of morphine sulphate was half empty.

"Well?" Ann Sloane said.

"I can't understand it," he said. And that was true. He knew she'd given him morphine. But why? He'd told her he loved her and he'd kissed her, and she'd kissed him back as if she meant it.

THE chief of police had made no concession to Old West Week, but the editor of the Hitchcock Herald was made up as a gentleman gambler in yellow trousers, blue frock coat, boiled shirt, crimson silk waistcoat with yellow flowers, patent-leather boots, and a wig which curled to his shoulders. At nine o'clock in the morning, both showed the ravages of carnival, and neither had any affection for Scott Warner, who had routed them out but was only intermittently able to see them through the hang-over of a morphine shot that must have been gigantic.

"When I remember I could have slept till noon!" the editor muttered. He stroked the wig and went on thoughtfully: "I say run him in, Tim."

"Naw, that's not the carnival spirit," the chief of police said. "We don't run anybody in. What say I run him out?"

The editor fixed Scott with a cynical gaze.

"When do you unveil what you're selling, stranger?" He picked up the envelope from the Herald's morgue and sifted a lot of photographs of Marta Penfield. "Jewelry? Bathing suits? Stockings? Let us rejoice that, in those days, there was still silk to point a camera at—"

Buzzers were sounding in Scott's ears, and his nerves stuck straight through his skin. Still holding his temper in check, he repeated for the tenth time, "My name is Scott Warner, though I'm using another one at the hotel. I wrote Fascist America. You'll find it in the public library—"

"Cosmetics, I guess," the editor said. "Lotions, lipsticks, depilatories. Whatever you sell, you're a body snatcher. Call it a ghoul. Many a press agent has been dumped on my doorstep, but I never before saw one that tried to make money out of the celebrated dead. You live on carrion, stranger. In the language of Old West Week, you're a buzzard."

"Yeah." The chief of police was gazing sentimentally at a photograph. "She was a fine figure of a woman, too. I bet she had a hard life." He sighed.

Scott's voice roughened as his self-control began to crack. "She was at the Hitchcock Hotel till sometime last night. She got to Hitchcock early yesterday."

"They work hard enough to earn an honest living, at that," the editor said. "He's studied all this stuff, Tim. He's got all the answers figured. Our cue is to weep. We think of these search parties dragging the river all in vain, and we shed tears. We shed tears 'till it turns out that the lost beauty made straight by convenient plane to some place where she could replenish her supply of Violette's Vitamin-Irradiated Vanishing Cream—"

"She probably didn't leave the hotel till midnight," Scott said. "She can't have got very far by now—"

"Oh, stranger!" the editor said sadly. "We are an unsophisticated people out here. Even if some of us have learned caution from buying gold bricks, it leaves us in the jollity of Old West Week. Of course, she can't have got far! If she had, how could Tim's posse and my photographer track her down to her boudoir and pose her, radiant, rosy and refreshed against a tub frothing with Barbara's Bubble Bath—"

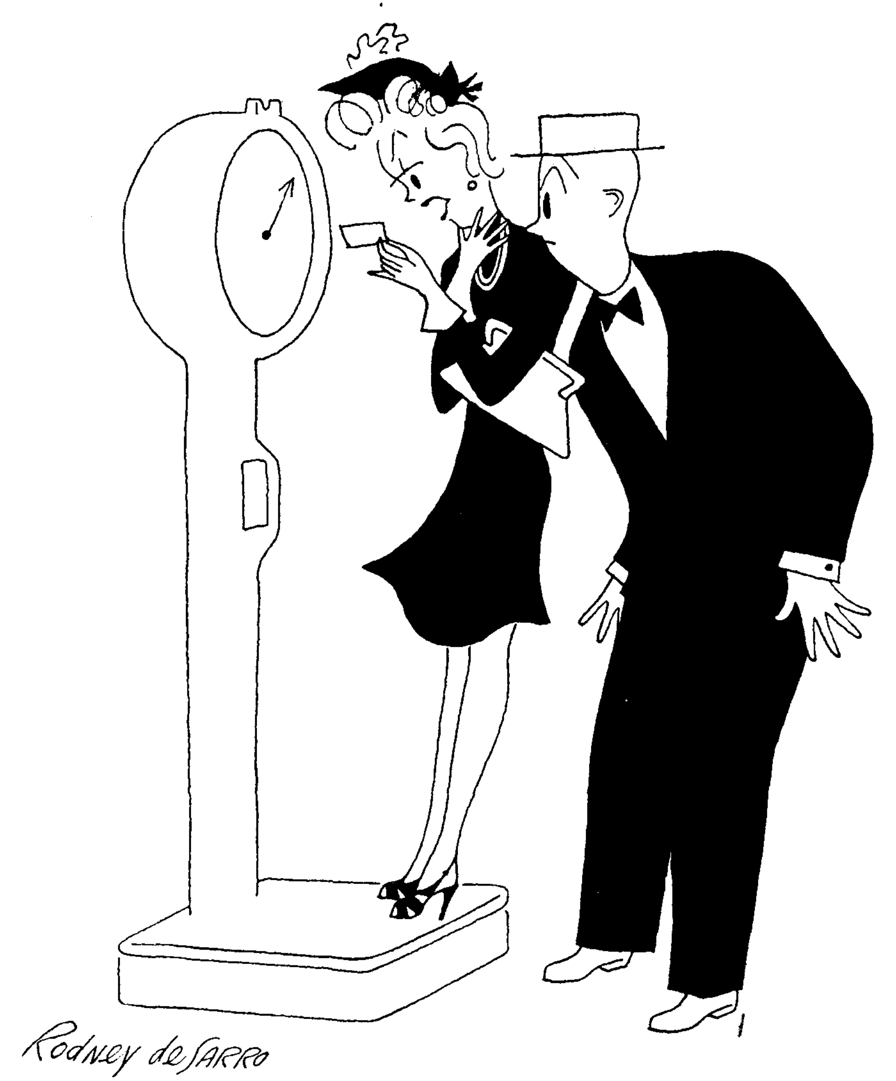
Scott was exasperated. "Look," he said to the chief of police, "I drop a hundred thousand dollars in rewards in your lap!" He turned to the editor. "I offer you the biggest story of your life—"

"Just possibly, Tim," the editor said. "It could be the local forty-rod. His hands shake, his face looks as if it had been sandblasted. Possibly it's too much Old West Week."

"Naw, he ain't drunk. Dope, maybe."

"Well, I can't take him." The editor stood up. "Wise guy, you stink. Lots of you birds try to sell me a bill of goods. That's all right. A man has to eat. Sometimes I even buy a little, if it's good. But you're not. A man that would try to make advertising out of a woman dead for two or three years, a woman who, as Tim says it, had a hard life—moment by moment I can't stand you. If I throw you out of this office, I'll feel like an Eagle Scout. If Tim runs you out of Hitchcock—in fact, if you don't get out by the first train, plane, bus, truck or bicycle, Tim will heave you out!"

"On your way!" Tim said.



"It says the F.B.I. is aware that we have canned goods stored in our basement!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

A Wyoming sun blinded Scott's tortured eyes. He would get over the morphine jitters eventually, but there was a grave doubt if his intelligence would recover. Here ended the one idea he had been able to form when he swam to consciousness through the ebbing drug, an hour and a half ago. Break the story to the papers and the police! Get it on the wires and arouse America! As far back as he and Irv had had any plans at all, it had been a certainty that this was the biggest newspaper story in the country, one that could not be surpassed till someone shot Adolf Hitler. And it wasn't—not in Hitchcock, Wyoming.

He could remember having felt qualms over treating Marta Penfield harshly. When the time came to laugh, that was where the laughing could start. She had counted on her face and figure, on the whispered word and the soft cheek and the warm and yielding lips. As shameless as a child and as efficient as a rattlesnake, she had been right to count on them. If he was licked, he was licked by a champion—and with his own morphine.

HE STORMED into the suite at the Hitchcock Hotel. "They thought I was faking," he said to Ann Sloane. "They laughed at me. They won't take it. We're stopped."

"Why should they believe you? Irv said they wouldn't unless they had plenty of proof."

"Did you get Irv on the phone?"

She nodded. "I'm afraid he's sore. He says the hell with you, Mr. Warner. Why didn't you tie her up? Don't you know her at all? Why didn't you drag her into the first police station?"

"Because she's wanted for murder!" Scott shouted.

Ann Sloane raised her eyebrows.

"I'm sorry," Scott said. "Look, I'm the incompetent of the world. I made the mistake. Well, are we stopped? Do we quit and go home? Does Penfield become senator? Yes, and why hasn't he been made senator already? Has Irv got any ideas? Have you?"

Marta could have got out by any plane, train, or bus. She could have thumbed a ride—from some new innocent. She could have walked. At this moment, she might be in another hotel right here in Hitchcock. She might be at any little town five miles out by walking, three hundred by train, six hundred by plane; or on any train, or across the street. The police could have found out. He couldn't.

"They've got to take it—it's the biggest story in the United States!" he said. "I can't find her. Irv can't find her, but the public can find her. Get it on the air and in the headlines. Then any bus she gets off will have a welcoming committee at the door. She can't slip through a hundred million fingers."

"Irv says the hell with her," Ann Sloane said. "He says you've tried your notion and lost out. He says you're sure to go proud and try to find her and, if you do, he's through with you. He's going to California and raise a little hell. He says don't bother to phone Mr. Stein. He'll do it. If you think you have to talk to Irv, you must phone him at Denver before ten-thirty. He's taking the eleven-o'clock plane west. I'll see if I can get him."

"What can he do in California? We had exactly one chance. I made that play. I lost it. We're licked. We might as well go home and read the newspapers."

THE small, blond girl gazed at him with mild derision. "You mean you've lost Marta. I'm not in on all this, Mr. Warner. I'm here because Irv—well, he seemed so terribly in earnest. I thought the idea was to stop Mr. Penfield from being appointed senator. I didn't think it was holding on to Marta. That seems to be all you can think of. I can see why. You've been making love to her."

"I have not!" he said. He felt himself blushing.

Ann Sloane said, "I thought so. They all do. When you're with Marta, you make love to her."

He faced her. "We all guessed wrong. Dixon Gale wasn't her lover. She wasn't interested; he wasn't interested. That was just gossip."

This time Ann Sloane had the grace to blush. "That doesn't matter any more. But I'd like to believe you. How do you know?"

"Marta said so."

"What's that got to do with it?"

A picture flashed in his mind: Marta saying with a sincerity that could not be questioned, "Dixon Gale and I weren't lovers." Even now, it was impossible for him to disbelieve her.

"You're wrong," he said. "She was telling the truth."

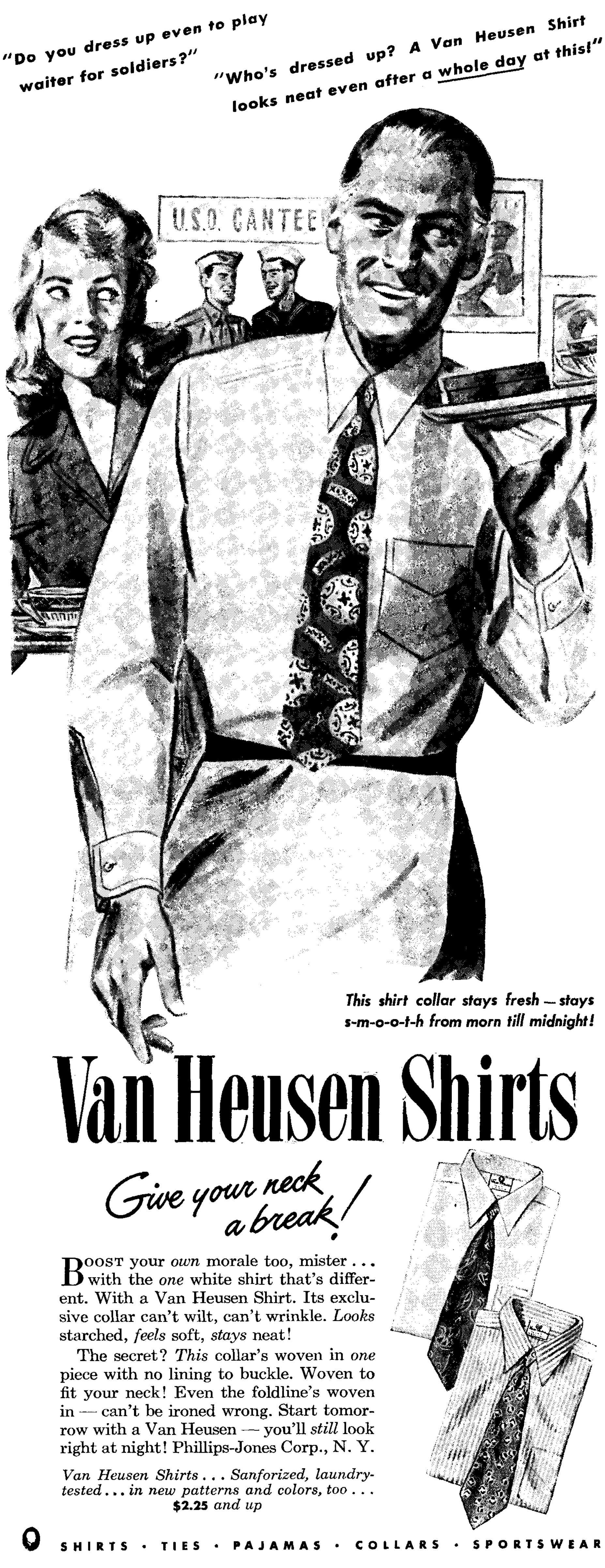
"You mean you're in love with her."

"You wouldn't think so if I could get my hands on her neck."

Ann Sloane drew a long breath. "Please stop galloping around the room. Do you want to find Marta or do you want to stop that appointment? If the job you started to do is more important than a love affair, you ought to go to work. You weren't doing anything here. I think both of us ought to join Irv."

Scott sat down. "You're right," he said. "Hitchcock is just a town that hasn't got Marta in it. If Irv's going to California, he's probably going to Silvertip. I don't know what he thinks he can do there. But I've proved I can't do anything, so I'll try whatever he says. There's no direct plane from here, but there's one to Salt Lake at eleven. There's another at two for Reno. They both connect for Sacramento. You get to Silvertip from either Reno or Sacramento. Why don't we take the two-o'clock?"

"All right," she said. "I'll phone for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seats. I'll try to get Irv, too. You'd better wash your face. You could even shave."

He took off his coat and threw it at a chair. It slid to the floor, and his wallet fell out of his pocket.

He picked it up and, replacing it, found a crumpled sheet of paper. Then he saw that it was signed "M." He read it:

"There wasn't any flight to Portland. I *know* there wasn't. When you said Portland, I thought of Partland—Kelsey Partland, the newspaperman who broadcasts from Berlin. I think it may have been Kelsey Partland they flew to Natal. I *know* they flew someone. I think Professor Idsu got Gene to. That must be it. It must be what they quarreled about. They were quarreling when they got back from Natal, and from then on.

"I think Dixon Gale must have known something criminal about Partland—or about Partland and Professor Idsu. Dixon wouldn't have done anything wrong. I didn't realize this till you talked about Portland in relation to Professor Idsu. I must be right. It explains things. If Partland is a traitor now, maybe he was then.

"If Professor Idsu was mixed up with treason, then go to Sacramento and find Doctor Miura. He's a dentist. If Idsu was in it, he'll know. I hope this helps you, Scott. I think you can work out what happened the night Dixon died, too.

"I'm sorry I had to take some of your money. Love, M.

"P. S. I meant everything I said, except that I'd see it through. I just can't. Goodby, Scott."

Ann Sloane, reading over his shoulder, said, "Who is Kelsey Partland?"

"Could it have been Partland? You were the one who said Portland. Could you be wrong? Could Dixon Gale have said Partland?"

"I don't know," she said. "He just said it once, just one sentence. He was muttering. He was mad. I don't know. Who is Partland?"

The author of Fascist America knew his field. "He broadcasts on short-wave for Doctor Goebbels now. He used to run magazines for the Bund. Who is Doctor Miura?"

"Leader of the Nisei at Sacramento. We used to hear that the Jap secret societies had tried to kill him. He's probably in a concentration camp now. All the really loyal American Japanese are."

"Partland—and the Bund and a Japanese art collector who's gone home—and a Japanese dentist. You say the dentist was anti-secret-society. Marta says he knows about Idsu." He thought a moment. "Early in 1939, I thought the F.B.I. had Partland marked down. They never took him in. He got away. That could be why and how. That's what Marta is saying. She thinks Idsu had Penfield fly him to Natal—a jump ahead of the F.B.I.! She could be right."

His mind was coming back. It ran swiftly across many facts, which began to fit together. "She ran out on me. But she wanted to help out! She has headed us right. She tried—"

"Oh, stop finding things to adore Marta for—"

"We're back in the game! We don't need her. She can go run any lathe she finds anywhere, and we can still crack Penfield. If your Jap knows, if it turns out that the F.B.I. were after Partland, our hero won't do Taylor Damon any good from that moment on."

The girl began to respond to his renewed excitement. "Let's get going," she said.

"The eleven-o'clock plane. Come on!" Then he stopped short. "No! We've got to tell Irv. He'll need to know about this when he gets to California."

"You take the plane. I'll phone Irv—"

"You take it. You know this Jap—you'll save us time. Get to Sacramento—you'll practically be home. Get hold of him. I'll take the two-o'clock plane—I'll be at Sacramento three hours after you. I'll get hold of Irv, you'll find the Jap, and we'll still have a couple of marbles left. What are we waiting for?"

THERE would be time to shave later. There would be time to think, to pack. What about the station wagon? Damn the station wagon! Get Ann on the plane, get back here and phone Irv. If Irv had left, flag his plane somewhere, wire to all landing fields. They jumped into a taxi and made off toward the airport through streets thronging for the last day of Old West Week.

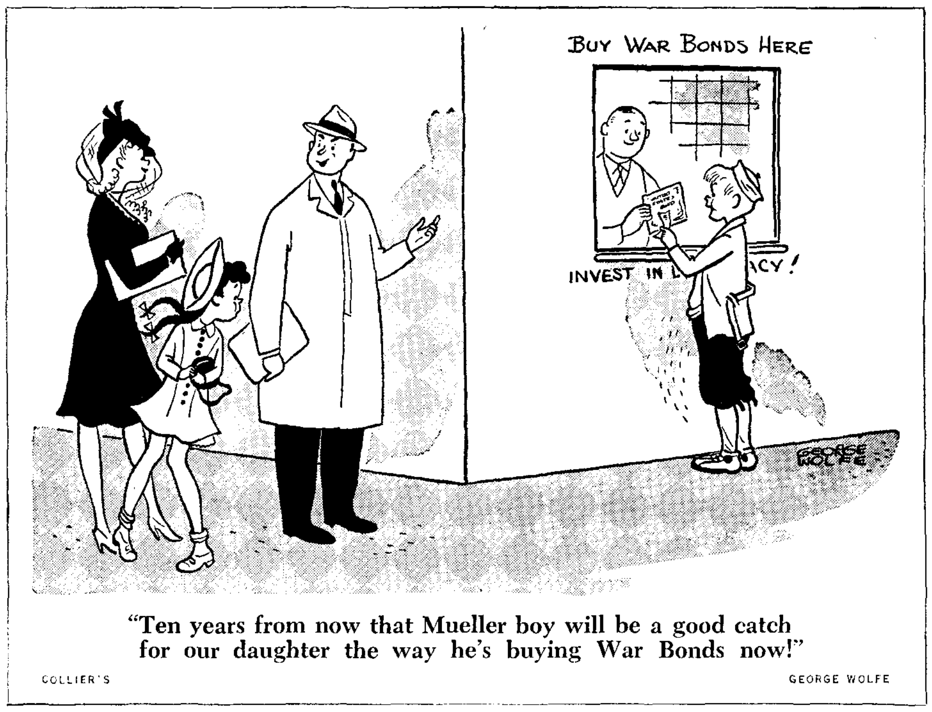
"There won't be a seat. There never is," Ann said.

"You'll hang by your knees from a wing, then. But there will be. The cards have begun to run our way."

His mind had cleared, his nerves had quieted, he was beginning to feel himself. Marta had saved them. There was a seat. They shook hands at the gate, and he waited till the plane rose from the field then drove back to town.

He must head Irv in the right direction. But he couldn't think about Irv. He had kissed Marta and she had kissed him back. She'd made him an unspoken promise. And then she'd double-crossed him. Any treachery would have been forgivable except that one. Somewhere on her flight, Marta was relieving her own tension with bursts of laughter at the man she had kissed into trustfulness. Well, let her laugh!

(To be continued next week)



"Ten years from now that Mueller boy will be a good catch for our daughter the way he's buying War Bonds now!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

The Mark of Maat

Continued from page 24

on her mind or whether overwork at the hospital where she was stationed was responsible has little to do with the matter; but Moira had a breakdown and became a patient herself.

However, she made a good recovery, and was given sick leave. This was the cool season, and she decided to go up to Luxor. Lake was still reporting to the M.O. when she left, but he had never failed to send flowers, fruit and such offerings to Moira throughout her illness. They lunched together at Shepheard's on the day she left, and Lake saw her off. About a week later he was given a clean bill, and he lost no time in heading upriver, too. He, also, decided to spend his leave in Luxor.

"This brings me," explained Tom Borrodale, "to the mystery I promised; and here is the mystery."

"THERE is something I want you to do for me," Moira said to Lake one morning as they sat in the hotel garden.

Lake, stretched beside her in a long chair, looked at Moira smilingly. She was well worth looking at, too: one of those chestnut blondes with warm, creamy coloring whose production in the climate of Ireland seems so odd. With her deep violet eyes and her daintiness, she looked like a flower of the sunny south. Actually, of course, Moira was born in Australia, but both her parents came from Ireland. Lake was a good-looker, also—a man of medium build, fairish, and always groomed perfectly, whether in uniform or out of it. He looked quite fit by this time, and so, for that matter, did Moira. They used to take long rides together on the other side of the Nile, Lake loving to act as her guide to the city of dead kings.

"You know I would do anything for you," he replied—and he meant it; his brown eyes glowed as he watched her. "What is it you want?"

That he was hopelessly, blindly in love with her no one who saw them together could doubt. She was his religion; for Lake there was no God—only Moira.

She hesitated a while before she answered, staring out over the river to where a native dahabeah moved slowly through morning haze like a giant hawk moth with lifted wings. Except for the clanking of an ancient water wheel, near by, there was hardly a sound. The pair of them just lay there in a peaceful world that didn't seem to know that Hitler had ever been born. At last, Moira spoke.

"I want you to let me go down Schroeder's shaft," she said.

This was not the first time she had made that request. But Lake, gently, and evidently inspired by sincere anxiety to spare her pain, had always headed her off. In their many expeditions among the tombs and temples he had avoided showing her the spot upon which he and Thomson had been at work when war interrupted them. Moira didn't even know quite where it was located.

At first, thinking that she understood the motives of delicacy which prompted him, Moira had dropped the subject; but she had returned to it later; and now she made the request in a manner which invited no evasion.

"Very well," said Lake; "of course. It's not a pleasant business from any point of view, but if you are set on it we can go, say, on Tuesday morning. The shaft has been closed up, of course, but not permanently. I'll go into the town and gather up a few men to prepare the way. Men who know the work are easy to find."

Moira just replied, "Thank you, Vernon," and didn't refer to the matter again.

"If you want to picture Schroeder's shaft to yourself," said Tom Borrodale; "don't confuse it in your mind with an elevator shaft. It wasn't straight and it wasn't smooth; it was more like the inside of a Swiss chimney. It went sheer down for about ten feet and then it had been cut in at a pretty sharp angle to avoid solid granite. That part was shored up. Beyond, it went straight down again, a rugged, rock-studded pit. At this point Schroeder had met more rock and had had to give the job up. Thomson, later, tunneled around this obstruction and broke into the antechamber from the south."

Lake (so Borrodale told me), although a man of proved courage, had an almost morbid horror of snakes. So that when, early on the appointed Tuesday morning he and Moira arrived at the reopened shaft, Lake sent the Arabs down first to report if all was clear.

They were an experienced crew, one of whom had worked with Thomson and Lake before. "These fellows are born excavators," said Borrodale, "whose fathers dug for Flinders Petrie and Howard Carter. The ghafir of one of the Luxor temples, a white-haired veteran who remembered Maspero, was in charge, and although already he had assembled a gang of six, he had roped in an odd man who came from the Faiyûm, a big, bearded fellow, who seemed, for all his physique, since he kept well in the background, to be work-shy. I need not say that such a mob was unnecessary, but the old boy had jumped at the chance to employ all his friends and relations. It's their way."

Lines had been rigged and arrangements made for forming a sort of human escalator by means of which Moira and Lake could be passed down to the foot of the shaft. From the moment that they proceeded beyond the angle, daylight disappeared; but Lake had a big army flashlight which he housed in the hip pocket of his shorts.

THEY managed the descent successfully and then squeezed around that narrow semicircular cutting which gave access to the anteroom. It was very still down there, when the Arabs had been told to clear out, and it smelled of Ancient Egypt. "That smell of Ancient Egypt," said Tom Borrodale, "is something which no one has ever been able to define. But although it isn't strictly pleasant, it has some hypnotic quality which, even over a bridge of years, can call a man back to the Old Land."

A feature of the antechamber was a central pillar hewn out of the rock, and before this pillar, on the westward side, stood a sort of shrine, also of rock, upon which had rested a porphyry statuette of the goddess, Maat. The statuette had been taken to the Cairo Museum, but the rock altar was immovable, of course. There were some fine mural paintings in perfect preservation, and the floor of the square room was paved with black stone.

It is necessary to remember the shape of the entrance passage and the presence of this central pillar in order to understand why Moira, after the Arabs had gone, suddenly said, "Are you sure there's no one in the room?"

"No one but you and I," Lake assured her, and shone his light all around from where they stood. "Why?" Then, loudly he called, "Aûz eh?" There was no reply.

"I thought, or perhaps I imagined, that someone else was here," Moira explained.

Lake was wearing a white silk shirt open front, and it seemed to Moira, in the reflected light, that he looked rather ghastly. He was of a naturally pale complexion, which illness had accentuated, but since leaving hospital he had enjoyed plenty of open-air exercise and had re-

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gained color. All the same, as he stood there, Moira thought that his face looked almost as pale as his partly exposed chest. It must be borne in mind, however, that the air of the place was hot and oppressive. Lake laughed but not overconvincingly.

"Suppose we get the inspection through," he suggested, "and return to the outer air. Although I took up this business, once, I may as well admit that the atmosphere of tombs, or their lack of atmosphere, soon bowls me over."

Well, they walked right around the antechamber, examining its murals, which Lake did his best to explain. He showed Moira where the portcullis was hidden in the eastern wall beyond which lay the real tomb.

They had completed their tour and stood one on either side of the empty shrine before the central pillar when Moira whispered, "There it is again!"

She grabbed Lake's arm so suddenly that he dropped his flashlight. It fell on the black pavement with an awesome crash and immediately went out.

"Damn," he exclaimed; then, "Don't get frightened, Moira," he added. "Stand quite still until I strike a match."

"Please don't strike a match," she said—"at least, not for a moment."

Her voice was not entirely steady, but she spoke so quietly that it was evident that she had herself well in hand.

"Whatever do you mean?" Lake asked, and his tones were pretty husky.

"Oh, it's just an impulse—perhaps a silly one. It came to me as the light went out. When you asked me to marry you, Vernon, in Cairo, don't think that I refused lightly, or frivolously. Indeed, I was honored, and very, very sorry to have to hurt you. But I told you, quite honestly, why it was impossible, and I respected you enough to tell you, when you asked me, the other man's name—although he didn't know."

"That's all true," said Lake, in a low voice. "But what has it to do with our remaining here in the dark?"

"Just that while we stand here, by this shrine of Maat, which you—and he—discovered, I want to ask you a question. Will you promise to answer truly—in the name of Maat?"

"In the name of *Maat!* That's a queer pagan oath."

"Perhaps it is. But will you?"

"Of course."

"Very well. Swear, by Maat, with your hand on her altar, that you buried him as well and as deeply as was in your power."

For the next few seconds there was that sort of silence which seems to throb, as though an astral dynamo vibrated near by. Then, Lake's voice came out of the darkness:

"I buried him as well, and as deeply, as was in my power. I swear this—in the name of Maat."

The thing that followed may never be satisfactorily explained. Conjecture is permissible, but proof unlikely. There was a blinding flash of light. It shone directly onto Lake's face, leaving everything else in utter blackness. Something shot toward him, something which Moira described as "a brown shadow." Lake uttered a choking sound and fell. There was utter blackness again.

MOIRA'S shriek—the only sound that she uttered before collapsing, unconscious—was heard by the waiting Arabs. It had a curious (but by no means unusual) effect. For a number of reasons, Schroeder's shaft was reputed to be haunted by a powerful and evil spirit. In consequence, on hearing that wild cry, three of the gang promptly bolted and were seen no more.

It was the white-bearded ghafir who carried Moira up. Laying her in a shady place, he returned for Lake. And when they brought Lake out into morning sunshine, only the old Arab's holy reputation (he was a hadji who had five times kissed the black stone of the Kaaba), his fists, and his uncommonly fluent invective, prevented the others from deserting as well.

Imprinted on Lake's pale skin, right over the heart, and growing plainer every minute, was a reddish-blue mark, like a bruise. It was clearly defined, resembling a seal, and it represented the conventional Feather of Justice: the mark of Maat!

"This extraordinary story does not rest on the testimony of the Arabs alone," said Tom Borrodale. "By the time that Moira was in a fit state to see Lake (who was dead) the mark had faded into a sort of general contusion. But she could swear to its character, nevertheless: There were many similar inscriptions on the walls of the antechamber."

Medical evidence, when it could be obtained (they had to hold a post-mortem), showed that death had been from shock, apparently caused by a tremendous blow over the heart.

"So there's your mystery," Borrodale commented; "and I flatter myself it's a pretty deep one. Which brings me to Thomson's story."

"To Thomson's story?" I echoed.

"Yes. About a week later Thomson turned up in Cairo. He had a story to tell, also; but he told it (in full) to no one but Moira."

And this is Thomson's story:

THOMSON came temporarily to his senses in that dreadful hour just before dawn of the third day in the desert. Hovering between sanity and delirium, he saw Lake creeping stealthily away over a neighboring mound—taking with him their remaining stock of food and water!

He staggered to his feet and tried to run after Lake. He shouted—or he thought he was shouting: it may have been a husky whisper.

And Lake? Lake looked back and then began to run, also . . . away from Thomson! Thomson ran on until he fell.

His next recollection was one of lying in an Arab tent, raving. A man and an old woman were trying to soothe him. They forced him to swallow some bitter draught. A good Moslem respects insanity, looking upon it as a visitation of God and a thing to merit a True Believer's pity . . .

In time (Thomson had no idea if in days or in weeks) he recovered. He had been picked up and tended by a small party of wandering Bedawi; and he was his own man again.

Lake! The mere thought of Lake set Thomson's brain on fire. His first idea was how soon he could find his way back and expose Lake. Nothing else mattered until he had broken Lake, until he had shown him up for the cad and cur he thought him to be. Then—he fell to thinking about the thing from another angle.

"You will recall," said Borrodale, "that both had been bitten, or stung, by some unspecified reptile or insect. It occurred to Thomson that Lake might not have been in his right mind when he deserted, when he left a fellow man to almost certain death in the desert. This theory worried him so much that he determined to prove or disprove it before he acted."

"Thomson must have been a fellow of singular generosity—or simplicity."

"That's as may be. I merely state facts. Anyway, he knew that he would be posted missing, perhaps dead, and he made up his mind to stay missing until he could find out if Lake had got back—and, if so, what Lake had said."

I gathered that according to Thomson's explanation when he turned up in Cairo, he had been wandering about in Arab dress, bearded to the eyes (he was heavily hirsute), in Libya and Egypt for many weeks, still uncertain of his real identity. The fact was (or so Borrodale hinted) that Thomson was seeking news of Lake.

"It is probable," said Borrodale, "that he learned of Lake's illness, and it is possible that he made his way up to Luxor in

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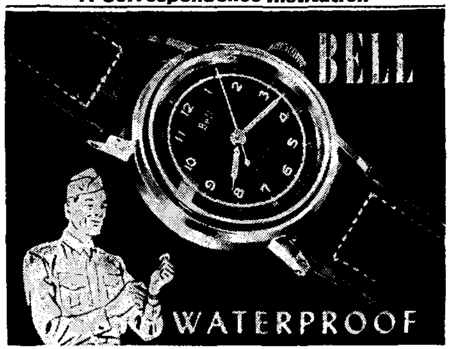

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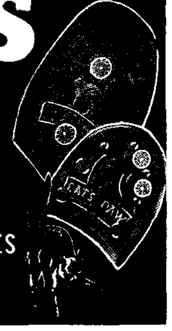

order to confirm the reported facts. He might have reached Cairo, for instance, just after Lake left. It is even possible, if a little farfetched, that he was watching Lake and Moira. I hesitate to suggest so fantastic a theory, but he may have been one of the party recruited by the ghafir to reopen Schroeder's shaft. The blinding light described by Moira would not be inconsistent with someone suddenly turning on a flashlight—someone concealed behind the central pillar."

While Tom Borrodale had been talking, people had begun to drift onto the formerly deserted terrace, and now, from behind me, I heard a soft call: "Coo-ee, Tom!"

Tom Borrodale came to his feet at a jump; his eyes gleamed; his whole rugged face irradiated happiness. I turned and stared at a girl who had just come up the steps. She was well worth staring at: a petite chestnut blonde with that Irish rose complexion which has inspired so many songs, and widely spaced violet eyes. She wore nurse's uniform. A quick intake of breath drew my glance away. Tom Borrodale was grasping his left arm, which evidently pained him.

"Moved my chair too hurriedly," he explained. "Stopped a bit of shrapnel with this arm."

He had also grasped it too hurriedly; for a heavy gold ring which he wore with the bezel concealed had got twisted, and I saw that it was set with a large amethyst scarab.

"You don't know Sheila Asthore, do you?" he asked. "Sheila, one of my oldest friends has turned up in the nick of time—to act as best man." He turned to me. "We're to be married in three days."

THE END

Trouble on the Trail

Continued from page 16

small towns; and that interior communities are mainly tiny settlements, hardly justifying the pouring out of millions of dollars for three-lane, hard-surfaced speedways, such as our Department of Agriculture has decided Alaska and Canada need.

A good way to understand what the shootin's all about is to draw yourself a big A on a piece of paper. The point of the letter is Fairbanks. The left leg runs south through British Columbia and down through Washington, Oregon and California. The right leg goes south through Edmonton and our Middle West and ends up eventually in Florida. The crosspiece of the A runs roughly from the Vancouver, B. C.-Seattle-Tacoma-Portland area, northeast to Edmonton. The section of the left leg above the crossbar to the north point isn't built, and that's the section the West is yelling for.

Because this section isn't built, the route for war material from Coast plants is a sort of dog-leg which includes a thousand-mile detour, far to the east. It is so far to the east, military men point out, that its airfields are not of much use for fighter planes which might be called on to attack an enemy attempting a Coast landing.

However, on either of the proposed new routes there are air bases and sites for more, along the air highway Pan American uses. These bases and the highway would be well sheltered behind the Coast Range, but still close enough to the ocean to allow a fighter-plane force to be based on them.

All-Year-Round Highway

The new direct highway, Pacific Coasters point out, would be an all-year road. It has already been surveyed by Army engineers as a possible route for a railroad to Alaska. It has ruling grades of less than two per cent, it is in a region of light snowfall and its highest point is only 3,300 feet.

The present road, through Edmonton, has to climb two mountain ranges and is useless, because of weather conditions, for months each year.

British Columbia road experts say that between $15,000,000 and $18,000,000 would complete the proposed road north from Prince George to a junction with the Alaska Highway at Watson Lake. There already is a road from southern British Columbia cities to Prince George. The plan now is for British Columbia to put up $6,000,000; get another $6,000,000 from the Dominion government; and have the United States contribute the remaining third.

If this were done, the distance from Vancouver, B. C., to Watson Lake would be 941 miles; the present route is 1,952 miles long.

What the Canadians are afraid of, probably with good reason, is that when the war ends the United States may stop contributing and Canada may not have the millions to finish the job. On the other hand, it might be difficult to sell Canadians the idea of building a road for the primary purpose of connecting American war-material plants with American bases far to the North.

With the sea lanes completely free, there would be no percentage in shipping anything by highway, anyway. As a reason for its existence the road then would have to fall back on its usefulness in opening up new country for mining, tourist travel and establishment of air bases, both military and commercial.

An Intercontinental Link

From the tourist angle, the proposed new short route would be part of the lengthening Pan-American Highway. This road, theoretically starting at Cape Horn, runs up our own Pacific Coast and is supposed to end somewhere on the northwest coast of Alaska where, the visionaries believe, car ferries would take autos across to Siberia for the run to Moscow. But at present that looks like a long, long way in the future.

It is this tourist angle that is one of the impelling motives in the present highway battle. Just now the West is up to its ears in war production, but farsighted folks, who have read history, know that wars, like rain, always stop. Then the tourists will roll again.

In normal times in the West, if you shout "Tourist!" everyone stops work and comes arunning. Those times will come again, and when they do the West wants to be ready. Hence the underground battle now to have channels ready for the tourists to flow along when the dam goes out and motorists again tell the gas-station man to "fill 'er up!"

To an outsider it seems probable that what finally will happen is that the new Coast Range road will be built, and we'll have two highways to Alaska. Then, when the war whoops have died away, the Western Canadian provinces and our Western states will get together and start selling tourists a triangle tour—up one road and down the other.

This will please everyone—except a handful of old sourdoughs in Alaska who are complaining already that you can hardly go a hundred miles without meeting someone, and that the dang place is getting too crowded to live in in comfort.

THE END

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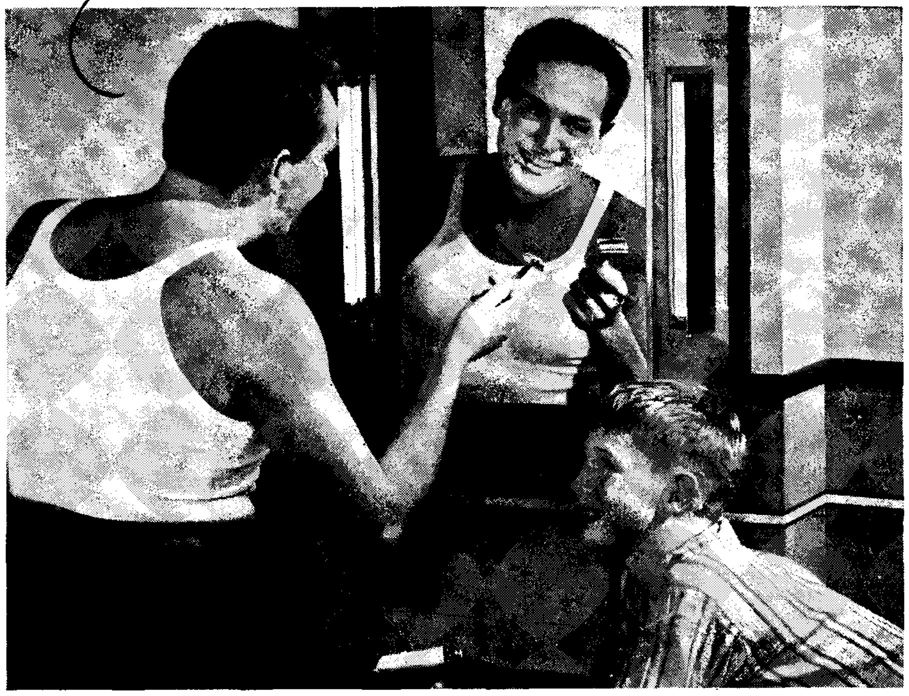

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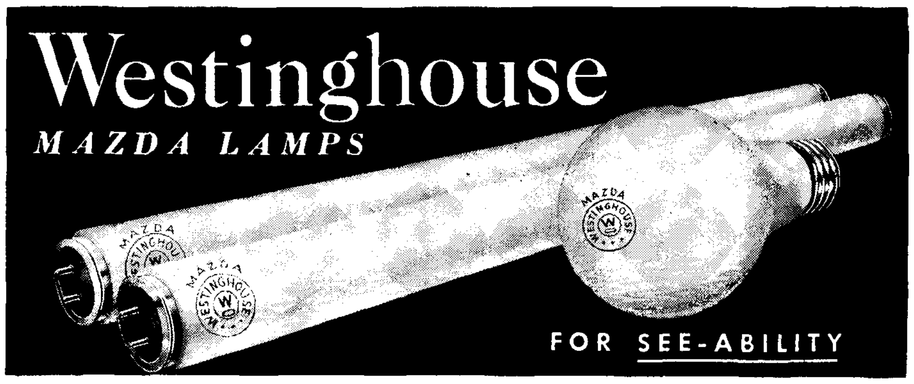

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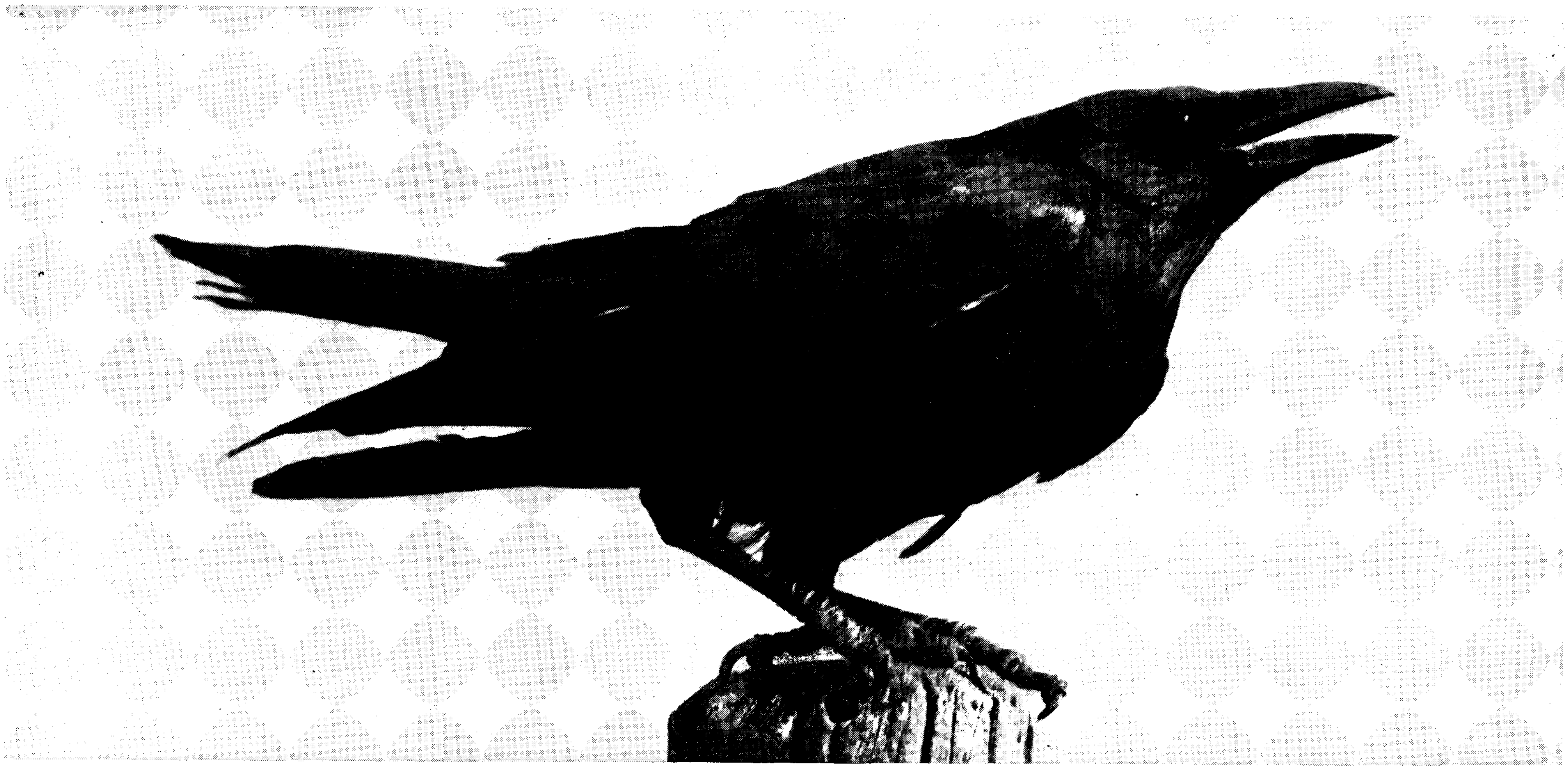


OLD BLACK CROW

By Bill Wolf

Henry Ward Beecher once said that if men wore feathers and wings, few would be smart enough to be crows. Here's the story of the sharpest, wisest denizen of the air

SOMETIMES, when the woods are still as only a forest can be in the dead of winter, the icy silence is shattered by a sudden clamor. At first, only one or two profane voices are heard; but new ones soon join in the uproar, and from every compass point still more are audible as the owners hurry to the scene with screams and raucous imprecations.

It's the crows going into action, those Dead End Kids of the woods and fields whose shadowy black bodies are the one common feature in the national landscape.

Several of them have found a hawk in the air and are deviling the bewildered bird of prey. They start by shouting for help, all the while keeping the hawk occupied with their aerial maneuvering.

The answering voices come from more crows which spring up from the fields and highways, emerge from the woods and leave the meadows to join in the unholy fun of tormenting a tormentor of the crows. They rush to the excitement with all the enthusiasm of a volunteer fire company responding to an alarm.

They resemble delinquent but very clever children who have found the town bully tied up and helpless. Each crow winging in shouts, "Caw-caw-caw!" which means, "Hang on, gang! I'm coming. Kick him in the teeth." Thus encouraged, those on the site kick the hawk in the teeth.

The unequal air battle soars above the trees. The crows get over the hawk and dive-bomb him. They attack him from the back. He is almost helpless thus in the air, and the black persecutors know it. The hawk finally realizes that discretion is better than being pecked to death and retreats to a tree where he can rest on a branch and face his pursuers.

The crows refuse to go near him now, because the hawk can strike with his talons once he is perched. They fly around like a swarm of oversized hornets.

A new voice attracts their attention. It is the call of a crow in distress and shrieking for help. It comes from a place where woods and field meet.

A single crow detaches itself from the group and heads for the new scene of trouble. He is the "spotter," the trouble shooter in the highly developed corvine social system. It's his job to act as scout.

The spotter sees what's wrong. An owl has a crow in his grasp right on the edge of the woods. The spotter doesn't stop to think that it is unnatural for an owl to seize a crow in broad daylight. He reacts instinctively.

Decoyed into Ambush

He starts cawing for help. "Hurry up!" he screams, working himself into a fury. "Here's another enemy and he has a black brother in his clutches!"

The gang hurries up, circles and swoops down—only to recoil as a blast of shotgun fire comes from the brown leaves of a vine where crow hunters are concealed.

The flock scatters, but reassembles quickly as the hunters renew their artificial calling, aided perhaps by the very real cries of crows wounded in the first barrage. Crows are not afraid of noisy shotguns when they think they can help a comrade, and they will return in the face of the fire. Many die as a result.

The owl and the one crow in his grasp were stuffed decoys, of course, set out by the hunters. The hunters capitalized on several crowlike characteristics (which are not greatly unlike human ones) to fool the birds: curiosity, courage and the instinct to help out a fellow being.

The crow hunting itself is part of a relentless warfare against the No. 1 bird on the negative side of the nation's economic and agricultural structure. How successful this warfare is can be gathered by realizing that crows are more abundant than they ever were, that great flocks sometimes numbering nearly a quarter of a million birds ravage miles of countryside, that dynamite, poison and heavy shooting only have made the crow a sharper, wiser bird.

The crow is with us always. You see him in the roads and fields as you drive along. His hoarse and challenging voice often is the only sound heard when the earth is frozen tight. His hideous lovesick calls in the spring are one thing poets don't write about. He stalks insolently across newly planted cornfields, cocky and sure of himself, pulling up the green shoots. He robs the nests of ducks and upland game birds, and even raids those of chickens to eat the eggs and young.

He seems to have little trouble finding these nests. His eyesight is keen, and there is plenty of evidence to prove that he possesses a highly developed sense of smell. For instance, a naturalist once hid eight or ten birds' eggs in a nest under the risers of a porch, where they couldn't be seen, yet in a few minutes a flock of crows had come swooping down to the feast.

Make a pet of a young crow (it is easy) and he will rob you, stealing every bright trinket he can find, but with such charming deceit that you are only amused. He can even talk to you, learning a few words, although it is only a legend that a crow can't talk unless his tongue is split.

Even in the wild state, he knows very well how to live with men. He dwells side by side with the farmer, with each uneasily aware of the other's presence. When found in great numbers, he is a destroyer. In small flocks, he is beneficial, eating grubs, cutworms, beetles and even mice.

His knowledge of men makes him the most interesting sort of game because he is so hard to outwit. He can be hunted all year. No laws protect him. No one loves him, although he is respected.

Crow shooting is more comfortable in the spring, but romance gums it up. The crows fall in love and pair off, two by two. Love is blind in their cases, too, making shooting them fairly easy; but, unfortunately, they also like privacy and don't gather in flocks.

A crow in love is ridiculous. His tenderest love note sounds like something you would shout down a barrel; his wooing flight is a clumsy antic pleasing only to a lady crow. Wooing over, they build nests in trees, usually in March, April or May, and hatch a clutch of four to seven eggs which are greenish blue and marked in brown.

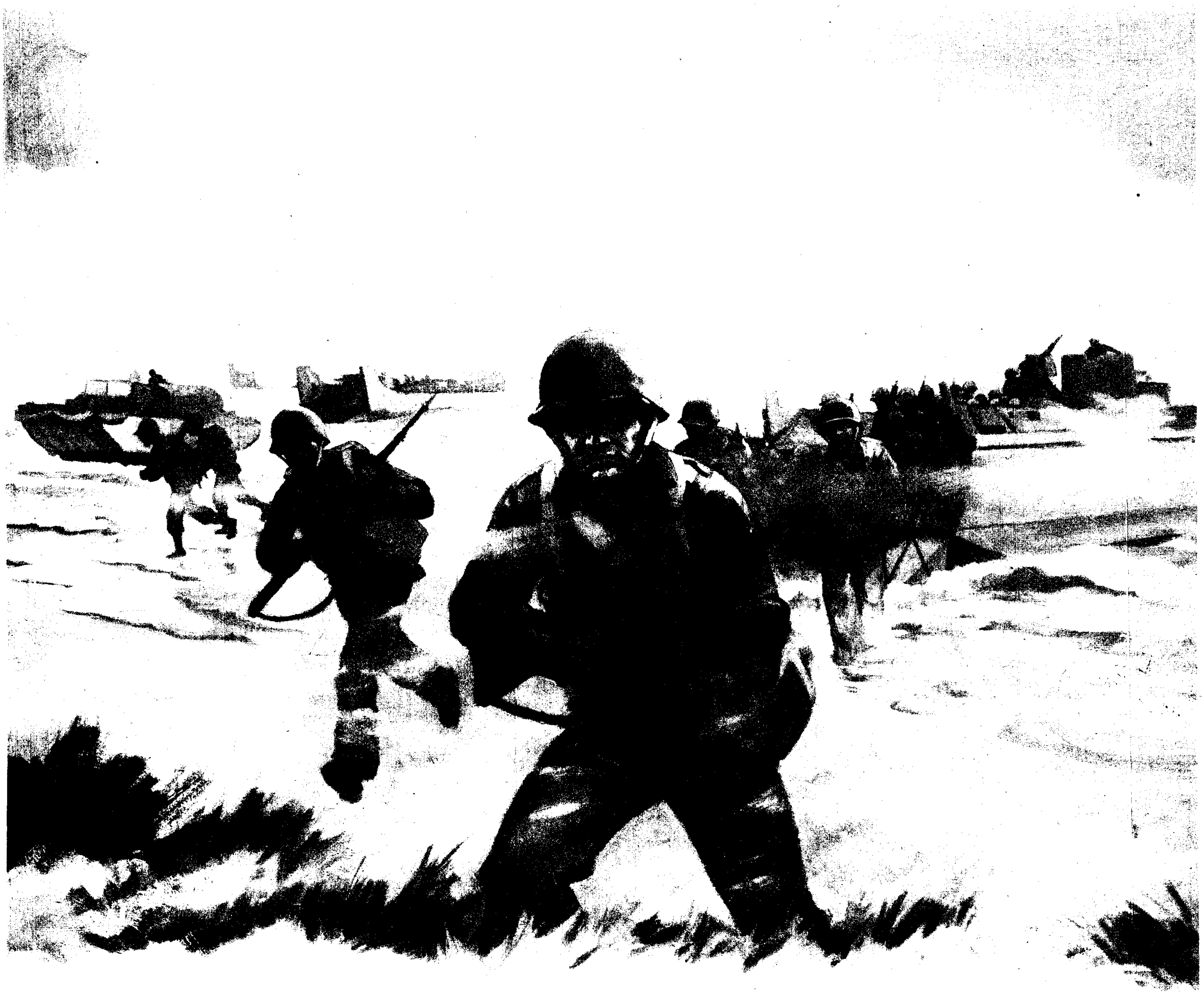
They are devoted parents. They would have to be, to love the demanding mouths that hatch from the eggs. A young crow is all mouth and always hungry, requiring nearly fourteen pounds of food for its nesting period of several weeks, at the end of which it will weigh about one pound. It eats beetles, grasshoppers, young wild birds and poultry, spiders, caterpillars, corn and even small frogs.

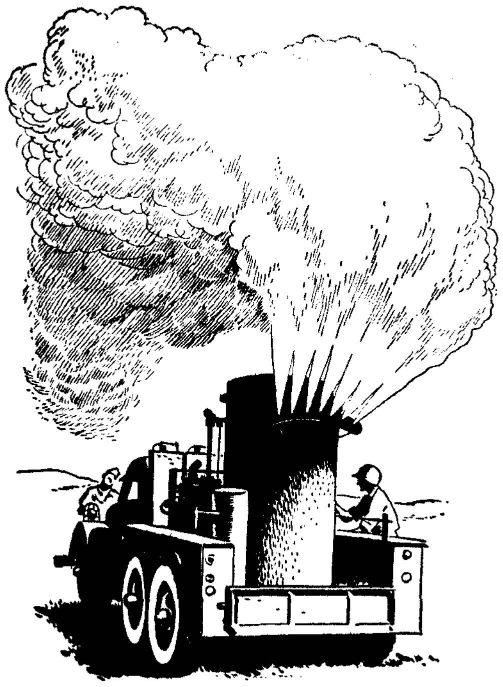
Season of Destruction

Crows really are destructive only for about two months in the spring, when feeding themselves and their young. The scarecrows in the field, as much a part of the American landscape as silos, don't keep them from cornfields. This is when they are a menace to game birds. A plea was made this year by Ducks Unlimited in Canada for hunters to the south to shoot as many crows and magpies (a relative of the crow with similar unpleasant traits) as possible because they were destroying young ducks and eggs on the breeding grounds, causing more damage than drought and other hazards. The farmer watches them peck holes in his melons and tomatoes and learns to hate them.

In this nesting period, they find time to collect trinkets and bring them home. They pick up broken bits of china, polished bones, bottle caps, bits of glass, bright pebbles and glittering metal objects. They seem to have all the instincts of pack rats.

In this same period, they will defend their young against any enemy. Later, they gather in small family groups, roaming the country and looking for trouble. Flocks of ten to fifteen crows will gang up and even attack vultures, which can't pos-





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CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

sibly harm them. I have watched them tormenting a "turkey buzzard" until the big carrion eater fled in abject terror.

This mischievous mood of early summer makes them do some strange things. An observer on the shore of a lake watched a red fox crawl on its belly through tall grass to where a hen mallard and her brood of ducklings were in shallow water near the shore line.

When the fox leaped, the mother mallard beat it with her pinions and raised such a furious clatter that crows in a near-by woods heard and sprang happily into the air, ready for a fight. They came in a black cloud and dive-bombed the fox until it retired in disgrace, minus a dinner and its pride.

The crows didn't do that because they like ducks. They just love to raise Cain. They particularly like to find an owl caught abroad by daylight. The owl peers at his tormentors with sun-blinded eyes, and the crows scream in delight as they attack their ancient enemy. They can put a big barred owl to lumbering flight in a little while.

The family groups start to merge in the fall, and the huge flocks form. On one island in the Chesapeake Bay, an estimated fifth of a million crows gathers each night and, in the past, Reedy Island in the Delaware River and the "Arbutus" roost near Baltimore had similar crow populations. The center of the crow population, however, has shifted to the Middle West where dynamite and poisoned grain (unsatisfactory control methods because they destroy so many other animals and birds) and organized shoots have made only a small dent in the numbers.

When they are in the great winter flocks, the crows show that highly developed social sense which gives them human traits. They like each other and show it. They will help each other. They are curious and will investigate anything with bright-eyed intelligence.

When they quit the roosts to feed, they cover the country methodically. When the flock is on the ground feeding, it has outposts to guard against surprise and danger. These are the spotters again. They perch in high trees and watch everything. If danger threatens, they alarm the flock and hurry it away from the spot. Just try to approach a flock of feeding crows sometime and see what happens.

They talk to one another. Sometimes it is a casual conversation, sometimes they quarrel, sometimes they yell and shout in anger or delight. Some persons, who wouldn't shoot even a crow, will take a crow call along on hikes and "talk" to the birds.

It is certain that crows discipline one another to some extent; but an old legend about them has no real basis in fact.

An Old Wives' Tale

For centuries, a belief has persisted that crows will put on trial fellow members of a flock and, if the offender is found guilty of his crime, he is put to death. These trials are supposed to be held with all the solemnity of a court.

One naturalist observed an incident which does not bear out this legend, but does indicate that crows are capable of executing summary justice in some instances. This observer saw eight crows suddenly detach themselves from a flight which was passing over, and seven of the eight fell upon the other crow and pecked it with their bills until it folded its wings and plummeted to the earth.

When the naturalist walked over to look at the fallen crow, he found it was dead—killed by its fellows for some unknown reason.

Of course, it could have been an outright murder. Since crows have so many other human characteristics, it wouldn't be surprising to find homicidal tendencies among them. If so, it offers some hope for crow-ridden humanity—because man won't be free of crows until they start killing one another.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

THINKING about the nice things many candidates are going to say about the domestic front in the coming scurry for votes, we remember being taken to a Campaign Talkin' in Arkansas a few years ago by Colonel Dudley V. Haddock. As we recall it, the gentleman about to do the talking was running for sheriff. His manager prepared us for the oratory to come, saying among other things, "Brother, my candidate don't lose no time telling you where he stands. He don't even wait to clear his throat or spit off the back of the stage."

NOT that there isn't plenty of speech material lying around now. Our Washington agents report that there are 222 postwar plans in existence and brewing in Washington at this very moment. At least twenty departments of government have them tucked away in their "Urgent and Secret" files awaiting the propitious moment. And these, of course, do not take into account the dozens which are being drafted by individuals and nonofficial organizations. These individuals and organizations are seeping into Washington, seeking out unwary congressmen to tie up to. One of the latter told us that he was visited by a planner whose idea is so simple that even we understood it at once. This fellow advocates that the United States divide whatever is left of the country among us on a strictly per-capita basis and then start all over again where we left off. Then there's another plan which our agents haven't been able to catch up with. We shall report on it later. It's in book form, titled Floundering Sons of the Founding Fathers.

MR. BILL MASON reports that during the opening of a synthetic rubber plant in Texas two Negro employees fell to discussing the new product. The first said that synthetic rubber was much superior to true rubber. The other demanded proof. "Well, look here," said the first. "Did you ever see a piece of old rubber that don't have no snap to it? Sho nuff? Well, this here synthetic ain't got no rubber in it so it can't lose that ol' snap."

OUR dry pals have not accomplished prohibition during this war as they did during the first World War. We've been inquiring into the reasons, too. But we didn't get far until Mrs. T. T. Thumbler of Los Angeles, California, wrote us that the reason why our first noble experiment failed was that it was enacted while "millions of our best young men were off fighting for Democracy, only to come back and find that something they had wanted all their lives had been done in their absence." This made them mad because they could not have a hand in it. So they began to drink as a protest. Now we shall not make the same mistake. We shall wait until our boys come home and help us save the homeland just as they saved the rest of the world. I have written to over two hundred boys in Europe and the Pacific, and they all replied. So I know what I am talking about. . . .

W. D.

A Light in France

Continued from page 12

U. S. A., which is a subject of great interest to all three of us.

A few fishermen and small merchants of the town are also usually in the barroom, and Marie is always behind the bar, and it is not long before I notice that both Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger are paying considerable attention to her. In fact, Mike tells me he is in love with her and is surprised that I am not in the same condition.

"But," Mike says, "of course I will never mention my love to Marie because I am undoubtedly a low-class personality with a tough beef against me and am unfit to associate with a nice lady saloonkeeper."

As far as I can see, Thaddeus T.'s interest in Marie is more fatherly than anything else, which is very nice if you like an old wolf for a father. He tells me he wishes he has her for his daughter because, he says, the one of his own back in the U. S. A. is a dingbat and so is her mamma, and from the way he carries on about them, I can see that Thaddeus T.'s former home life is far from being a plug for matrimony.

Now it comes on 1939 and with it the war, and Thaddeus T., who can gabble the frog language quite fluently and is always around on the Ear-ie finding out what is going on, tells me that the people of the town are pretty much worked up and that some of the guys are going away to join the army, but it makes little difference in our lives, as we seem to be outside the active war zone, and all we know about any actual fighting is what we hear.

We still sit out in front of the hotel in the afternoon and in the barroom at night, though I observe Marie now pays more attention to other customers than she does to us and is always chattering to them in a most excited manner, and Thaddeus T. says it is about the war. He says Marie is taking it to heart no little and quite some.

But it is not until the summer of 1940 that Thaddeus T. and me and even Mike really notice the war, because overnight the little town fills up with German soldiers and other German guys who are not soldiers but seem to be working gees, and it is plain to be seen that something big is doing. Thaddeus T. says he hears they are making a submarine base of the harbor because it is a very handy spot for the subs to sneak out of and knock off the British ships, and in fact after a while we see many subs and other shipping along the quays.

Anyway, the Germans pay very little attention to us at first except to examine our papers, and the officers who come into Marie's bar for drinks are quite polite and nod to us and sometimes talk to Thaddeus T., who speaks German better than he does French. Presently we are practically ignoring the presence of the Germans in our midst, although naturally Marie has no fancy for them whatever and is always making faces at them behind their backs and spitting on the ground when they pass, until I tell her that this is unladylike.

WELL, on coming home one night from a little stroll, I hear a commotion in the kitchen, which is just off the barroom, and on entering I observe Marie wrestling with a big blubber in civilian clothes who is wearing a small scrubbly mustache and a derby hat and who has practically no neck whatever.

They are knocking kitchen utensils right and left, including a pot of spaghetti which I know Marie prepares for my dinner and which vexes me no little. Marie is sobbing and I can see that the blubber is outwrestling her and in fact has a strangle hold on her that figures to win him the fall very shortly. I am standing there, admiring his technique in spite of my vexation over the spaghetti, when Marie sees me and calls to me as follows:

"Please help me, Chauncey," which, as I forget to tell you before, is at this time my monicker, and I am then in possession of passports and other papers to prove same.

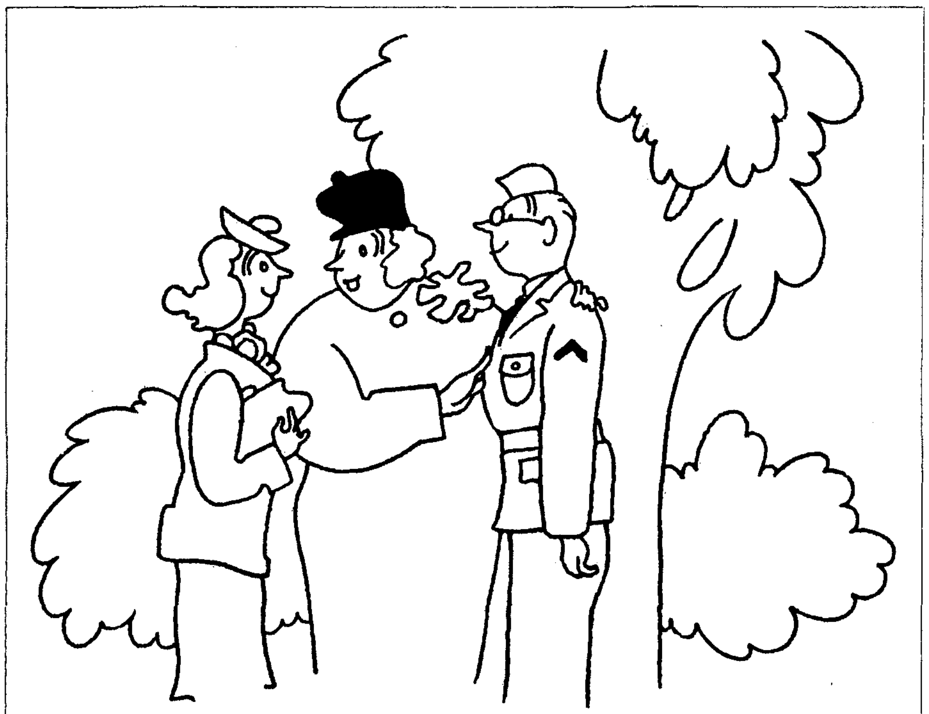
Naturally, I pay no attention to her, as I do not know on what terms she is wrestling the blubber, but finally I see she is in some distress, so I step forward and tap the bloke on the shoulder and say to him like this:

"I beg your pardon," I say, "but the strangle hold is illegal. If you are going to wrestle, you must obey the rules."

At this, the guy lets go of Marie and steps back and I say to her in English, "Who is this plumber?"

"He is Herr Klauber," Marie says back to me in English. "He is the head of the Gestapo in this district."

Well, then I get a good glaum at the gee and I see that he is nobody but the same Klauber that Drums Capello does



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business with in Hamburg the time I am Drums' guest, only in those days he is not usually called by the name of Klauber. He is called the Vasserkopf, which is a way of saying "waterhead" in German, because he has an extra large sconce piece that is practically a deformity and as the Vasserkopf he is known far and wide on two continents, and especially here in New York where he once operates, as a very sure-footed merchant in morphine, heroin, opium and similar commodities.

Naturally, it is a great pleasure to me to behold a familiar puss in a strange place, even if it is only the Vasserkopf's puss, so I give him a sizable hello and speak to him as follows:

"Well, Vasser," I say, "this is an unexpected privilege, to be sure. There you are and here I am, and much water runs over the dam since last we met, and how are you anyway?"

"Who are you?" the Vasserkopf says in English and in a most unfriendly manner.

"Come, come, Vasser," I say. "Let us not waste time in shadow-boxing. Do you know our old pal Drums finally takes a fall in Milwaukee, Wis., for a sixer?"

Then the Vasserkopf comes close to me and speaks to me in a low voice like this: "Listen," he says, "it is in my mind to throw you in the jail house."

"Tut-tut, Vass," I say, "if you throw me in the jail house, I will be compelled to let out a bleat. I will be compelled to remember the time you ship the cargo of Santa Clauses out of Nuremburg and each Santa contains enough of the white to junk up half of the good old U. S. A. I hear your Fuehrer is a strait-laced gee, and what will he say if he hears one of his big coppers peddles junk and maybe uses it?"

I CAN see the Vasserkopf turns a little pale around the guzzle at this statement and he says: "Come outside. We will talk."

So I go outside the gaff with him, and we stand in the street in the darkness and have quite a chat and the Vasserkopf becomes more friendly and tells me that he is now a real high-muck-a-muck with the Gestapo and the greatest spy catcher in the racket. Then he wishes to know what I am doing in these parts, and I tell him quite frankly that I am there for my health and explain my ailment to him. I also tell him why Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger are there because I know that, as a former underworld personality, the Vasserkopf is apt to be understanding and sympathetic in such situations, especially when he knows my hole card is my knowledge of his background in junk.

"Now, Vass," I say, "all we wish is to be let alone, and if you can assist us in any way, I will personally be much obliged. What is more," I say, "I will see that you are well rewarded, if a member of the Gestapo takes."

"Sure," the Vasserkopf says. "Only let us understand one thing right off the reel. The broad belongs to me. I am crazy about her. But there is talk today at headquarters of closing this place and putting her out of business because of her attitude, and because one of our officers becomes ill after drinking cognac in here last night.

"I will tell the dumb military he probably has a touch of ptomaine," he continues. "I will tell them I need this hotel as a listening post to find out what is going on among the people around here. I will advise them not to molest you, as you are neutrals, and it may make trouble with your government, although," the Vasserkopf says, "I can see that the only trouble your government may make will be for you. But the Reich is not interested in American lammeroos, and neither am I as long as you remember the dame is mine and see that I collect a hundred a week in your money. I can scarcely sleep nights thinking of her."

Now this seems to me to be a very reasonable proposition all the way around, except for the hundred a week. The way I look at it, the Vasserkopf is at least entitled to Marie for his trouble because, to tell the truth, it will be most inconvenient for Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger and me to leave this spot at the moment, as there is no other place we can go and no way of getting there if there is such a place.

SO I shave the Vasserkopf to half a C every week, and then I go back into the hotel to find Marie in the bar with Thaddeus T. and Mike, and I can see that she is quite agitated by her recent experience with the Vasserkopf. I also learn from her that it is not his first visit.

"He is here several times before," Marie says. "He comes to me first with news of my brother who is a prisoner in a camp near Hamburg. Herr Klauber tells me he can make things easier for Henri and perhaps get him released. He comes again and again on different excuses. I am frightened because I fear his motive." Then all of a sudden Marie puts her fingers to her lips and says, "Hark!"

COLLIER'S "My husband and I have our quarrels, but we find it wonderful afterward to kiss, make up and redecorate!" BEN ROTH

We hark, and I hear away off somewhere a sound that I know must come from a lot of planes, and as this sound grows louder and louder, and then dies away again, Marie says:

"English bombers," she says. "Every night they pass over here and go on up the coast to drop their bombs. They do not know what is going on here. Oh, if we can only show a light here to let them know this is a place to strike—this nest of snakes."

"A light?" I say. "Why, if you show a light around here, these squareheads will settle you in no time. Besides," I say, "it may get me and my friends in a jam, and we are Americans and very neutral. Let us not even think of showing a light and, Marie," I say, "kindly cease sizzling every time you serve a German, and, Mike, if you have any more Mickey Finns on your person, please take them yourself instead of dropping them in officers' drinks."

"Who? Me?" Mike the Mugger says.

Well, I see the Vasserkopf in the hotel almost every day after this talking to Marie, and he always gives me an E-flat hello and I give him the same, and, while I can see that Marie is afraid of him, she says he is now very polite to her and does not try to show her any more holds.

Of course, I do not tell Marie about my deal with the Vasserkopf and I do not tell Mike either, though I inform Thaddeus T., as I expect him to kick with some of the dough, and he says okay and that he is glad to learn that the Vasserkopf is on the take, only he thinks the half a C is enough without throwing in Marie. But he says a deal is a deal, and I can count on his co-operation.

From now on as far as we are concerned, everything seems to be almost the same as before there is any war whatever, except that we cannot go near the water front where the Germans are working and everything has to be blacked out good after dark, and you cannot as much as strike a match in the street, which is a great nuisance to Thaddeus T., as he is always striking matches. In fact, he almost gets his toupee blown off by sentries before he can break himself of the habit of striking matches outdoors at night.

I CAN see that the Vasserkopf must be keeping his agreement to front for us at headquarters, all right, and I am greasing him every week per our arrangement, but I find myself bored by the place, and I have a feeling that it is time for Mike the Mugger and me and maybe Thaddeus T., too, to leave, especially as the Vasserkopf accidentally drops a hint one day that he finds himself impeded in his progress with Marie by our constant presence in the hotel and that he thinks he is getting the short end of the deal. Finally, I have a conference with Thaddeus T. and state my views to him.

"Yes," Thaddeus T. says, "you are a hundred per cent right. But," he says, "leaving here is not a simple matter for us now. I am reliably informed that the military is likely to oppose our departure for the present, because the sub base here is a great secret and they do not care to run the risk of having us noise it about.

"In fact," he says, "I am told that they are sorry they do not chase us when they first come here, but now that they make this mistake, they are not going to make another by letting us depart, and other information that I hesitate to credit is that they may wind up clapping us in a detention camp somewhere."

"Thaddeus T.," I say, "I am an American and so is Mike and so are you, and our country is not concerned in this war. No one can hold us here against our wishes."

Well, at this, Thaddeus T. lets out a large laugh, and I can see his point and laugh with him, and then he informs me that for some days he is personally laying plans for our departure and that he buys a slightly tubercular motorboat from a certain personality and has it hidden at this very moment in a little cove about a mile up the coast and that all he now needs is a little petrol, which is a way of saying gasoline, to run the boat with the three of us in it out to sea, where we will have the chance of being picked up.

Thaddeus T. explains to me that all the petrol in this vicinity is in the hands of the Germans, but he says that where there is a will, there is a way. Consequently, he makes arrangements with the same personality who sells him the boat for a supply of gasoline, and who is this personality but the Vasserkopf, and Thaddeus is paying him more per gill for the gas than the old Vass ever gets per ounce for his hop, and, as I am personally paying him regularly, I can see that he is getting his coming and going and, naturally, I have to admire his enterprise.

However, Thaddeus states that the Vasserkopf is really most co-operative in every respect, and that he is to deliver the gas at the hotel the following night, and moreover that he is going to escort us to the cove so we will not be molested by any sentries we may encounter in that vicinity, which I say is very nice of the Vasserkopf though I seem to remember that there are never any sentries in that vicinity anyway, as it is part of the coast that does not seem to interest the Germans in any manner.

THEN I get to meditating more and more on the Vasserkopf and on what a big heart he has, to be sure, and as I am meditating I am also sauntering late the next evening in a roundabout way up the coast as I wish to confirm the presence of the boat in the cove because, of course, there is the possibility of it getting away after the Vasserkopf has it placed there.

My roundabout saunter carries me across the fields of the little farms beyond the town that in some places run almost down to the sea, and it is a route that the Germans are not apt to suspect as taking me on any considerable journey, even if they notice me sauntering, which I take care they do not.

Finally, I saunter through a field to a slight rise of ground that overlooks the little cove, and there is just enough daylight left by now for me to see a boat floating just offshore, and at this same moment, I am surprised to scent the odor of fresh-turned earth near at hand, and the reason I am surprised is because it is now winter and by no means plowing time.

Consequently, I look around and I am further surprised to observe on this rise a newly made trench in the ground of a size and shape that brings back many memories to me. So I saunter back in a more roundabout way still meditating no little and quite some on the Vasserkopf.

But, sure enough, he shows up this very night around nine o'clock after Marie closes her place, and he brings with him two five-gallon cans of gasoline which he delivers to Thaddeus T. in the bar where Thaddeus and me and Mike the Mugger are waiting to receive the gas. Then, after handing over the cans, the Vass goes look-

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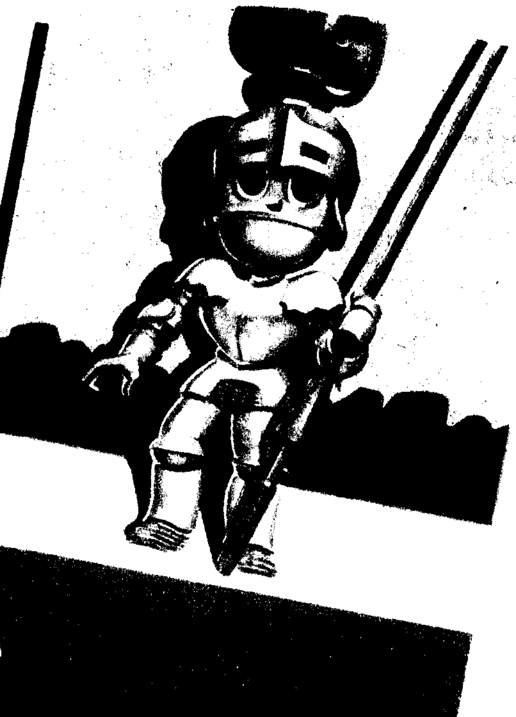

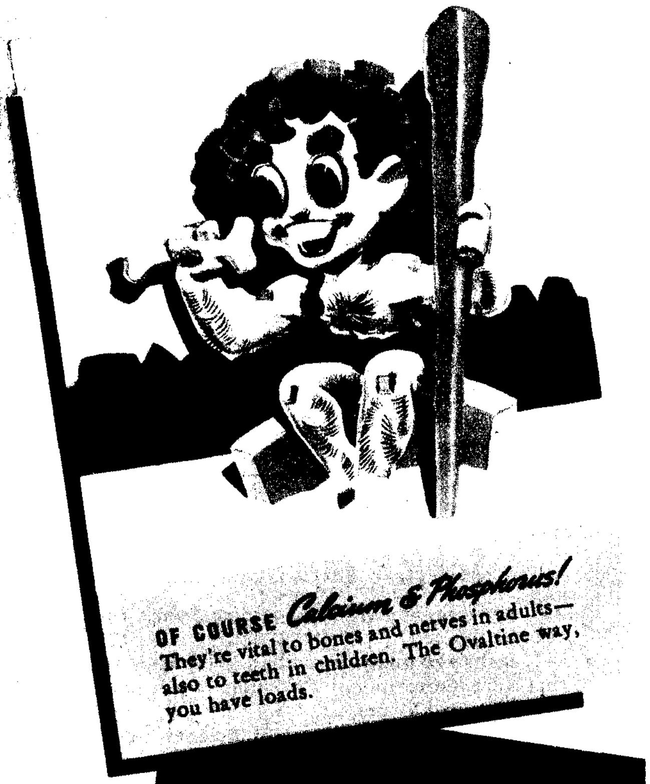

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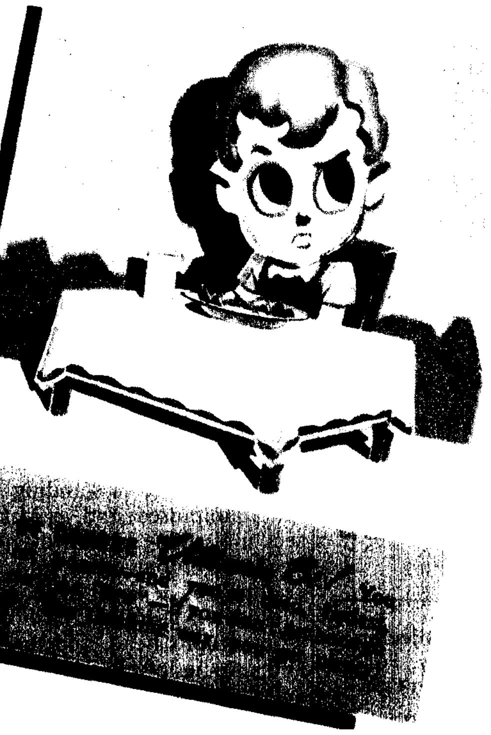

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Months ago many of you had to lay aside your Schick Injector Razor. At that time, Government Priorities required all the blades we could make for the armed forces.

But now our production is sufficient for both military and civilian needs.

So tomorrow morning reach for your Schick Injector Razor

1 2 3 4

BLADE CORNER GUARDS

SOLID GUIDE BAR

Discover again the revolutionary Schick Injector features

They are the only basic improvements in safety razor design and construction in over 40 years. See what they can do to make your shaving a pleasure instead of a punishment. Once more you can—

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change**...an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly.* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

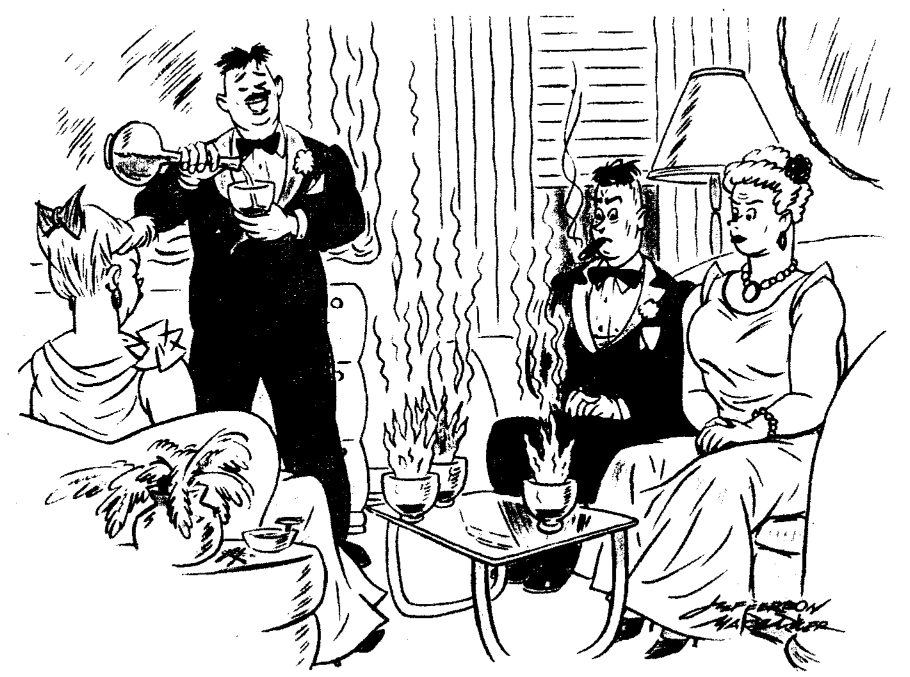
3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Tell your friends that these blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, 'though a sufficient number of Schick Blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.



". . . and it makes a clean, open fire—no ashes to clean up afterward"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

ing for Marie, saying he wishes to speak to her before escorting us to the boat.

As soon as he leaves the bar, Mike the Mugger outs with his pocketknife and stabs holes in two corners of the can and speaks as follows, "It smells like gasoline on the outside, but we smear the outside of cans with booze in the old bootleg days for the liquor smell when there is only water inside the cans. I hear the Vasserkopf is an old booter and he may remember the trick, and, besides, I do not trust him on general principles."

Now Mike lifts the can up as if it is no more than a demitasse and he holds it to his mouth so he can get a swig of the contents through one of the holes, when all of a sudden who comes into the bar all out of breath but Marie, and who is right behind her but the Vasserkopf, and there is no doubt that Marie is greatly flustered, and the Vasserkopf is much perturbed.

"So," he says to me, "you are double-crossing me and are going to take this omelet with you, hey? Well, it is a good thing I walk in on her as she is packing a keister, and I am now arresting her as a dangerous spy."

Marie begins to weep and wail and to carry on as bims will do when they are flustered, and naturally Thaddeus T. and me and Mike the Mugger are quite perplexed by this situation and, in fact, Mike is so perplexed that he is still holding the can in his hands and his cheeks are bulged out on each side from the gasoline in his mouth as if he has the mumps.

I am about to say something to cool the Vasserkopf off, for, to tell the truth, up to this minute I have no idea Marie is going with us, though I can see from the way Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger look that it is undoubtedly their idea. And, before I can say anything, Mike steps up to the Vasserkopf and gives a huge ploo-oo-oo and spews his mouthful of gasoline right in the Vasserkopf's kisser and, as he gets his mouth clear, Mike says, "Why, you muzzler, it is somewhat watered, just as I suspect."

Well, naturally, the gasoline runs off the Vasserkopf's face and down over his clothes and he is standing there looking quite nonplused, and, as Mike the Mugger sees me gazing at him disapprovingly, he becomes embarrassed and self-conscious and, maybe to cover his confusion, he lifts the can of gasoline and holds it over the Vasserkopf's head, and the gas pours out and splashes off the old Vass' deby hat and splatters over his shoulders while he just stands there nonplused.

Thaddeus T. Blackman is leaning against the bar and, as usual, he is lighting his pipe with a little wax match and watching the Vasserkopf, and Marie has stopped crying and is laughing, and I am just standing there, when we again hear the sound of the planes high overhead and Thaddeus T. speaks as follows:

"A light you say, Marie?" he says. "A light for the English?"

Then he flips the lighted match on the Vasserkopf, whose clothes burst into flames at once and, almost as if they plan it all out beforehand, Mike jumps to the front door and opens it, and Thaddeus T. pushes the Vasserkopf, all ablaze, out the door into the street and yells at him:

"Run for the water!" he yells. "Run, run, run!"

THE Vasserkopf seems to see what he means and starts galloping lickity-split toward the water front with Thaddeus T. puffing along behind him and giving him a shove whenever he shows signs of lagging, and Mike the Mugger runs up behind the Vasserkopf and keeps throwing little spurts of gasoline on him by jerking the can at him and, from the way it burns on the Vasserkopf, I think Mike's statement of its dilution may be a slight exaggeration.

As he runs and burns, the Vasserkopf is letting out loud cries which bring soldiers from every which way, and presently they start shooting off their rifles in different directions. He is really quite a bonfire there in the darkness, and now I hear once more far overhead the drone of planes and I figure the English bombers see the light and turn back over the town.

All of a sudden, there is a whistling sound and then a big *ker-bloom,* and then more whistling and more *ker-blooms,* and there is no doubt in my mind that it is Katie-bar-the-door for the water front and the subs lying along the quays.

I can see the Vasserkopf still blazing and I can hear Thaddeus T. still urging him to run, and now the bombs are shellacking the surrounding buildings, and presently I hear, in between the blasts of the bombs, some rifle shots, and I know the soldiers are firing at Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger and maybe at the Vasserkopf, too, for making the light.

In fact, by the glow shed by the Vasserkopf, I see old Thaddeus stumble and fall, and Mike the Mugger go down right afterward with his can of gasoline blazing over him, but the Vasserkopf continues on still in flames until he falls off the quay into the water and, the chances are, goes out with a zizz.

Well, when I think of Marie, I turn from these unusual scenes to the little hotel, but it is no longer there, because a bomb flattens it, too, and it is now nothing but a pile of miscellany. I do not have much time to look for Marie, as the German soldiers are all over the layout, trying to learn what happens, but I finally locate her with a big beam across her chest, and I can see that there is nothing I can do for her except kiss her and say goodby, and when I do this, she murmurs, "Thanks," but I am sure it is only for Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger and the light.

You will scarcely believe the difficulty I experience in getting away from this unpleasant situation and out of the country. In fact, I have only a vague recollection of my adventures now, but I will always remember very clearly how neatly I slip past four German soldiers sitting in the new-made trench on the rise of ground above the cove, with a machine gun covering the cove itself, and how I get in the boat and cut it loose and work it, with my hands for paddles, to open water, before they realize what is going on.

And I can never again have any respect for the memory of the Vasserkopf when I take to meditating on his unsportsmanlike conduct in trying to double-cinch a sure thing with a machine gun, although there are times before I am picked up at sea by an English destroyer that I find myself wishing that Mike the Mugger does not waste all the gasoline on the Vass, even if it is watered.

AND this is all there is to the story (Maury says).

"But, Maury," I say, "do you not know that some remainders found in a pit of quicklime up in Sullivan County are supposed to be yours? They have on your shoes, which are identified by Brown the shoemaker. Are you ever in a quicklime pit in Sullivan County and, if so, what is it like?"

"Oh," Maury says, "I am in Sullivan County, all right, but never in a quicklime pit. I go to Sullivan County at the invitation of Girondel, and the purpose of his invitation is to discuss ways and means of getting me straightened out with his chief, Sammy Downtown.

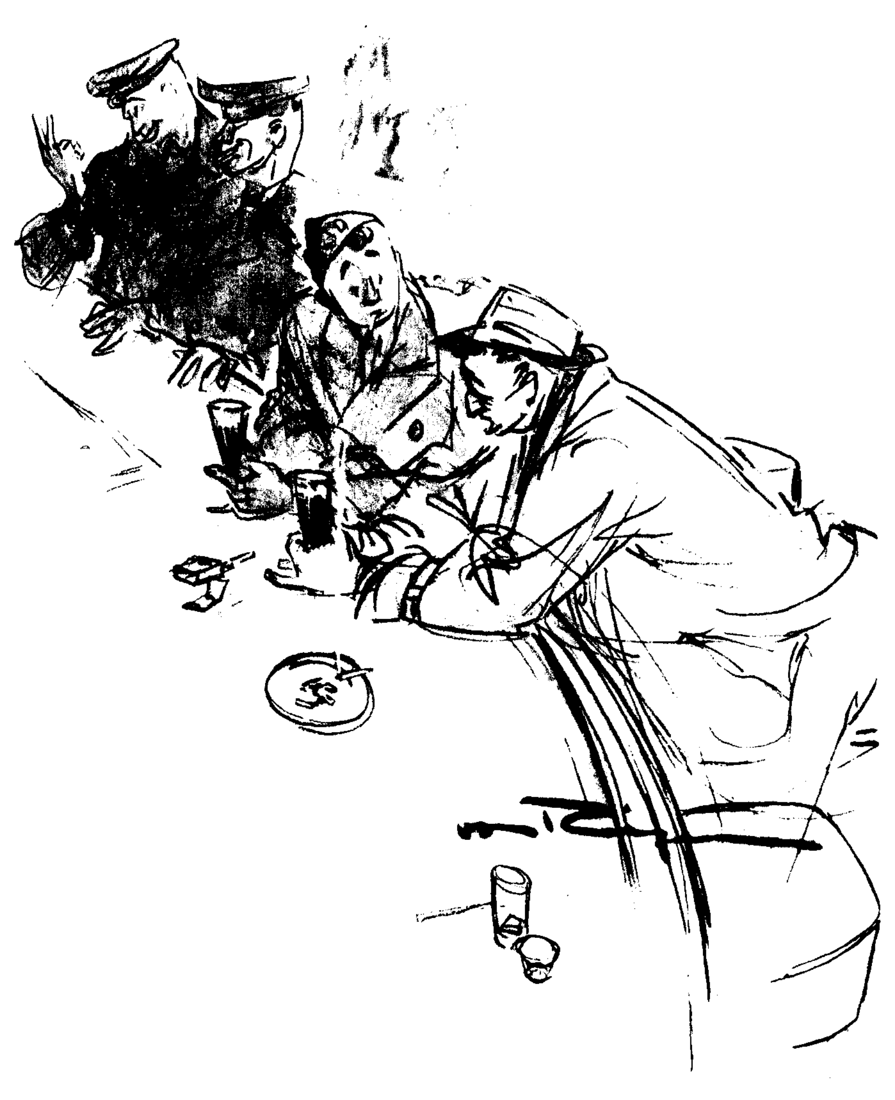
"But one day," Maury says, "Girondel invites me to a stroll in the woods with him and, while we are strolling, he is talking about the beauties of the landscape and calling my attention to the flowers and the birds, which is all very interesting, to be sure, but something tells me that Girondel is by no means the nature lover he seems.

"Finally," Maury says, "he strolls me to a spot in the deep, tangled wildwood, and all of a sudden I catch an odor of something I never scent but once before in my life but will never again forget, and that is the time we lay the late Bugs Wonder to rest in Greenvale Cemetery. It is the odor of the fresh-turned earth from Bugs' last resting place.

"And as I catch this again in the woods," Maury says, "I realize that somebody does some digging around there lately, so I quietly give Girondel a boff over his pimple with a blackjack and flatten him like a welcome mat. Then I examine my surroundings and, sure enough, there, hidden by the shrubbery, I find a deep fresh-made hole lined with quicklime, and I place Girondel in it and cover him up and leave him with my best wishes.

"But, first," Maury says, "I change shoes with him because my own are badly worn and, besides, I know that if ever he is found the shoes will outlast the quicklime and be traced as mine, and I wish Girondel's connection to think I am no more. By the way," he says, "the odor I mention is the same I notice on the rise of ground at the cove in France which causes me to distrust the Vasserkopf. I guess I am just naturally allergic to the odor of new-made graves."

THE END



"According to my calculations *this* war should have been over last March"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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These oils stay "alive." They stay clean. They stay on the job, fighting friction, fighting wear. They have such *staying* power themselves that they give *staying* power to your car.

The quality of Pennsylvania Motor Oils goes clear back to the crude oil in the ground in the Pennsylvania Grade region . . . physical and chemical superiorities which Nature gave it. Using this choice crude oil exclusively, modern refineries naturally can produce superior motor oils.

The whole Pennsylvania industry—producers, refiners, and marketers—is proud of the war records its oils are making . . . proud, too, that it still is possible for civilians to have these fine 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils with *staying power* so necessary to cars and trucks this critical year.

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BUY WAR BONDS . . . AND KEEP ON BUYING

Kiev—Nazi Crematory

Continued from page 13

professors, the head of the city government, doctors and scores of ordinary peasants and workers.

The first man interviewed had been a watchman. Under the Germans he loaded freight. He had received seven ounces of bread per day and occasionally sugar. To live he exchanged his belongings for food. In September the Germans turned him out of his apartment and stole many things. He moved to the outskirts of town, wrapped his overcoat in paper and buried it to prevent confiscation. Next came an order for him to go to Germany. For thirteen days and nights he hid in a cave.

I next talked with a thin, pale artist. He worked in the theater for the Germans. His wife had been roughly handled when his apartment was confiscated in September. He moved into one room with eight others. The woman told of being constantly annoyed by intruding Germans in her home. She devised a scheme. When the Germans came to the door one day she jumped into bed, moaning. As they entered, she murmured: "Typhus, typhus!" The Germans hurriedly banged the door shut and never came back. Another, younger woman said she had been ordered to go to Germany, but ran away into the country. She lost everything.

Everyone complained of friends or children sent to Germany. They were shipped in boxcars 60 and 80 to a car. One woman said that in her factory eighty girls were ordered to go. On the appointed day only eight appeared. The Germans tracked down and seized the others. "One was shot," she said.

The massacre of the Jews was mentioned by all with whom I talked. (Editor's note: Original Russian reports said that 70,000 Jews were slain by Nazis in Kiev. Before the Russians retook the city, the Nazis are alleged to have uncovered the bodies and burned them to conceal the extent of the pogrom.) It seems that within ten days after they captured the city, the Germans ordered all Jews to assemble with their belongings. They were then arrested and the universal belief is that they were shot in a mammoth ravine called Babi-Yar.

I visited this spot twice, once in the company of the Regional Committee on Atrocities. One professor testified that the shooting was confirmed by an eyewitness member of the German Gestapo. There is no question that numbers of people have been shot in the ravine. I saw women's decayed arms and the remains of a child's head, a number of fingernails, teeth and human hair. The ravine is now one of the most gruesome spots I have seen. Three Russian prisoners alleged they were forced by the Germans to do the work of burning the bodies and were the only survivors of a mass escape. It is certain that the Jews of Kiev have disappeared. If the mass-slaughter story is not true, then the German government should present proof now.

German Plans for the City

Apparently Germany intended to keep Kiev as a German city. A huge map of the city with German names for streets was erected, over which was a huge swastika and a German eagle. Metal plates had been made for the principal streets. Liebknecht Street was changed to Horst Wessel Strasse. Another street became Dr. Todt Strasse. Pushkin Street became Adolf Hitler Strasse.

At first there were five burgomeisters, all Ukrainians. Under them was a town council. Colonel Berman, a German, was the power behind the throne. If the testimony I heard is accurate, most of the population laughed at them. They were always quarreling among themselves. On February 6, 1942, the Germans arrested various nationalistic groups. Among them was Bogazii, the second burgomeister. He was shot.

Hitler is supposed to have passed through the city twice. Representatives of the Krupp interests went to the various industrial centers of the Ukraine while seven German construction firms came to Kiev. All stores and restaurants were taken over and run by Germans for Germans. The local inhabitants were supposed to buy only in the open market from peasants. This was the "New Order." The Germans tried to recruit policemen from the former propertied classes, or from those hostile to the Soviets. Those in the prisons were turned loose and many of them employed. It is reported that for a time a notorious underground character named Orlik was chief of police and that he had a long criminal record including murder. In one of the rural districts Matvenko, who had been sent to prison for ten years as a thief, was appointed chief of police. The Kiev police were always loyal. For instance, the 114th Police Battalion in Kiev killed their German supervisors and went over in a body to the Partisans. There was a New Order of legal rights. This involved accepting testimony against any Russian in a court of law. A single German could send any Russian to his death.

The Germans also instituted collective punishment. In Slovanki, for instance, when a single German soldier was killed, 100 Russians were executed.

The new law also gave the Germans the best of everything. Only the Germans could use electric lights, for instance.

One hundred thousand German colonists poured into Kiev with their wives to take over the "Promised Land." The Russians believe that some of these came to escape military service. Because Kiev was in a war zone, the Germans here could not be conscripted. Almost all local stores were taken over by these adventurers. The New Order involved the Germanization of cultural life. The Germans believed the Russian masses and the women did not need higher learning. They felt that the schools must teach the inner essence of Nazism. Since there were not enough buildings for both German and Ukrainian schools, and since the latter did not have books with the proper ideology, only the German schools were left open.

For the most part, only those factories necessary to the military life of the city were kept open by the Germans. Among these were a bread factory, a power plant and a tank factory. Many plants could not run because the evacuating Russians had carried away the machinery. The opera house and theaters were kept open, but Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday were reserved exclusively for the Germans, and on other days they had sole use of the boxes. The Jewish theater and library were burned down. The beautiful new government building was dismantled and shipped to Germany.

No Performance Tonight!

To show how much artists hated performing for the Germans, take the following instance:

The entire performance of Lohengrin depended on an artist with a tenor voice. It was well known that he had tuberculosis. Just before the performance, he chewed lipstick and spat out what appeared to be blood. The entire performance was canceled.

The big apartment houses of the city were used by German organizations. The small houses were requisitioned by individual Germans. Private property existed largely for the Germans. The Russians were helpless if anything was taken from them by the Nazis.

Food quickly became an insolvable problem for all Russians. Three and a half ounces of bread each day for those who did not work. Toward the end of the German occupation, even this stopped. Seven ounces of bread for those who worked. So-called "Folk Germans"—Russians with German ancestry—were given special privileges and their rations improved.

The state farms were run by the German State or were sometimes divided and given to big German landowners. Collective farms were allowed to operate, but small peasant landowners were told that if they served the German State well, they would be given individual plots of land. The Germans took most of the mechanized equipment—tractors and combines—away from the peasants. Most of what was raised was confiscated. The Russians estimate, in consequence, that only forty per cent of the land was tilled.

Doctor Mansfield, a German, had charge of cultural activity in the Ukraine. He promised the Russian scientists that the Germans would support and protect all culture. This did not prevent them from sending to Germany any scientific or cultural material they desired. For example, the second-best collection of butterflies in all Russia, over 80,000 specimens, was shipped away as well as mounted bears and the best specimens of dinosaurs that Russia had.

Old Professor Vladimir Artobolevsky believed Doctor Mansfield when he promised that, whatever happened, Kiev University would be spared. The venerable professor carried the results of a lifetime of research, together with his private library, to the University. On November 5th, when he arrived at the University, he found everything destroyed and the University gutted by fire. This included a library of over 1,600,000 volumes.

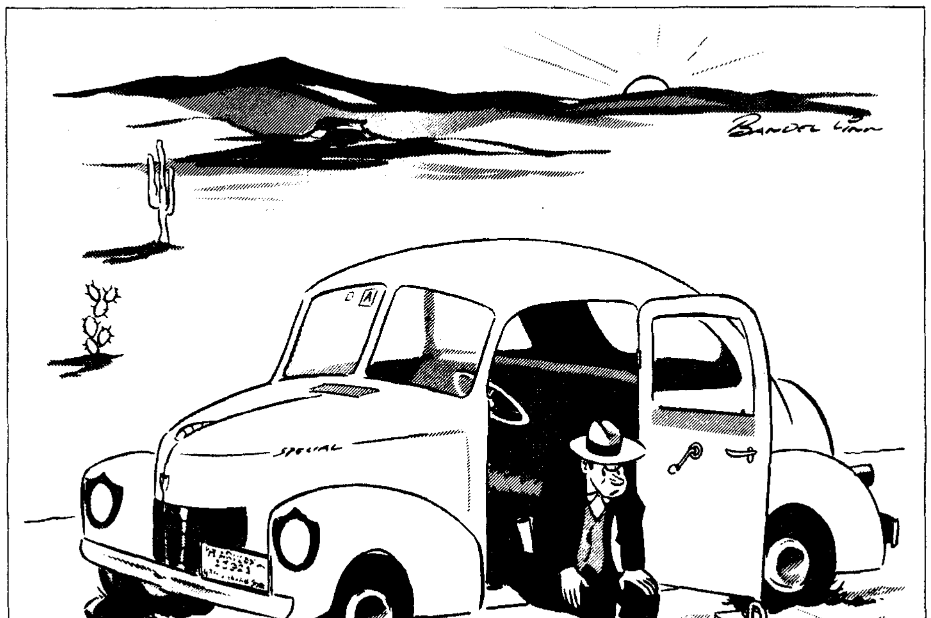
The Germans published two papers in Kiev: the Ukraine Zeitung in German, and the Ukraine Slovo in Russian. Both peddled Nazi propaganda. Caricatures and denunciations against Jews were in nearly every issue.

Architect's Fee, 80 Pounds of Flour

Professor Alyoshin, a famous Russian architect now in charge of restoration of buildings in Kiev, did three small jobs for the Germans: He drew plans for a moving-picture theater, a house, and a stable. For the first, he received 500 marks, for the second, 25 marks and for the third, eighty pounds of flour. Each German mark was worth 10 Ukrainian rubles.

I got a handful of this now worthless paper. It was in German, and both the German eagle and the swastika were printed on it. The Germans asked Professor Alyoshin to write a treatise on the influence of the Jew on Russian architecture, promising him electric lights and good food. When he refused, he was arrested and later released. Finally his apartment was taken over by a German doctor, Mullereisert, a graduate of Heidelberg, who promised to protect it. Actually, the Germans rifled the place and Alyoshin lost everything.

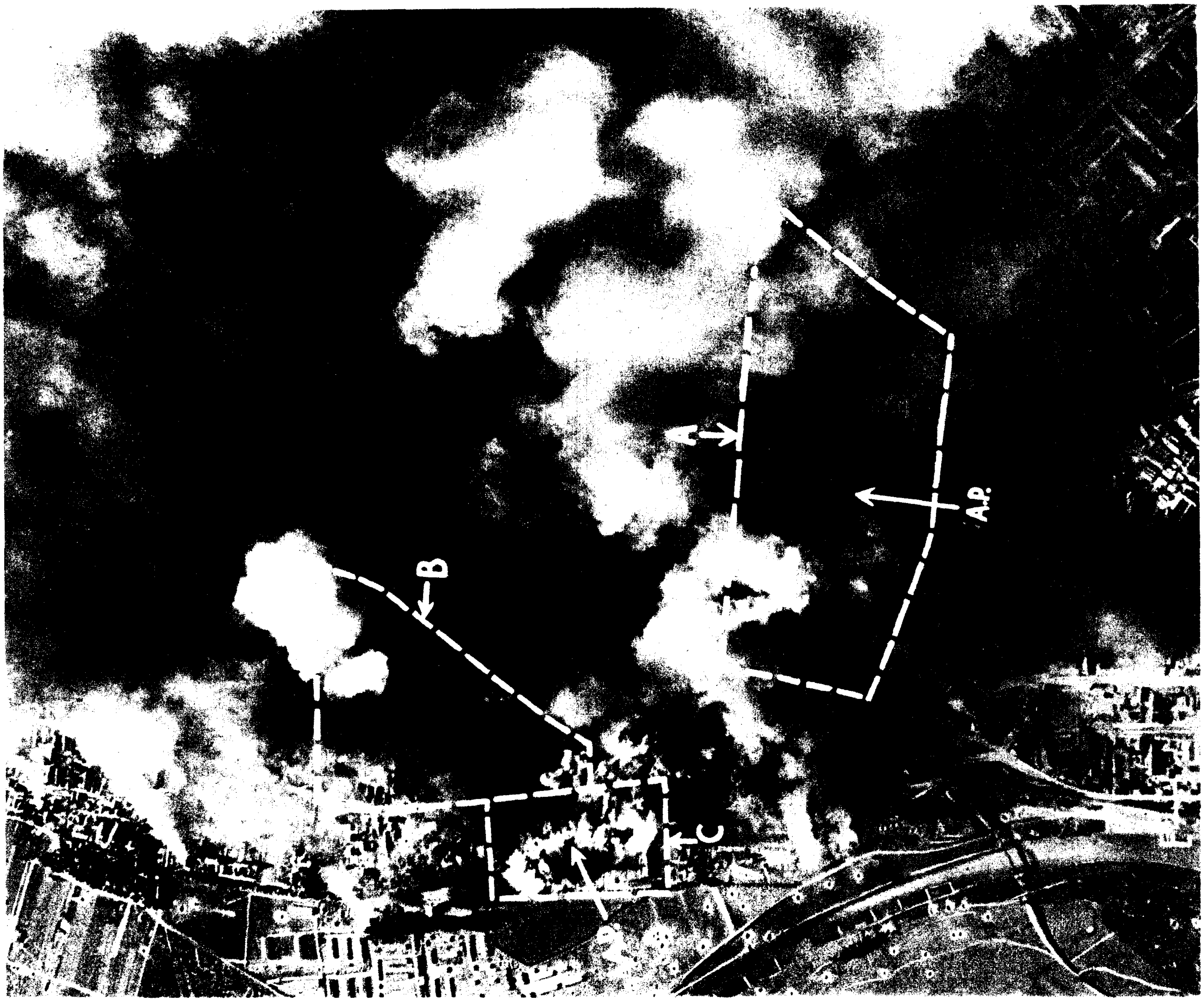
I visited some of the apartments which had not been touched since the Germans left. Apparently, they departed in great haste, taking whatever they could. Frames were lying on the floor with the paintings cut out, drawers were emptied, their contents littering the floor. I picked up a German daily calendar. The page exposed was Friday, October 29th, and was in honor of Joseph Goebbels. I noticed that



NEWS

"... Some quarters seem to think that the new synthetic inner tubes are a shade inferior to old-time natural rubber types, but the casings are working out all right. Speculation is rife that the near future will see an oversupply of tires for the motoring public. Congressman Fudge pointed out that this belief wasn't based on a knowledge of the facts, however; and the head of one big rubber company said it would be late '45 before the public could expect any help whatsoever. I'd like to suggest one thing: go out right now and look at your tires. Are they worn smooth? If so, it would be wise to have them recapped immediately, because they might be called upon for longer service than you think ..."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



Official U. S. Army Air Forces photograph of the second Schweinfurt raid. Dotted rules and letters indicate heavily bombed target areas.

Schweinfurt Story

Both sides knew it was a major engagement — that second bombing mission against Schweinfurt. It was a battle between large armies, for a crucial objective. The Nazis massed 60% of their total fighter strength in a vain effort to prevent the Boeing Flying Fortresses from getting through.

In a period of a few hours the Forts invaded German-held Europe to a depth of 500 miles, sacked and crippled one of her most vital industries. They did it in daylight and they did it with precision.

They moved in on a city of 50,000 people and destroyed the part of it that contributed to the enemy's ability to wage war. When that part of it was a heap of twisted girders and pulverized machinery, they handed it back, completely useless, to the Germans.

• • •

This is the task for which the Boeing Flying Fortress was designed: *precision destruction by daylight, in areas where the going is toughest.*

It is not an easy task. The Germans tried it in the Battle of Britain, and gave it up as too costly when 185 of their own planes were shot down in a single day.

The Fortress is engineered to perform superbly at altitudes of more than 7½ *miles*; it bristles with effective firepower; and it can absorb such punishment, and still keep flying, that the Germans have even devised special rocket-gun fighters in the vain attempt to drive it from their skies.

Fortresses are lost, of course . . . sometimes many of them on a single mission. But a recent check shows that over a 12-month period, an average of more than 95% of them have returned from each attack. Their stout-hearted and superbly trained crews have never yet been turned back from their objectives by enemy opposition!

To produce a plane like the Fortress requires unusual qualities of research, design, engineering and manufacture. You can expect these same qualities in the peacetime tomorrow, knowing that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

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"NOW WE GO OUT . . . Meet friends . . . have fun together." Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢.

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share and
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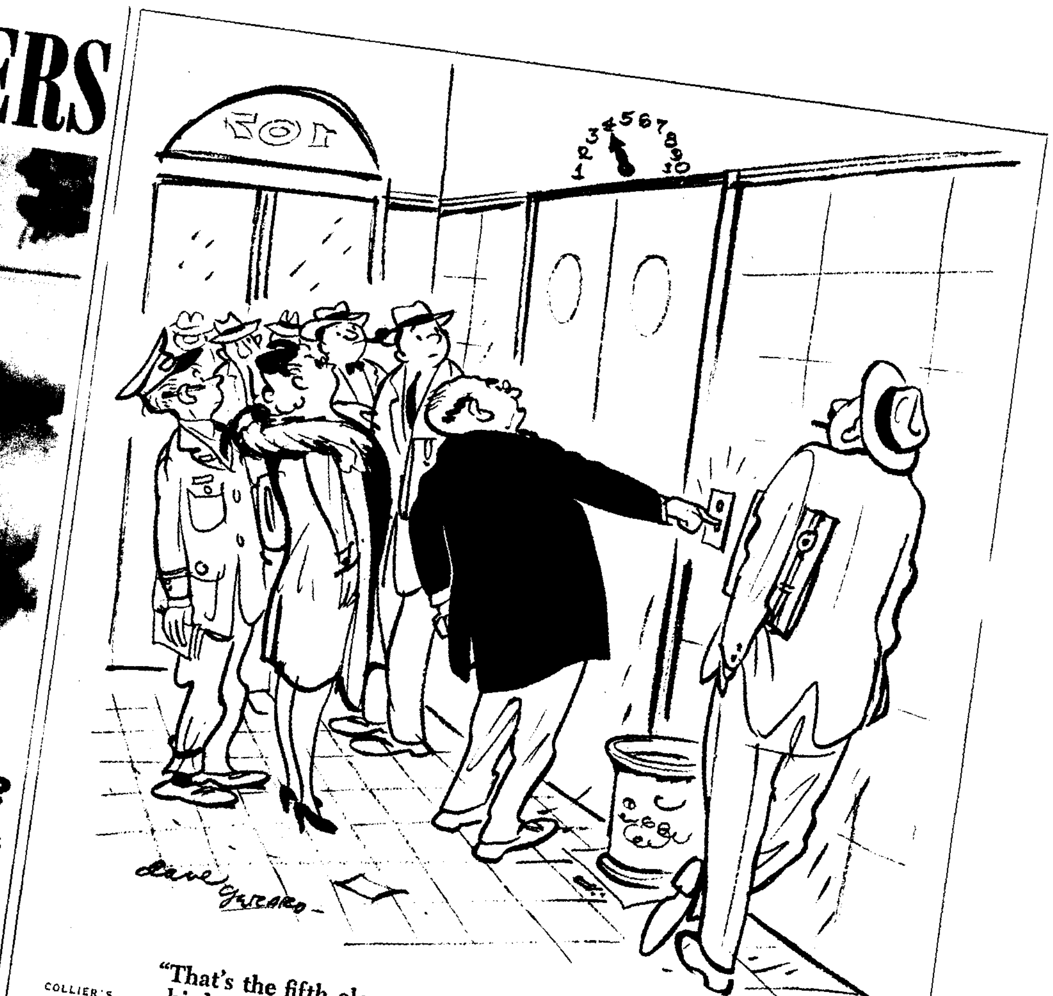
POLIDENT The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges



COLLIER'S

"That's the fifth elevator boy I've lost this week. Those birds on the fourth floor keep hiring them away!"

DAVE GERARD

December 20th did honor to the release of the Fuehrer from prison in 1924.

In the same apartment was the Munich Illustrierte Presse for August 12th with pictures of the fronts at Leningrad and Orel. It showed 100 Russian tanks advancing into the German lines in Orel. The caption said they would be hurled back. Actually, Orel had fallen to the Russians a week earlier than the date on the magazine.

Prepared "For Emergencies"

The plight of some professors in Kiev University staggers belief. To prevent deportation to Germany, one famous scholar, Lazinsky, poisoned himself, following which his wife committed suicide. A prominent doctor, Zidkev, gave presents to all his friends of lethal doses of strychnine or morphine to use in the event of deportation. Assistant professor of biology George Markovsky, a man with a strong, keen face, showed me a capsule of cyanide which he kept "for emergencies." When the Germans were feverishly preparing for evacuation, and it was obvious the Red army was coming, he and his wife, with nine others, bricked themselves up in a basement with water, kerosene and potatoes and lived there for seventeen days.

Engineer Alexander spent six weeks in his attic. He scattered tobacco mixed with pepper on the stairs. That was for sniffing police dogs. His wife brought him food every night.

Such is a brief picture of what happened in Kiev. It is different from what happened under German rule in the surrounding villages. I was soon to learn that difference because weather conditions held our Moscow plane two days in the village of Gogalleva.

There was a village with four collective farms. I interviewed a great many of the peasants, but let the village priest Pograbovsky tell the story. I attended his service, and visited him in his home.

He said there were 2,000 inhabitants in the village. They had a small factory, four small schools, one big new school and two churches. First thing the Germans did when they entered the village was to seize all food. They shot children, stole pigs and cows and confiscated grain. Then they stationed 200 Germans in the village and requisitioned the new school.

The priest said: "My church services were never disturbed, although the Germans frequently attended. Nevertheless, with Germans in the congregation, I never knew when I might be arrested. It was almost more than I could endure. After the Germans came, they hanged seven."

They also shot two other villagers. It happened this way: The Germans seized them and demanded pigs. The two peasants took their captors to three places in search of pigs. But there were no pigs. This enraged the Germans and they shot and killed both peasants. The priest conducted the funeral.

The priest said sadly: "There were thirty-one Jews in my village. The Germans took them all out and killed them—men, women and children. They are all buried here. One of the children was two years old; another was three.

Nazi Barbarism in Action

"Before the Germans left, they destroyed our factory, burned down one church, two schools and twenty-five huts. They also shipped nearly all of the able-bodied young people to Germany. On the last night they ordered me to let one hundred German soldiers into my church. My deacon opposed the idea and locked the doors. The German soldiers broke in anyway. I came down early in the morning and all they had stolen were three altar cloths. The golden icons were untouched."

For the entire two-year period the Germans were in the village, the Russians were able to maintain only two classes for the smallest children.

The testimony of the priest was backed up by everyone else I interviewed. It can thus be seen that the pattern of social exploiting as practiced in the village is much the same as that in Kiev. And Kiev, as you know, is dead. It was burned to death.

THE END

Yanks in Iran

Continued from page 25

factories and Germany built a magnificent marble railroad station at Teheran. Germany was so, so sympathetic, and gradually Germany managed to get men appointed to key positions in the field of communications and in the Iranian army.

Russia and Britain looked on nervously and sent diplomatic notes to the then ruler, Riza Shah Pahlevi. In August, 1941, they stopped sending diplomatic notes and moved in. They drew up a treaty giving Iran a chance to save face. The treaty said that Russia and Britain would move out within six months after the war was over and that Iran would be given a vote at the peace table.

Then came the business of getting war material from America to Russia under Lend-Lease. The mortality rate was high among convoys trying to reach Murmansk and other northern Russian ports. The Persian Gulf ports were the obvious answer, and so we, too, moved in. We agreed not only to deliver material to the gulf ports, but to transport it to north of Teheran, and General Connolly and a hand-picked staff were sent to do the job.

Part of Connolly's job was to get along well with the Russians. Here is a typical example of that and of how blunt Connolly solved it. General Alexander Korolev is the Russian in charge of receiving supplies and moving them to the front. For a month or so, the flow of materials was so great that the Russians were unable to move them fast enough. Hundreds of crates filled with ammunition, food, guns, etc., were piled high, waiting to go to the next transfer point. This, of course, is north Iranian territory and completely occupied by Russians.

General Korolev, like Connolly, a tough engineer, asked if Connolly could not deliver the goods farther, instead of dropping them at the present localities. Connolly reminded the Russian general that the mountain road leading to the northeast was a difficult one. Even our fine trucks would have trouble negotiating it. A driver would have to head out of 120-degree heat to find himself on a mountaintop in freezing weather. There were no depots en route where Americans could be sheltered and fed. Besides, it was too close to Russian territory, and General Korolev said regretfully that, so far, no permission had been given for substantial groups of Americans to enter the region.

Wild Boar Hunt in the Mountains

"But that's how it will have to be," General Connolly said. "My first duty is to take care of the health of my men. By the way, General," he added casually, "why don't you and I run up and look the road over?"

Korolev agreed. Canny Connolly knew that Korolev loved hunting. There were plenty of wild boar in the Elburz Mountains, through which the road ran. He got four Garand rifles, plenty of ammunition, and loaded a truck with good Army K rations. He took with him Colonel Edward F. Brown, U. S. Army liaison with the Russian army, while Korolev brought the crack marksman Colonel Makaroff. High in the mountains, Connolly suggested they might try their luck, and perhaps General Korolev would like to use a Garand. Korolev's eyes glittered as he handled the beautiful rifle. Their luck was in. Just before dawn, they got a boar.

There was a Red army outpost on top of the mountain, and they headed for it. Inside a hut, some twenty Red army soldiers were huddled in the cold, eating their evening meal of herring, salami and tea. They blinked when they saw the gold epaulets of Korolev and the stars on Connolly's shoulders. Korolev waved them at ease, and then he and Connolly squatted with them and shared their fish and tea. Meanwhile, two sergeants Connolly had brought along to drive, had dragged the dead boar to the hut. The soldiers, who had not tasted game for some time, were popeyed at the sight of the huge animal.

They built a fire outside the hut. They sliced the boar and soon all of them—generals, colonels, sergeants and Red army privates—were roasting boar in the time-honored Russian way, by sticking slices of meat on swords and bayonets and holding them over the fire. They ate their fill and then sat around the fire, and the Russians sang folk songs. It was democracy at its best—a side of it which these Russians had never seen.

Rifles Cement Friendship

Korolev and Connolly returned to Teheran firm friends. The friendship was cemented when Connolly sent to Cairo for Garand rifles, which he presented to the Red army general.

A few days later, Korolev gravely told Connolly that Moscow had given permission for American soldiers to build barracks in the Russian district. Now American soldiers are driving through those tortuous mountain passes.

Connolly's diplomatic methods may be unorthodox, but they work. Last April 14th was Army Day, even here in Teheran. Our troops held a celebration at the big Iran Airport. Connolly and Brown had arranged a surprise for the Russian staff. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, forty officers stepped forward, the band struck up the Russian National Anthem, and forty American officers sang it—in Russian.

On May Day, Connolly was asked to review the Russian troops. At the conclusion of the review, a group of Red army men came forward. The band played The Star-Spangled Banner, and the Russians stepped forward and sang it—in English. That is typical of the way Connolly gets along with the Russians.

Connolly has a brilliant staff, all hand-picked. General Stanley L. Scott is his chief of staff, and his three assistants are Colonel Roy C. L. Graham, Colonel Theodore M. Osborne and Colonel Peter Purvis, all specialists in transportation and engineering problems; 34-year-old Colonel Paul F. Yount is Director of Railroad Service, while Brigadier General Don G. Shingler directs Motor Transport Service.

It is seldom one finds Red army officers in the restaurants or night clubs of Teheran. For one thing, there is a ten-o'clock curfew.

One night some British MPs found a hideaway ignoring the curfew hour. They also found a very drunken Russian officer waving a gun and threatening dire things to the assembly. It was a tough spot for a couple of British MPs. They turned him over to the Russian commander and forgot the incident.

The next morning at nine o'clock, Iranian and British authorities received identical notes from General Korolev. He apologized for the bad behavior of the officer and added that, unfortunately, the officer "died during the night."

Inflation is no obscure, academic problem in Iran; it is a fact. A small electric-light bulb costs $7.50; toilet paper is $1.80 a roll; American cigarettes outside the post exchange are eighty cents a package; a pair of shoes costs $25. And a second-hand portable typewriter will bring $400.

THE END

GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD

by Paul V. Barrett

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Three cars in every garage may sound like a take-off on two chickens in every pot, but light maneuverable automobiles may make that likely in post-war America, according to C. R. Strouse, I. C. S. Director of Automobile Research.

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INDIANS HAVE A NAME FOR HITLER

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

ACME

Although Pvt. Stan Ben, a Cherokee, was champion archer of the North Carolina reservation, in dealing with Nazis he will rely entirely on his modern Army rifle. Below, Sioux warriors of the U.S. Army explain workings of a machine gun to Chief White Bull

HARRIS & EWING

THE 360,000 North American Indians, members of more than 200 tribes, are on the warpath, and what they are doing to help crush the Germans and the Japs is something to make whoopee about.

In enlistments, they equal the per capita contribution of any racial group. More than 13,000 of them are in the active service of Uncle Sam, and in the expert opinion of Major Lee Gilstrap, "They are the best damn' soldiers in the Army." To add insult to injury, the Indians, always adept at making up colorful names, have coined one for Hitler. They call him The-Man-Who-Smells-His-Mustache.

As Secretary of the Interior, within whose jurisdiction the Office of Indian Affairs falls, I make no attempt to conceal my pride in the record that the Indian is making for himself in this war—a record that began with vigorous action by the Navajo Tribal Council. Speaking for approximately one seventh of the Indian population of the United States, the council unanimously adopted a resolution in which the first "wherefore" read:

". . . we hereby serve notice that any un-American movement among our people will be resented and dealt with severely."

That was the answer of the Indian to the Axis appeal to minorities—to the Indian minority at least. And then, in case there might be any remaining doubt how the Indians felt, the Iroquois Confederacy, the Six Nations, declared a state of war to exist between it and Germany, Japan, Italy and all their allies.

The Iroquois Confederacy, supposedly founded by Hiawatha, is older than the United States; it dates back more than 700 years, when the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca tribes, and later the Tuscaroras, agreed to stop fighting. But they never forgot how to fight.

To implement her part in the Iroquois declaration of war, Mrs. Jerry Crow, a widow of the Seneca-Cayuga nation, gave her five sons to the Armed Forces. Four of them enlisted; the fifth, after being rejected, was taken by the draft, much to his relief.

Major Gilstrap's estimate of the Indian as the Army's best soldier may be somewhat exaggerated, but there is no denying the fact that he is one of our best fighters. The inherited talents of the Indian make him uniquely valuable. He has endurance, rhythm, a feeling for timing, co-ordination, sense perception, an uncanny ability to get over any sort of terrain at night, and, better than all else, an enthusiasm for fighting. He takes a rough job and makes a game of it. Rigors of combat hold no terrors for him; severe discipline and hard duties do not deter him.

Individual exploits among the Indians in battle are numerous and thrilling. The leading scorer in the race by commando-trained American soldiers in the Mediterranean area to see who could kill the most Germans was, up to a short time ago at least, a young Sioux—Sergeant Kenneth Scisson, of Rapid City, South Dakota. Sergeant Scisson engaged in patrol work, and in less than four minutes during a sortie by British-trained units, had ten notches on his Garand rifle.

Joe Longknife, of the Assiniboin tribe, proved that the American Indians know how to shoot as well as use the bayonet when he bagged ten Japs in sixteen shots on Bataan.

Indian soldiers have won innumerable citations and medals for extraordinary heroism and valor under fire. High at the top of the list is the late Major General Clarence Tinker, member of the Osage tribe, whose wife was the recipient of the Distinguished Service Medal awarded to her soldier husband posthumously.

Major General Tinker, in command of the Hawaiian Air Force, was lost in his Flying Fortress at sea during the Battle of Midway in June, 1942. The War Department has approved a proposal to name the newest airport of Oklahoma City Tinker Field. In doing this, the Department was making an exception to its policy of not commemorating war heroes by naming structures after them.

A full-blooded Apache, Sam Russell, attached to a Signal Corps regiment on the Kokumbona front at Guadalcanal, rescued his platoon, which was surrounded by Japs. He laid a communication line, enabling the platoon to blast the enemy and fight its way back to its own lines.

Alonzo Enos, another Indian soldier stationed at Formosa, saved the lives of several members of his company, including that of Lieutenant Daniel De Young, by rescuing wounded whom stretcher bearers could not reach because of Jap fire.

Sergeant Ralph Sam, a Paiute gunner, was mortally wounded when his plane took part in a dive-bombing raid on an enemy convoy near New Guinea. With his right arm shot away, Sergeant Sam continued firing at the Jap Zero until his gun was empty. Not until then did the pilot realize that his gunner had been hit. He rushed the plane back to the base hospital, but Sergeant Sam died a few days later. He was given a posthumous award of the Silver Star.

The religious observances which take place when an Indian boy or girl enters the Armed Forces give an insight into the philosophical attitude which the Indians bear toward the war. Among the Navajos it is a "sing," among the Sioux it is a "give-away," and among the Yakimas it is a "long-house" celebration.

A recent "give-away" took place on the Fort Peck Reservation in Montana, when Helen Warrior, a full-blooded Sioux, and a junior at Montana State College, left to join the Wacs at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. Helen's father, Alvin Warrior, fought in the last war. Her brother, Leslie, is with the Army overseas.

The Indian Women Take Over

Many thousands of Indians have left their reservations to engage in essential war work. The result, quite naturally, is a shortage of manpower on the reservations, so that the job of keeping the tribal stock and farm enterprises in operation is falling increasingly to the women and the children. Indian women are driving tractors and trucks, repairing heavy automotive equipment, and assisting in the cattle and sheep roundups.

We have no record of the thousands of small War Bond and Stamp purchases made by the individual Indians, but purchases made by Indian tribes through the Office of Indian Affairs total $2,671,725. In addition, at least twenty jurisdictions have requested permission to purchase bonds from tribal funds in the U. S. Treasury drawing 4 per cent. These offers have been rejected because the government already has the use of the money. Some tribes stated that they were willing to sacrifice their present rate of interest if it would help in the war on the Axis.

There is likewise no record of the contributions which the Indians have made to war-relief societies, but every day there are fresh evidences of their determination to do everything that they can. Pueblo and Navajo Indians have given sacks of corn, mutton, silver jewelry and rugs in lieu of cash to aid the Red Cross.

Navajo boys and girls of fourteen years and older are throwing themselves into "preparedness" courses at Navajo schools. Men of all ages travel to faraway places to perform strange new tasks in war-production work; they collect unbelievable amounts of metal and rubber scrap; they give their sons willingly to the armed services; they are accepting without complaint all the inconveniences that the war has brought them. ★★★

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Carmen Jones

Continued from page 15

Rose and Hammerstein in despair. "Not an operatic singer in the bunch."

This wasn't hard to understand because, if there is no opera where a Negro can appear and no ballet where a Negro dancer can work, there is little sense in a Negro going in for the opera or the ballet. Hammond hit the road. In Cleveland, he visited the Karamu Settlement House run by Russell and Rosina Jelliffe, and ran into a ballet group from which eventually four dancers came. He picked up a dancer named Posey Flowers from the Parkway Community House in Chicago. He scoured Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Buffalo, Washington, Philadelphia. He was in touch with friends in Nashville and at Tuskegee. He worked with the Negro colleges—Howard, Dillard, Wilberforce.

About this time, Charles Friedman came into the picture as libretto director. He had directed Pins and Needles, the famous labor show in which totally untrained workers completely floored Broadway with their talent. He had done what many critics consider the finest of all chorus numbers in a show—the Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones number from Sing Out the News. He started out on the quest with Hammond.

They had a tip about a possible Carmen in Philadelphia, a girl named Muriel Smith who had been a pupil at Curtis Institute. By this time, it was plain that unless they had a Carmen they had no show. They had seen hundreds of possible Carmens and they all stunk up the joint, as M. Rose quaintly termed it. Hammond had an address and a phone number for Muriel Smith, both of them wrong.

They had other auditions that day, could find no trace of the Smith girl and were at the station returning to New York when Hammond made one last call and succeeded. They went back to hear her.

In she came, a girl of twenty, dressed in socks, sandals, a waist and a flaring skirt. She sang the Habanera number from Carmen, all in stilted French and with the usual corny operatic gestures.

"Get all these people out of here!" yelled Friedman, pointing to the others in the audition room.

"What for?" demanded Hammond, always sensitive about Negro rights.

"Get 'em out!" howled Friedman. "Lock the door! We're saved!"

He rehearsed her for two hours and made an appointment to hear her again the next day in New York. He also gave her advice.

Dressed for the Part

"You have to look like Carmen," he said. "You have to dress up. Get your hair fixed, wear a slinky gown. You'll be up against tough company in that New York audition."

She arrived next day looking like Theda Bara. She sang for Rose and the others. Three people ran out to telephone Hammerstein to get right down there. He came and she sang for him.

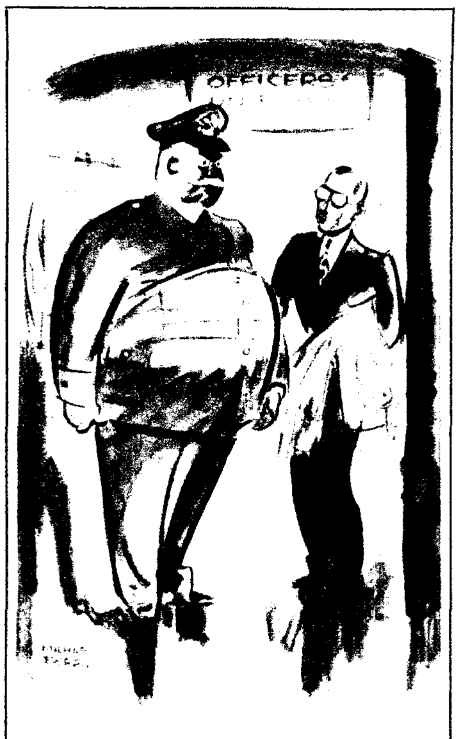
Hammerstein looked as if he had seen a ghost. "It isn't true," he said, dazed.

But it is true, and the Smith girl, who is still young and unsophisticated, brings to the part a tigerish and sultry quality which has made critics say that she is a great Carmen and may eventually be the greatest of all Carmens.

The José was also found in Philadelphia, a young man named Luther Saxon, who had been an elevator operator and was currently a checker in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He was stiff and ungainly, but Friedman worked most of it out of him. He did it by outlining every step and every gesture made on the stage. That went for the whole company, a job of education from the ground up, and a great feat of direction.

The show was almost ready to open before they found a toreador, who turned out to be Glenn Bryant, a New York policeman. Here, again, it was Art against Authority. Judge Delaney couldn't get him out of the police force; Mayor La Guardia couldn't do it, although he tried. It was finally accomplished by Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The show's chief comic is Dick (Richard Dubonnet) Montgomery, a former night-club entertainer. Billy Rose needed a lot of selling by Hammond before he would hire Montgomery. Hammond had remembered him from various gin mills and an appearance at the Apollo in Harlem, where Montgomery did an Italian double-talk aria which many consider the funniest act ever done in vaudeville. He was working at the Club Bali in Washington when Rose sat in on the first audition.



"Do all your uniforms have that bulge in front?"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

"John," he said later, in a pained voice, "the guy isn't funny, and he has an awful voice."

"He has a cold," apologized Hammond, and continued to fight for his man all through a hot summer. Montgomery had been a schoolteacher and ex-bantamweight champion of Missouri, but he couldn't read music and made a terrible mess of the famous quintet number in Carmen. By the time Rose got around to realizing that he had to have him or nobody, Montgomery was working at a club in St. Louis on a long contract which that management wouldn't give up.

Rose got the St. Louis manager on the phone. "Listen," he said, "do you know so-and-so and so-and-so?"—mentioning various killers around New York and letting the inference grow that they were the closest friends of the Rose household.

The manager said rather tremblingly that he had heard of those notorious gentlemen—and Montgomery was on the next train for New York.

Carlotta Franzell, the Micaela who stops the show at every performance, is from Detroit; Elton Warren, the alternate for Micaela, had won the Marian Anderson Award last year, but had never been on the stage; Edward Tyler, who plays the prize-fight manager, had been at Café Society Downtown in New York; Buell Thomas was working in the post office in Los Angeles when Oscar Hammerstein found him; Napoleon Reed was a packing-house employee in Chicago but had sung in the Chicago Civic Opera and is the only trained member of the cast.

One of the important parts that requires no singing is Poncho, the Panther of Brazil, who fights the baritone singing the Toreador Song. This is Bill Dillard, referred to by Hammond as a "fabulous trumpet player." He had been at NBC, but had given it up to work in a defense plant. Dillard is a physical-culture nut, an expert with the bar bell and once won a prize at the Y.M.C.A. as the "best-built man in Harlem." By common consent, he has the best stage presence of anybody in the cast.

Money Isn't Everything

The hit of the show is the drum number done by Cosy Cole, who had not only appeared with famous swing bands but had taken a course in classical drumming at the Juilliard School under Saul Goodman of the New York Philharmonic. He is the highest-paid member of the company, having turned down an offer from Benny Goodman which would have netted him $250 a week in New York and $350 on the road. He is working for Rose for much less because he knows it's his great chance.

The biggest battle Hammond had with Billy Rose was over Jessica Brazil, a contralto from Akron. Hammond heard her in Cleveland, got Rose on the phone immediately and could hardly speak for excitement.

"Send on a photograph," said Rose. The photograph arrived and Billy turned his head away in pain.

That didn't stop Hammond. "I'm sending her on at my own expense," he wired Rose. "You're entirely wrong."

At the New York audition, Miss Brazil staggered them. She now appears as Jessica Russell in the quintet and in the card-playing number, acclaimed by such as Robert Stolz, the Viennese composer, as "the greatest natural voice of them all."

The show has cost Rose an estimated $168,000—$40,000 for costumes, designed by Raoul Pene duBois, $35,000 for the special lighting arranged by Hassard Short, and other expenses in comparison. It started by playing the Erlanger Theater in Philadelphia, which is a white elephant that had been dark for five years. It seats 2,200 and had standees at every performance. In Boston, it played the Boston Opera House, with 3,000 seats, with equal success.

The Cinderellas are playing six nights a week, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, and there is no sign that they will return to their mundane chores for years to come. The chance, for example, that Muriel Smith will go back to her $15-a-week job as a film scraper in a photographic laboratory is very remote. When Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, went down to Philadelphia to see the show, there were rumors that there might someday be a Negro Carmen at the Met, but Billy Rose shook his head dolefully over another thought.

"Maybe he knows what he's doing and maybe he doesn't," he said. "All I know is that when I did Jumbo with blue sawdust and chorus girls, it cost the circus $500,000 next year to catch up. I don't want anybody accusing me of breaking the Met."

THE END

Tavern at Powell's Ferry

Continued from page 17

bustle of weary people, a man and woman past middle age, a boy and girl in brash adolescence, a young woman with an attractive, pouting face, and a pair of men. One was thin and very darkly colored and possessing a pair of brows black as ink; the other, a blond gentleman with an extraordinarily regular profile, had a face which showed some evidence of dissipation.

The elderly man said, "Thank Heaven tomorrow is a day of rest. These Oregon roads are without question some kind of an approach to Inferno. We require accommodations until Monday morning. Can you put us up and, as a practical matter, what are your rates?"

Joab Powell said, "Two dollars the night, and fifty cents the meal."

"Acceptable," said the older one. "You are looking upon Edward Ord Mainring's Theatrical Troupe, now on tour, presently bound to play the Jacksonville mines. Mrs. Mainring, if you please. Our young star, Miss Strange. My daughter Jo and my son Tarleton. My leading man, James Hawtree"—this was the one with the striking profile—"and Mr. Victor Porrocks, whose darker cast lends flavor to our villains."

The last young man thus identified displayed a gentle smile, while Mr. Hawtree cast a frankly speculative glance upon Elizabeth, who stood attentively silent and returned the glance with equal speculation. Miss Strange observed this exchange of interest and paid Elizabeth the courtesy of a moment's cold inspection. Young Tarleton Mainring peevishly said, "I'm awful hungry."

"Elizabeth," said Joab Powell, "show these people their rooms."

Elizabeth moved to the stairs and ascended with a composed and excellent carriage; the members of the troupe, each with luggage, trudged after her and made some racket in the upper hall as they found their quarters. Joab Powell stepped from the house to direct the party's wagoner to the barn, and Anna quietly returned from the kitchen to set new places at the table. She looked at John Sharpp who sat alone before his unfinished meal; she caught his glance and smiled at him.

"Acting people?" he said. "Here?"

"This is a tavern, John," she said, and moved back to the kitchen.

THE party came down the stairs to their supper, cheerfully and with considerable noise. Joab Powell returned from the night; he took his place again at the head of the table and sat over his coffee. They were a hungry lot, he observed; they were an odd assortment out of the kind of a world he had almost forgotten. Mainring and Mainring's wife were pleasantly comfortable people; their children were brash, as their life had no doubt taught them to be. The fellow who played the villains seemed, in these surroundings, to be a mild and inconspicuous kind; but Mr. Hawtree was another breed.

Joab saw Hawtree's eyes now and then lift and strike Elizabeth who, returned from upstairs, now stood in the background of the room with that quietness upon her which Joab Powell knew so well; there would be excitement playing beneath it, and her discontent would be driving her toward a greater fury at her life. She stared at Hawtree steadily, and Hawtree's expression revealed his rising instincts.

John Sharpp saw none of this; he finished his meal in silence and rose and left the room. But Miss Strange—there was a girl with her own kind of knowledge, Joab Powell thought—saw all of it and gave Hawtree her cutting glance.

Powell said, "If you're going to the mines, you'll only get that wagon as far as Canyonville. The road's nothing but a trail beyond. You'll need horses there."

Mainring leaned back from his plate, flushed and comforted; he was expansive, he was philosophical. "We shall not think of that until we reach Canyonville. In this profession, Mr. Powell, you do not worry about tomorrow too much. There are always contingencies, disasters and emergencies to be surmounted. Fire, flood, famine and mob. In forty years of trouping, Mrs. Mainring and I have seen the ugly faces of them all. Here we are, lacking a player, for the part of the plantation belle. Where shall we get her? I do not know. But it is three days to Jacksonville. We shall have her when we get there."

"Uncertainty would not please me," said Joab Powell.

"Uncertainty," said Mainring, "is youth. Have you forgotten how, as a boy, you counted on tomorrow's excitement and venture?"

Well, thought Joab Powell, the man did, for a fact, appear young. He had no particular lines on his face, his eyes were bright, and he was at the present moment wholly happy, or seemed so. Elizabeth, he noticed, now moved slowly across the floor and stepped from the house. Suddenly Hawtree emptied his coffee cup and rose and walked after her.

IMPASSE

Oh, what a [illegible]
[illegible]
Powder, puff, or their [illegible]
[illegible]
Lipstick [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Mainring said, "Bed will be a comfort after these roads," and left the table.

One by one the party moved up the stairs, while Joab stood by the fireplace and watched Anna quietly come and go with her chores. Outside, he heard Elizabeth's voice, sometimes slow, sometimes light, sometimes intemperately strong. Hawtree's tone was a sympathetic murmur.

Joab pried a better flame from the fireplace logs, looked for his glasses and sat down in a rocking chair; he took up his pipe, filled and lighted it, and reached for his paper, which was from Portland.

Hawtree moved into the house with an aggressive stride, his face square and flushed, and went stamping up the stairs. Hidden behind his paper, Joab Powell heard Elizabeth later enter the room. He had no wish to look at her at the moment. He said, "Help your sister," and heard her steps go laggardly toward the kitchen.

Half reading, he heard the house settle down. The murmuring abovestairs slowly died away, and bodies turned upon their beds, and now and then a door closed. John Sharpp climbed the stairs, a young man solemnly displeased with the sudden turn of affairs, and Elizabeth came from the kitchen and paused for a moment.

When Joab Powell lowered his paper, he saw the bright burning of her eyes, the thoughts half shaped upon her face. She was a stranger to him tonight, as she had been on so many other occasions; she was his flesh and his blood, but her spirit—whose was that? He wanted to speak to her and he saw that she wanted to speak to him, yet neither of them had a way of bridging the difference between.

He said, "Sharpp's a good young man. Don't use him hard unless you mean to have him."

She laughed at him with her eyes; it was a hot, sharp and unamused laugh. Then she climbed the stairs. In a little while, Anna, having done the last of her chores, quietly followed.

Joab said, "Good night, Anna."

Her voice came back in its never-changing way; it carried the melody that was in her and never left her. "Good night."

He let the paper lie and he refilled his pipe, breathing the smoke deeply and finding relish in it. He was a stout, aging man, made benevolent in appearance by his beard and the tall dome of his forehead; it was a benevolence sharpened by his ironic eyes, by the realism which forever tempered his judgments. He thought: John should be Anna's man. It would work better that way.

Then he thought about Elizabeth and found no answer for her. He thought of the show troupe which was so gay and glamorous to Elizabeth's eyes but which was simply a group of tired people forever on the move to earn a threadbare livelihood, all their cheap trinkets contained in a few battered trunks. He knocked out his pipe and went slowly to his room. There was still a light in Elizabeth's room as he passed by.

THE fall fog lay silver-thick over the river by morning, and dew glistened on the earth until noon. Church was ten miles distant and therefore not always to be attended, but Joab Powell made grace at breakfast longer than usual and had a special prayer at the midday meal. Thereafter, in a warm, half-clouded afternoon he did his chores and tended ferry. The northbound stage crossed at two o'clock; the southbound at four.

During the day, he saw Hawtree and Elizabeth walking together along the dusty road and he saw John Sharpp sulking alone in his good clothes by the river. Mainring's youngsters, discovering the gristmill, climbed to the rafter peaks until they were tired, and borrowed a skiff and vanished beyond the willows.

Near five o'clock, Mainring walked to the ferry where Joab Powell idly worked, and sat himself on the treadmill. He was, Powell saw, not wholly at ease; and it occurred to Powell to wonder if the man were about to suggest a compromise on the lodging bill.

"I believe last night," said Mainring, "I mentioned we had lost one of our cast. She was a refined young lady with some talent who suddenly discovered domestic virtue in Portland and left us."

"Heard you mention it," said Powell.

"So did your daughter Elizabeth," said Mainring.

Powell drove two nails deep with his hammer and straightened. He turned to Mainring. "I suppose she wants to go with you."

"Your daughter," said Mainring, "is not happy here. I saw it at once."

"It is nothing a marriage won't cure."

Mainring said, "Have you some tobacco?" He filled his pipe from Powell's pouch. He lighted the pipe and set it to burning with long, steady draws. "We put up for noon yesterday at a place. Man and wife. The wife was odd."

"Purdy's wife," said Powell, "is crazy."

"Her face bothered me a great deal after we left," said Mainring. "It was a haunted face. She watched us go. You could see she wanted to be with us. She wanted to be with anybody who was go-

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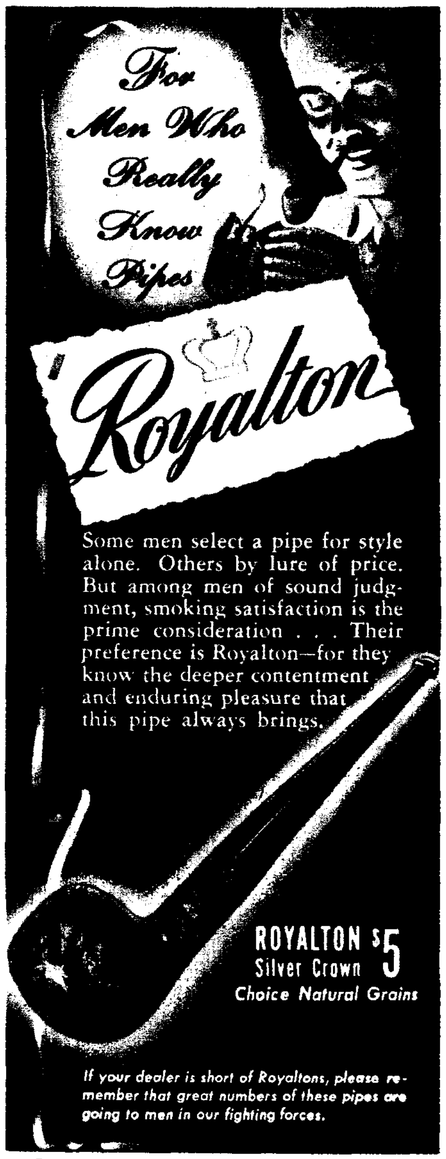

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ing away from that place. One day she'll sink an ax into Purdy's head when he isn't looking, and she'll start walking. Where to? Any place away from where she is. Marriage didn't cure what was in her mind. Some people have to run. Nothing else will do."

Powell said, "Cheap and shoddy."

"You're no doubt thinking of Hawtree," said Mainring. "Have you no Hawtrees in your neighborhood? Your daughter is in her own hands. Here or elsewhere, she will make her own lot. But if you do not permit her to follow her desires, she will make a bad job of it. You will have another Purdy's wife. I have seen a great deal of this world. I have seen a lot of Purdy's wives."

"I have seen women who started out on a wild-goose chase and ended common," said Powell. "There's more of them than Purdy's wives."

"Your daughter," said Mainring quite frankly, "could fill a place in my company. Nothing more. It will take me a great deal of time to teach her to open and shut a door on the stage. I can do that for her. If she has no ability, she will fail and she will come back. If she has ability, she will go on and up. Either way, she will have had her run."

"No," said Powell, "she won't come back."

"Then," said Mainring, "she is the kind you could never hold, in any event. If you try to hold her, you will regret it, and she will see to it that you regret it."

"Not to be thought of," said Powell.

Mainring rose, tapped out his pipe and moved up the trail to the house. Suddenly he turned about and said a last thing with some sharpness, some intensity. "Look into your own heart, my friend," and he went on.

THE sun was somewhere low behind September's haze. There was a wind, slight and cool, from the southeast. In another day or so, Joab Powell thought, the wind would swing, and the hard, intemperate rain would come to freshen the earth. A wagon moved out of the north and onto the ferry and, as he was about to cast off, he saw Elizabeth walk swiftly from the house. She came aboard and rode in silence across the water; and she waited afterward until the wagon had gone on. Then she faced her father and he saw the gathering storm on her face, the intensity almost like pain, the wanting so crowded within her that it made desperate shadows in her eyes. It came out of her—all this—in one awkward, swift phrase: "I've got to go with them."

The old gray horse plodded the treadmill, and the ferry made its semicircular path on the water. Joab stood grave at the bow, meeting her eyes.

"Daughter," he said, "you have made a picture for yourself. You're seeing yourself as a great actress, people throwing flowers up to the stage, people pointing you out in restaurants where you eat. You're seeing strange towns through the world, and kings and queens sitting in opera boxes while you play. That's what you're seeing. When you were ten, you saw the same things, standing in the hayloft, swinging your arms and talking to yourself."

"Why not?" she said. "Why not?"

"You think this shabby little troupe will do it for you? Playing in cheap mining camps, riding wet through the rain, living in roominghouses? Wearing your clothes after they've turned color, being with men like Hawtree?"

She said in the most calculating of ways, "I know about Hawtree. I can take care of myself. Why don't you let me go? Do you know what I'll do if you keep me here? I'll marry Sharpp. I'll make him miserable. I'll make Anna miserable, because she wants him. Then I'll run away. Or I'll take the first well-dressed man who comes through here and I'll go with him. I have got to go!"

He had no answer for her; he was ashamed of what she had said and did not meet her eyes. He stooped, a little awkwardly, and tied the ferry to the shore; he let the gray horse into its pasture, watching Elizabeth go up the pathway, half running. He reached for his pipe and he filled it, and held it unlighted in his mouth. Darkness had begun to sweep down, drowning out the hills and covering the valley's far run. Why, he thought, it's late. Then he realized the darkness was the darkness of rain clouds moving slowly up. He walked toward the house and, as he walked, he began to think of his wife, long dead. He said to himself, "Annie, what's in that girl? What am I to do?"

He said grace over a full supper table and he ate in mild, steady detachment, while talk boiled and bubbled around him. Elizabeth moved like an alien shadow about the room, darkly withdrawn from him. He felt the hatred in her—the wild and passionate despair. It touched him like a disturbed air.

John Sharpp, unfavorably silent, sat through the meal like a man perplexed by things he felt but could not understand, and soon withdrew from the house.

Presently, one by one, the troupe climbed the stairs to bed. Joab Powell went out to do the night's chores and came later back through the kitchen to find John Sharpp in the kitchen with Anna, drying dishes. Elizabeth had gone up to her room.

JOAB POWELL freshened the fire on the hearth and removed his shoes and sat once more in the rocker, comforted by all the sounds of this house. He lay back, feeling oldness come to him and the loneliness that always went with it. Elizabeth was on his mind and the puzzle of her temper grew greater to him. Where had she got that rebellion, that wild will, that hatred of old and familiar things?

John Sharpp presently went upstairs in silence, and later, with night's work done, Anna came into the room. She paused before Joab Powell, softly smiling down at him, and he saw a momentary happiness on her face. It was the little things she loved, the old ways, the comfortable and familiar habits of life. Yet, watching her, he saw the smile fade and her quiet inner contentment go away.

Her face mirrored the nearest expression of anger he had ever noticed there. "Let her go, Father. Let her leave!"

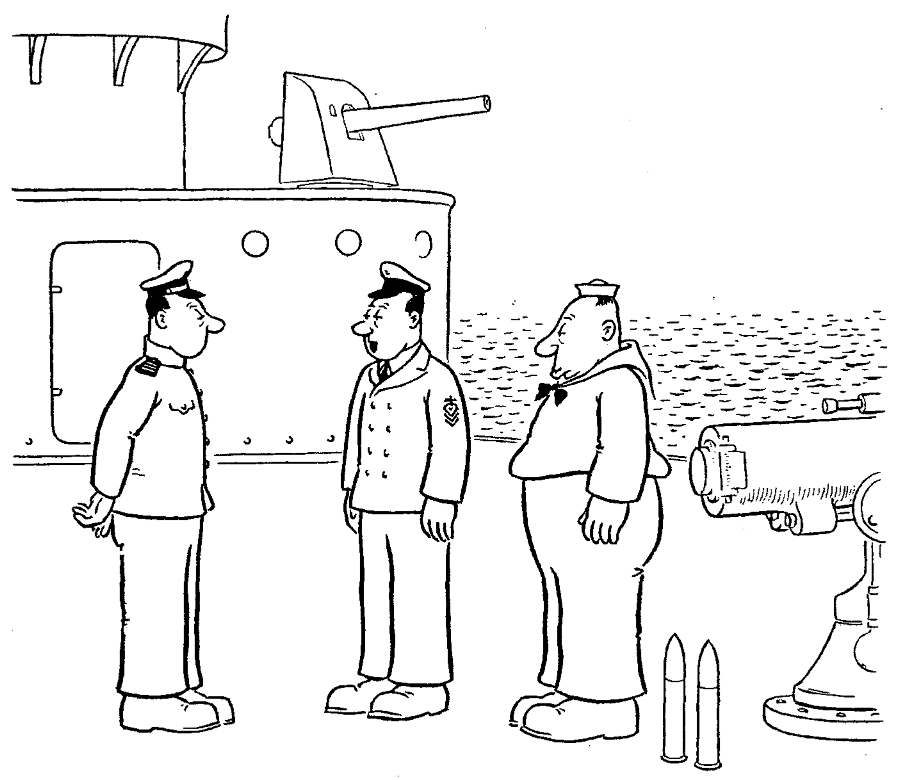
"Why, Daughter," he said, and was truly shocked, "do you understand what might happen to her?"

"Do you know," she answered, as harsh and as sure as Elizabeth could be, "what is happening now while she stays? Don't hold her. She's entitled to be happy if she can. I'm entitled to be happy as well, am I not?"

SHE said no more. She bent forward and quietly kissed him and took the stairs; but Joab Powell thought with astonishment: They are strangers side by side. They are not sisters.

The question came again to him, insistently demanding answer: From what source had come Elizabeth's discontent, her fiery hatred of things that were, her terrible urgence to go away?

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred thinks he should be promoted from loader. He hit two ducks and a rabbit last week at the shooting gallery"

COLLIER'S

He sat quite still in the room's silence, turning his thoughts upon himself. He was a solid man, wasn't he? He had found this place upon the earth, he had built his house and accumulated his goods and he was satisfied. Long ago, as a boy, he had possessed a boy's longings and a boy's impatience but never had he eaten out his heart over things that could not be. Yet now he remembered how he watched the stage each day disappear to the southward, and he recalled the strange things which stirred in him as he saw it go.

The thought made him move slightly on the rocker; and then he got to thinking of his wife, Annie, and he saw so clearly the outline of her face before him, placid and slightly smiling. She had been a fine woman, faithful in all their trials, steadfast and always a good manager. She had been beside him, without complaint, all the way along the years. Had she not been steady, as he was steady?

Suddenly he sat forward in his chair, bringing to his mind something he had never cared to think much about. There had been a young man, long ago, in the Illinois town from which he and his wife had both come. Annie had liked that careless, devil-taken scoundrel whose name was Burge Simms—and Burge Simms had gone away to be a river pilot on the Mississippi. Maybe Burge had been the man Annie had wanted. Joab never had known about that, but often he had wondered at the things which went on in her head when she sat so still by the evening fire, when she stood at the doorway and looked out upon the land.

She had died smiling at him but—and he sat forward again with a stinging feeling on his face—she had also died with her innermost thoughts still a mystery to him. He had wanted a quiet and solid woman; she had given him that, keeping the rest to herself.

Now a feeling came hard upon him, new to his practical mind, unsettling to his need of steadiness. Here his daughter Anna had stood a moment ago, revealing a sudden passionate feeling he had not known she possessed; and upstairs, all these various people slept, the saturnine Porrocks who played the villain parts and yet was a gentleman, and Hawtree who was a hero on the stage and a shoddy character otherwise, and John Sharpp, so plain and steady a man, who had wants of which no man fully was aware. All these people lay on their beds now, all known to him, in a way, by their speech and the things which were upon their faces, but carrying dreams he could not know, or any man know.

He laid a heavy hand upon the arm of the rocking chair and he said aloud but quietly, "Why, nobody actually knows anybody else."

Rising, he followed the ritual of his life. He tested the door lock and screened the fire; he laid his pipe in its bowl, took up the lamp and slowly ascended the stairs. When he came to the door of Elizabeth's room, he knocked, and heard her slow, sullen voice bid him in. She stood dressed in the middle of the room, and he saw that she had been walking restlessly around the room with her thoughts. Her eyes, turned to him, were strange and alien and bitter.

"Elizabeth," he said, "you have got your own life to live. Go ahead and live it as you please."

He drew back and quickly closed the door; but even so, he saw the light break across her face. Like a prisoner getting news of release, he thought sadly.

IT HAD rained during the night and had ceased. Now the quenched earth sent its raw, fine smell into the morning, and a thick mist silvered the air so thickly that the cottonwoods of the far shore were vaguest shadows. The troupe's wagon stood by with the baggage loaded and the driver in his seat; the troupe came out, freshly rested and eager to be going. Mainring paid his cheerful compliments to Joab Powell, and the gentle villain shook Powell's hand.

"I would not mind," he said, "trading places with you. It is a pleasant piece of earth here."

The wagon rolled aboard the ferry, the members of the troupe walking casually after. Joab Powell brought the old gray horse, its ancient muzzle asparkle with night's dew, out of the pasture to the treadmill and waited for the last passenger, who was Elizabeth.

She was at the house doorway, facing Anna; and he stood still, looking upon those two say their farewells, then knowing that both girls were glad to have it this way. They kissed briefly, and Elizabeth said one gay word in response to Anna's grave nod. Then Elizabeth came down the pathway to where John Sharpp waited and she paused to look up at his puzzled, grieving face. She laughed at him and said some soft thing, and touched him lightly on the cheek with her hand and then, like a delighted child, she ran down the path to the ferry. Joab cast off the line; the old horse, patiently plodding, started the ferry over the river.

The troupe was forward, near the team,

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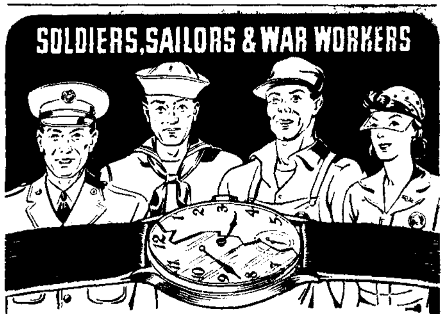

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deliberately giving Joab his privacy as Elizabeth stood by him. A fish jumped and made a widening circle on the water, and the river made its washing sound on the mild rapids lower down.

Joab stared downstream, away from his daughter. "When I was young I wanted many things. I found out I couldn't have a lot of those things. It wasn't in me to have them. It may not be in you to have all that you want."

"Why," said Elizabeth, "I shall get what I want."

"You will try," said Joab Powell soberly, "and maybe that's the fun of it. But if you do not find what you want, come back. I'll be here." Then he added a grave afterthought: "Do not stay away too long. I am not young."

"I'll come back to see you, of course," said Elizabeth in her light voice.

The ferry touched the south shore's mud bank, and the team moved the wagon to land. Now the troupe members climbed aboard, and the voices of all of them were gay with morning and with the eternal excitement of being in motion.

Joab turned to Elizabeth and saw the same excitement on her face, the fine flame in her eyes. She was trying to remember, he saw, that he was her father and that she was going away from him and should be sad. But even as she tried to remember that, she was still happy and could not show sorrow. She put her arms around him and kissed him fully, the first such kiss he could remember from her since she had been a child; and she stepped back, laughing, with her eyes moist. She turned and walked to the wagon and took her place on one of the seats. Mainring cried heartily out, "Tallyho," and the teamster's shout put the horses forward.

Joab Powell watched wagon and people slowly grow obscure in the close-hanging mists. He saw them wave at him, he heard them pleasantly calling; they were like children off to a party, eager, straining for new things and greater surprises beyond. Elizabeth raised her hand to blow him a kiss, and Joab, memorizing her face with greatest care, lifted his own hand in return salute. Then the mists covered them, and for a little while he heard their voices come back through the mists. Afterward, they were lost to him, sight and sound of them alike dying. He thought to himself: I have got to remember what she looked like, and he started the ferry away.

Half over the river, he was alone in the mist, both shores dim. He loaded his pipe with a mechanical interest as he thought of her. He had asked her to come back, and she had promised she would; but even then, he knew she never would return. He had made the same promise to his own parents when as a young man he had left the Vermont farm, bound west to Illinois. Many times during the later years he had thought of his people, resolving to return to them for a visit; but he never had. Life was pretty much a parting of the young from the old; the young venturing away with their ambitions and the old settled fast to their comforts.

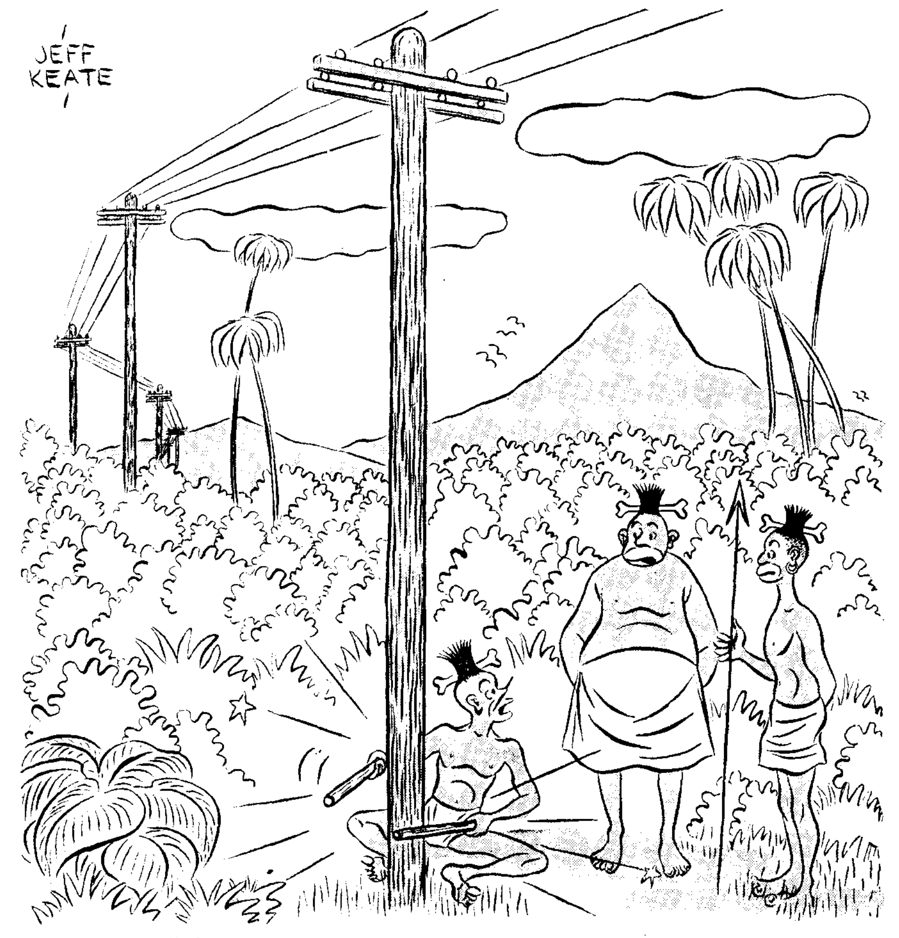
HE TIED the ferry and put the horse into its meadow and he stood facing the south shore, listening with the hope that he might hear one last sound return from the wagon. Anna and John came down the pathway; they stopped before him, and he observed that they were sorry for him. They were good and simple people, and they would do well together; they would fill this tavern with children and they would be content. It gave him comfort to think of it.

Anna said, "Don't worry, Father. It is the first time she has really been happy."

Still thinking of Elizabeth, he was suddenly proud of her. She was breaking away to follow her wants, just as he had done. She was a piece of him venturing afar, doing those things he had wished to do and had never succeeded in doing. Each day now, as he watched the southbound stage roll away, he would scarcely need to feel that somehow he had missed his destination. Elizabeth took his place and sought the destination.

Joab said, "We'll lay the timbers today, John," and started up the pathway toward the gristmill. He thought to himself: I shall have to remember how she looked.

THE END



"Those American soldiers told me it's much better for sending messages, but I'll still take a hollow log!"

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LEPAGE'S GLUE

LEPAGE'S GRIPSPREADER MUCILAGE

LEPAGE'S WHITE PASTE

The Picnic

Continued from page 18

we're going to have a baby, I want to sit in your mother's parlor with the handmade lace curtains and have her show me how to crochet a popcorn-stitch afghan and when I'd get up to go home and cook your supper she'd say, "Don't leave, honey. Call Jim up at the store and tell him to stop here. You stem the berries, dear, and I'll whip up the shortcake. . . ." Things like that.

But those had been the fantasies of a very young heart. Marriage wasn't a magic wand that transformed a little waitress overnight into a smooth young daughter-in-law who marketed on Tuesdays and Fridays with her husband's mother, and joined her clubs and sat proudly beside her at community meetings and clapped with white-gloved hands. Poor Jimmy hadn't even noticed that his mother was only gracious and polite to Annie. Annie sometimes wondered how the stars she'd put in Jimmy's eyes could so blind him. He wasn't aware that his mother treated Annie with the same well-bred consideration she gave her laundress. When it was time for Jimmy to leave he kissed Annie hard at the station and turned to his mother.

"Take Annie to the lodge picnic this year, Mom, and let her eat a dozen hamburgers for me." Then he'd looked at Annie and there was a catch in his voice: "You do like I say, Annie Laurie. You go live with Mom till I get back, understand?"

Annie could only nod, her eyes blurred with tears. She knew Jimmy's mother would have to ask her now. And she knew, even at this moment when she was waving goodby to Jimmy, that she'd have to refuse. She didn't want to live with Mrs. Shipley till she was really Mrs. Shipley's daughter. At first she said the rent was paid on the little Maple Street house till next month. Then she said the garden was just coming along and it would be a shame to leave it. After that Mrs. Shipley, perhaps with relief, stopped asking.

So this was the picnic day. The day Jimmy loved. His father was president of the lodge. "This is no time for the members to run peanut races," he'd said. "No, siree. We'll make it a War Bond rally—invite the whole town. And everybody rides behind a horse or walks. No gas and tires for a picnic!"

She'd carried her cake up the street and she looked into Mr. Shipley's eyes for some sign. He was sitting on the front steps, wiping the perspiration off his face and still holding the rosebush spray in his hands.

"Hello, Annie," he said wearily. "Hot as all get out."

ANNIE came through the gate and said, "Is Mrs. Shipley ready?" She never could call her "Mom" like Jimmy wanted her to.

"Yep. Fixing the basket in the kitchen." He looked very tired, Annie thought.

"Did you—get any mail today?" Annie put the cake on the porch and sat carefully on the steps. Her husband was dead, they said. Jimmy was gone, and she was thinking about wrinkles in her new linen dress.

"Couple of ads," Mr. Shipley said. "Nothing from Jim. You get anything?"

"No," Annie said quietly. "No, I didn't get a letter from Jimmy." She didn't quite know how she felt. Something violent and sharp turned in her heart and said, "Go on, tell him. Call his wife out, too. Watch that handsome, proud face of hers crumble and streak and let her heart strain for something she can't have back. Let her be hurt for a change. Let her get this crushing news from little Annie, who only wanted to sit in her mother-in-law's parlor and smile across at her as if they shared a secret in loving the same Jimmy. Let her know how it feels to have the ground give way right under your feet. . . ."

But she couldn't. Mrs. Shipley came out, cool and calm and clean. She said, "Hello, my dear. Do you feel quite strong enough? You look a little pale."

Annie reached for this crumb and held it close. These were Jimmy's parents. He adored them. He wouldn't want them to be hurt—not as she could hurt them. What awaited them in tomorrow's mail, perhaps, was cruel enough.

THE flag-draped farm wagon, drawn by a team of piebalds, led the caravan of resurrected rigs, surreys and hayracks out of town. Some of the foreigners from across the swamp had brought their guitars and accordions and as they played they giggled softly among themselves. The Scotch crowd had donned kilts and brought a piper along. It was very gay. Songs spilled out into laughter. The older folks told one another that this was just like old times. Children sat on the hay-strewn floor of the wagon and ogled the food in the baskets.

It's like a dream, Annie thought. It's a sad happy dream.

Young couples in the other wagons shouted back and forth. Some of the boys were home on furlough. The bank janitor had brought along his big, shy son who wore a medal from Guadalcanal.

They were singing Tipperary and Trail of the Lonesome Pine because the new songs of a new war hadn't yet replaced the older well-known songs. Mrs. Shipley's soprano voice quavered and broke and she laughed and pressed her husband's hand. "Jimmy always said he went to sleep when he was a baby to keep me from singing lullabies."

Annie saw Mr. Shipley's thin hand close over his wife's and pat it gently. Beneath the song and shouts of the crowd they sat side by side swaying with the motion of the wagon. Mr. Shipley wasn't singing, and presently his wife, too, fell silent. The picnic wasn't the same to them without Jimmy. Annie felt her throat fill hot and dry. She supposed she'd feel the same way about her baby some day. He'd grow up and no matter what girl he married she wouldn't be good enough for him.

She shifted her position. The benches along the creaking wagon bed were crowded and for a whirling moment she felt her head spin and roar, as if she were holding a sea shell to her ear and listening with wonder to the ocean sounds within it. From somewhere back in the caravan a child began to cry. Its bawling whimpered and died against some comforting breast. Annie wondered if she'd ever cry. Tears were only good if they dropped on a strong shoulder. Whose shoulder? Who would say: Come on, Annie, let the tears drip against the stone and wear it down.

Annie looked up. Jimmy's father was watching her. He looked worried and managed a grin. "Won't be long now, Annie," he said bluffly. "Mother and I are used to this but you young ones have to learn."

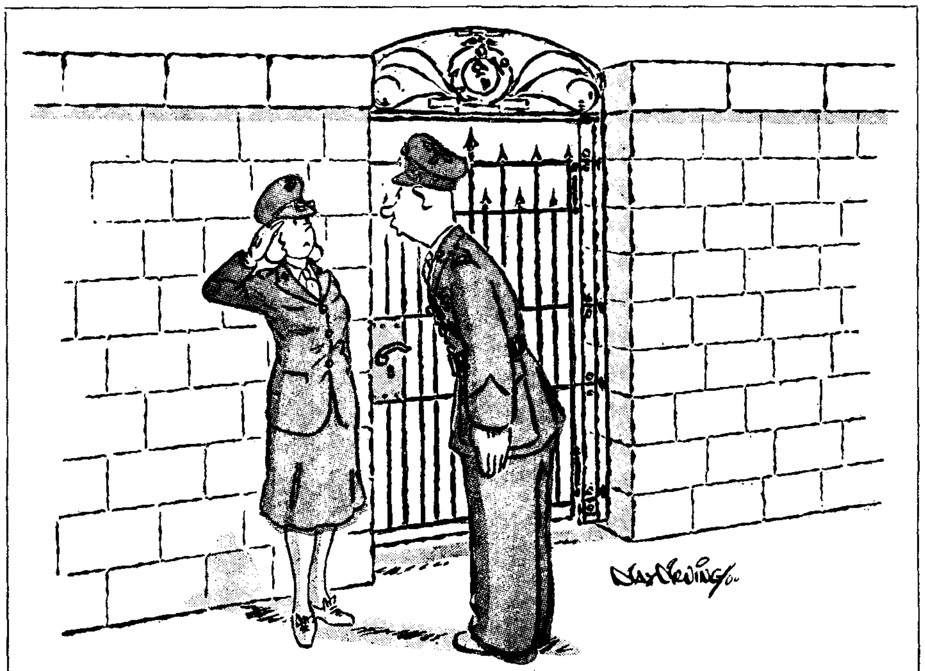
Annie moistened her lips and smiled. She watched the horses' tails swish. The driver's clean shirt was marked with wet arcs of perspiration, and he was singing loudly. She wished she could laugh and pretend Jimmy was beside her and they were laughing at old Phil's awful voice. But she couldn't. There was nothing but emptiness. Nothing to touch, no sound that told her, "Here I am. Look at me, Annie Laurie. What do you see?"

The wagons unloaded in the cool picnic grounds of Rainbow Lake. The children tumbled and fell, racing for the water. The women spread large tablecloths while the men gathered firewood and the business of having fun got under way. After lunch there were speeches and flag waving. A hybrid orchestra organized itself on the pavilion and people began to dance.

IT WAS easy to lose herself in the crowd. She had only to nod and smile and say nothing, because everybody was excited and flushed, intent on their own fun.

She sat in the cool shade of an oak tree, and as in a dream the hazy figures of children shrieked and jumped in a three-legged race. Someone sat down and talked to her, and she answered without remembering what she said and presently she was alone again. From somewhere in the clearing came the clank of horseshoes being pitched, the yells of the ball game, the smell of cigars and the hum of men's voices talking war and politics.

Her ears caught every small sound as the day slid into evening, even the click of



COLLIER'S

"No, no, Private Hoskins, no! Not 'Stop or I'll scream!' . . . Just 'Halt, who's there?'!"

JAY IRVING

knitting needles. Yet her mind was tiptoeing through these sounds, searching for something more. It was thinking how Jimmy would laugh if he knew she still set his place at the table every night and talked across to an empty chair telling it about the new kitchen curtains and how she'd repaired the leak in the bathtub faucet all by herself. . . .

After a while the sounds didn't come through. The waves were lapping about her ears again and a blast of noise shook her and left her trembling against the tree trunk. The sound deadened her frightened scream. In her floating senses it was the whine of the bomb that hit Jimmy's ship—or was it a torpedo? Her heart pumped wildly. The noise was only the first shriek of the bagpipe. The piper blew and bellowed and pranced. When he had finished everyone laughed and applauded and the crowd settled down lazily around the campfire. Guitars began to strum, picked up a melody and someone started to sing.

Annie's fists dug into the ground. They mustn't—oh, they must sing Annie Laurie! She looked frantically about her. Mr. Shipley was sitting staring into the fire, a dead pipe between his fingers. Mrs. Shipley, at her husband's side, was putting away her knitting.

"Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew . . ."

It seemed to Annie that something was lifting her off her feet—as Jimmy lifted her when he wanted to dance. She rose and felt something soft against her cheek. It must have been the breeze.

" . . . And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

Her breath wouldn't come up from her lungs somehow—the lap and swish of the waves were pounding in her ears again, sucking her under. Then she fainted.

She'd been moved closer to the fire and the flickering light lacquered the faces hovering anxiously above her. Mrs. Shipley had her arm under Annie's head.

"Come on now, that's the girl. We're all going home now," she said. Her voice sounded strange to Annie, as if all the life had suddenly gone from it.

Annie choked over the whiff of spirits. "I'm all right," she said. She took her bag from Mrs. Shipley and got slowly to her feet.

On the way home she sat between Mr and Mrs. Shipley in the wagon bed. The three sat silent. Other people's children slept at their feet and the guitars still played softly in the moonlit distance.

Mr. Shipley stole a glance at the girl beside him. The wind was blowing her hair and she sat very straight. Something, he didn't know what, had touched her face with a strange nobility. It was odd that at this moment, at the close of this horrible day, his one hope and comfort should come from looking at the face of his son's wife. He gathered strength from it. Here was courage and spirit that would never be downed.

He drew a deep breath and lifted his shoulders against the task that faced him. The letter was still heavy in his pocket. The postman had handed it to him this morning while he was spraying the rose bushes, waiting for Mother to get ready. "Lost at sea" Three words to lock away within himself, held in deep pain until he could face his wife and tell her what he couldn't say today. Annie must be told, too. She was going to have Jimmy's son. Somehow he knew that with Annie by his side it was going to be easier to tell his wife. Annie's was the kind of strength that transcended bitterness; he and his wife would have to learn that, too.

MRS. SHIPLEY held herself rigid against the sway of the wagon. She was unconsciously supporting the girl beside her. Her thoughts were numb with shock. She'd opened Annie's bag to get the spirits of ammonia when the girl had fainted, and the letter had dropped out. Her son's name. "Heroic action," it said. Her Jimmy a hero. Dead. That's what the letter tried to make her believe. Her Jimmy—their Jimmy

She looked anxiously around at her husband He was gazing out across the moonlit fields, his fingers playing absently with the end of Annie's scarf. He couldn't have that tranquil look on his face if he knew that their Jimmy was gone. Mrs. Shipley was grateful. She lifted her face to the sky and offered up a silent prayer. She was glad she found out before he did. With God's help she would break it easily because through Annie's great courage and kindness she had found a newborn strength within herself. She was grateful for this girl at her side. They shared a secret—she and the girl Jimmy loved.

Her heart was very full. There was so much she wanted to say, so much she wanted to learn: the humble simplicity of a love that asked for nothing. She wanted to tell Annie that she'd read the letter, but she couldn't. Not just now. Tomorrow. All she could do now was reach over and tenderly pat the girl's hand and say:

"You'd better come home with us. We—we need you, Annie Laurie."

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

They will, and he'll know it.

Jack Doe and Dick Roe and all the other lads who are making military aviation history for the Army Air Forces in distant lands will get a double-check acknowledgment of distribution of the information.

From all corners of the United States, newspaper clippings concerning such matters are beginning to pour into the office of Colonel William Westlake, assistant to the director for the AAF, War Department Bureau of Public Relations, for long-range redistribution to the flying fighters. Thus they'll know what has been said about them in print at home.

Setting up the machinery for such an ambitious clipping-gathering project, regarded as a No. 1 morale builder, could be a complicated and expensive enterprise. But it isn't.

Some 70,000 members of the Civil Air Patrol, now an auxiliary of the Army Air Forces, have been instructed by their headquarters at New York to watch for these stories of the local boy making good in the AAF, and to send them along to Colonel Westlake's office, whence they will be forwarded to the theater concerned.

It is the newest of many missions for the CAP and seems like a relatively small matter in comparison to antisubmarine coastal patrol and other types of flying, but may turn out to be one of the Flying Minutemen's most important and effective tasks.

Says the CAP national bulletin: "It is a mighty nice thing to send the clippings out to these heroes so they will know the folks back home are thinking about them. That is one of the main purposes of the clipping service which CAP units can render to the Army Air Forces every day for the duration."

BOB SIBLEY

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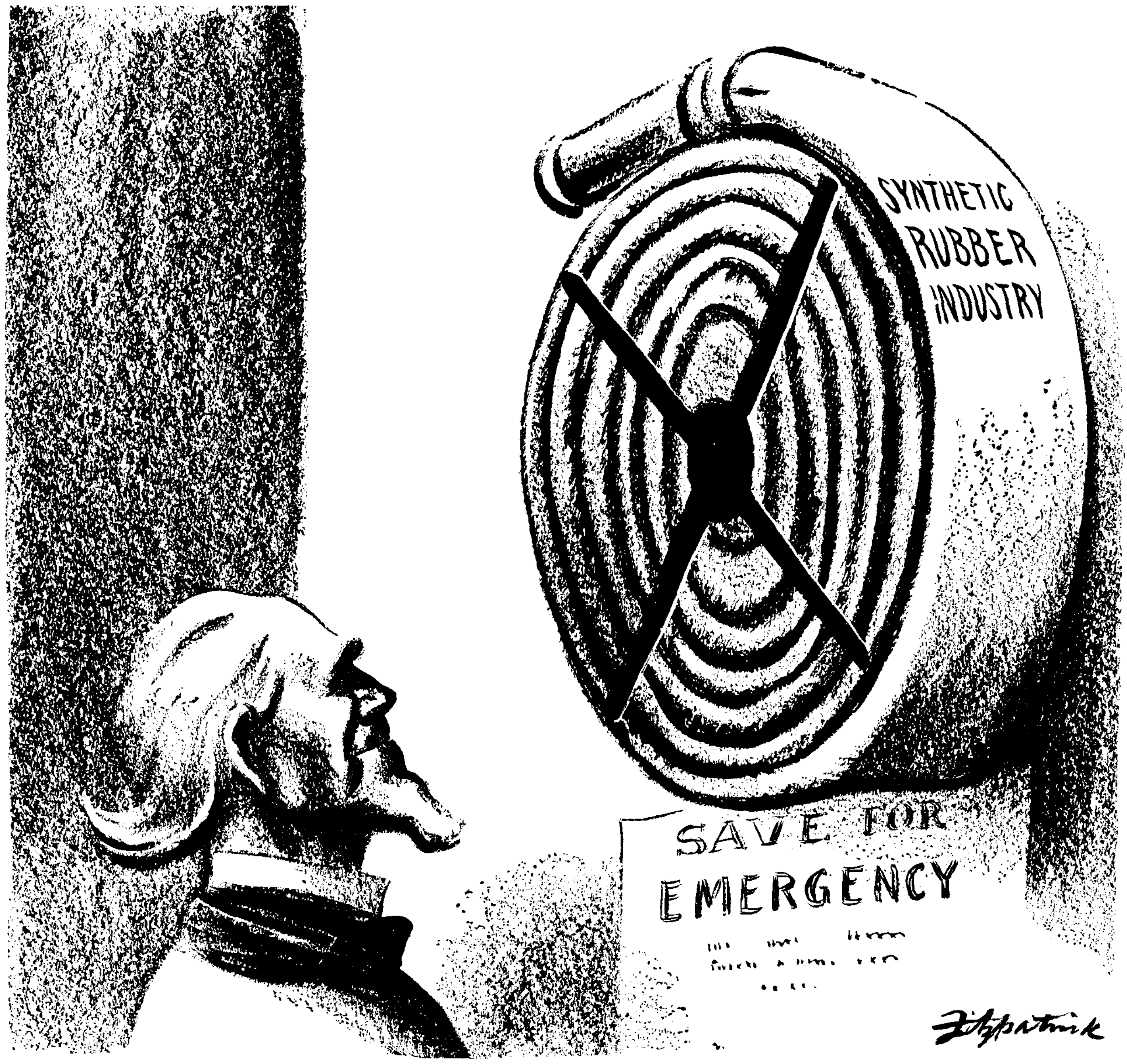


OUR RUBBER AFTER THE WAR

JOHN L. COLLYER, president of the B. F. Goodrich (rubber) Co., seems to be talking as much sense as anybody about what to do with our big synthetic-rubber industry after the war.

The Japs in two thunderous months after Pearl Harbor cut us off from the great bulk of our natural rubber supplies in Malaya. After a season of running around in circles and gnashing the teeth, we fell to work with the guidance of Messrs. Baruch and Jeffers and built a $750,000,000 synthetic-rubber industry which is now fast nearing its planned capacity of 820,000 tons a year.

Our big rubber question now is: What to do with this giant industry after the war? Suggestions have ranged all the way from junking it all and going back to natural rubber to make the Far East rubber workers happy again, to some extreme nationalists' insistence on high rubber tariffs to keep out practically all natural rubber.

Mr. Collyer advances what looks like a sensible compromise proposal. He says that synthetic rubber at present costs more than natural rubber in peacetime; that our rubber companies cannot yet process synthetic as satisfactorily as natural; that therefore natural rubber in considerable quantities will probably come in handy for some time after the war, if we can get it at reasonable prices.

So Collyer wants to keep enough plant after the war to produce up to 200,000 tons of synthetic a year, this apparatus to be sold to privately operated rubber companies, and to import the balance of our rubber needs. World rubber-producing capacity, natural and synthetic, will probably be about 2,800,000 tons a year when this war is over, or twice as much rubber as the world ever used in any prewar year. This high capacity, it seems likely, will force rubber prices down and will stimulate discovery of new ways to use the stuff.

It looks to us as if Mr. Collyer is at least stabbing in the direction of the right answer. And, on at least one point, we agree with him 100 per cent; namely, that this is a question for Congress to debate and decide, not one for secret agreements kept from the American people till later on.

G.I. GENTLEMEN

EVERY now and then, when some elderly aristocrat kicks off, the newspaper obituaries refer sadly to the lost art of courtesy in this country, and sigh, "Well, he was a gentleman of the old school."

To which we reply, in as ungentlemanly a manner as possible, "Phooey!" Our current crop of kids in uniform are not only reviving the lost art of courtesy; the average G.I. Joe or Navy Jack could give the old school itself a few pointers in good manners.

Whatever else the war has done, it has taught a few million young Americans some of the little graces of life, like saying "Sir" to their elders or getting up and giving their seat to a lady. Take them by and large, the enlisted men you see in the subway or on the street are quiet, well-mannered, neat in appearance, obliging, civil and considerate of others.

Some of our sensitive citizens scream with pain at any suggestion of compulsory military service after the war, and claim that Army life is apt to make our next generation war-minded. Again, phooey! Judging by what it has done to our present youngsters, it's more apt to make them gentlemen.

WANTED: MORE WACS

WE'LL add our voice herewith to the chorus of calls for recruits to the Women's Army Corps, which needs many more than the 70,000 members it has at this writing.

The snickers which greeted the original Women's Auxiliary Army Corps were based on misinformation. The whispers about moral turpitude in the outfit have long since proved baseless. Members of this now official part of the United States Army are doing 155 of the 600 types of work done in the Army, and are winning the heartfelt praise of every officer who knows of their varied contributions to victory. The Wacs' only drawback nowadays is That Cap, which ought to be redesigned from visor to back.

The work is interesting, though not easy. Numerous Wacs testify that they have run into none of the soul-crippling regimentation they expected to find in the Army. The experience will be worth your while, as well as of value to the nation.

If you're a female American citizen, over 20 and under 50, single—or, if married, without dependents and without children under 14—try looking into the Wac at your nearest Army recruiting station.

THE WAR AND CHILD LABOR

OUR wartime child-labor problem simmers along, and we don't seem to be rushing with lightning speed toward a satisfactory solution; or so we gather from the National Child Labor Committee's report, recently released, for the year ended last September 30th. The picture's main outlines:

About 4,000,000 children worked last summer in factories and on farms; about 3,000,000 are probably at work now. Of these, some 750,000 are under sixteen. We know of no valid objection to having children help bring in farm crops under conditions certified as decent by conscientious local authorities. However, to quote the Child Labor Committee:

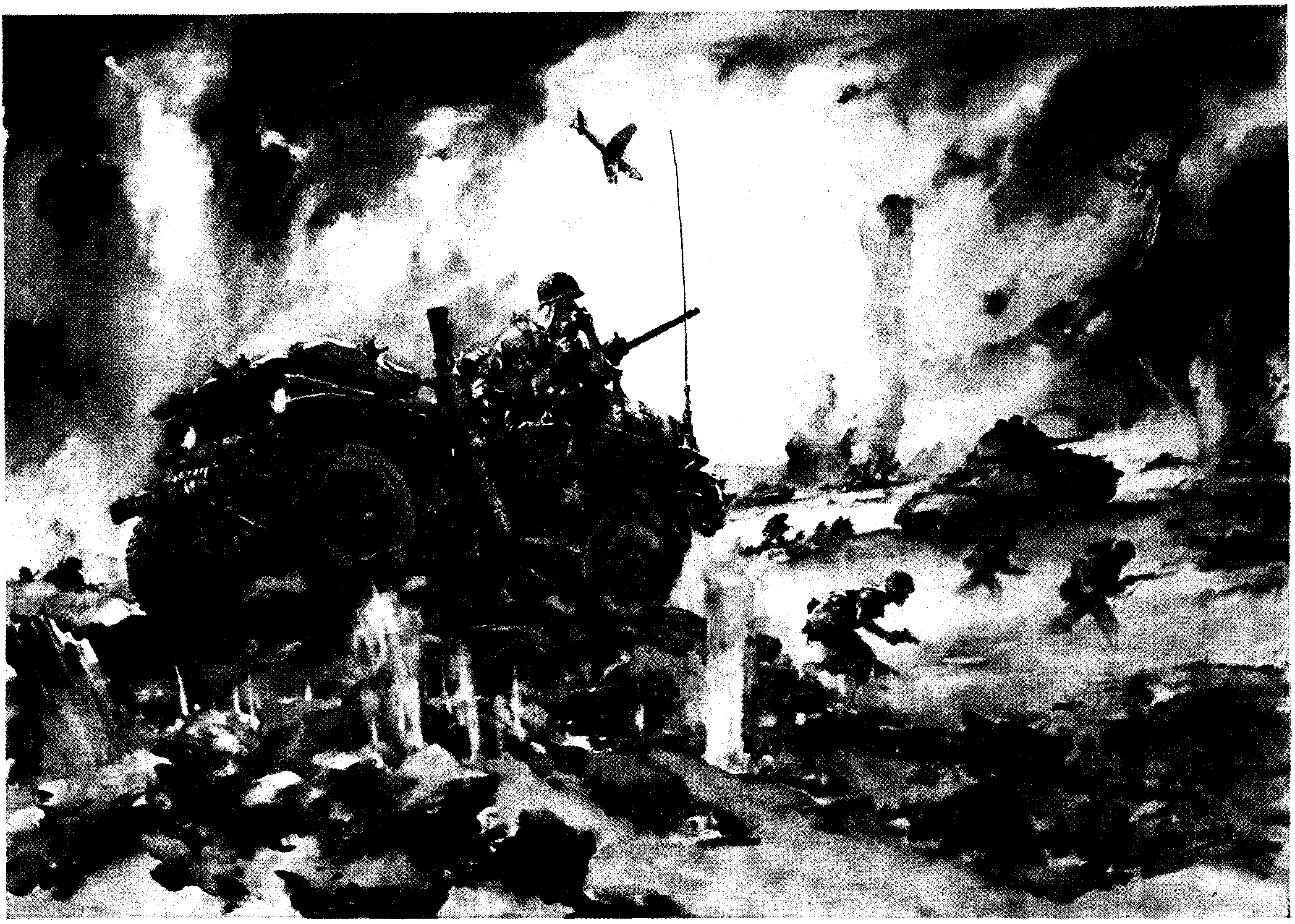
> Children are engaged in every conceivable kind of employment—much of it work formerly done by adults and frequently unsuitable to young workers. Long hours and late nightwork are common. By and large, the child workers of today are well paid, many of them too well paid. Boys of 14 can make from 50 to 75 cents an hour; 16-year-olds can command $40 to $70 a week. Some youths on part time are said to be earning more than full-time teachers. As long as jobs are plentiful and wages high there will be no reduction in numbers.

It's a fantastic reversal of the old-time sweating of child labor for low wages. Now, child labor is being paid fancy wages, but is being used in jobs for which it is dangerously unfit or untrained. No doubt a lot of these youngsters are being kidded by crafty employers into considering themselves big shots.

Unless we can reverse this trend in large part, we'll cultivate for ourselves a fancy crop of yahoos to add to our postwar difficulties. Wage scales will probably fall after the war; almost certainly will fall for unskilled or half-skilled and unorganized workers. These kids, then 18, 19 or 20 or so, will want wartime wages if they are to work at all; and they will be semiliterate, opinionated characters with scant hope of ever acquiring any real education.

In tackling this situation—which is no joke—state legislatures could help some, by making it much tougher for children to get working papers and leave school. City and town governments possibly could help even more by putting on determined back-to-school publicity campaigns. Parents probably could help most of all by restraining their youngsters' ambitions to quit school.

We'd better all get busy, and without delay. It is still true that the biggest single service any boy or girl under 17 can render the war effort and the postwar United States consists of staying in school.



A Tribute to the Fighting Personnel of the Chemical Warfare Service

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

SMOKE SCREEN SAVES AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN TUNISIA

Sergeant Orders Attack in Jeep built by Willys-Overland

"THE Nazis had stopped us cold on the hills in front of Bizerte," said an eye-witness whose report is illustrated above. "My outfit had just been reinforced and we were resting, grouped behind a hill awaiting orders to attack under the cover of smoke.

"Tommy ...., Sergeant ...., Chemical Warfare Service, Smoke Generator Company, had been stationed at the top of our hill in a radio-equipped Jeep. He was to listen for the order from our Operations Headquarters and pass it on to the Chemical Warfare Unit on our flank.

"Suddenly all hell broke loose as enemy low level bombing planes appeared and began to bomb and strafe our whole sector. Sergeant .... and his Jeep took an awful beating as he stuck to his post but no orders came through over his radio. We needed that smoke right then and we needed it badly.

"After what seemed like an hour—I suppose it was only about 10 minutes—the Sergeant decided something was wrong. He started his battered Jeep and gunned it across the hills for Operations Headquarters about a mile and a half away.

"When he got there he found the place completely destroyed by enemy bombs. Back through that hell he came at 40 miles an hour and with his Jeep looking like a sieve. We watched him take his position on the hill and saw him adjust his radio with no apparent regard for an enemy plane that was spraying machine gun bullets all around him.

"Acting on his own initiative he sent the order to lay the smoke that we'd been waiting for and it came just in time for things had been getting too hot for us. We moved in behind that smoke and took our objective with few casualties, thanks to Tommy and his outfit who laid the smoke.

"In the official citation Tommy got with his Silver Star it said, 'This devotion to duty and personal conduct of Sergeant .... exemplifies the highest traditions of the service.' We who watched him that day, as we dug deeper into our fox holes, could add a lot more about Tommy."

★ ★ ★

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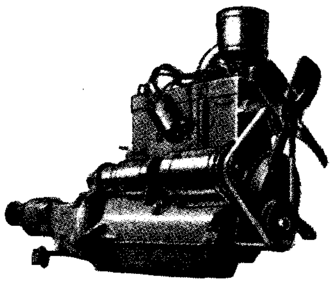

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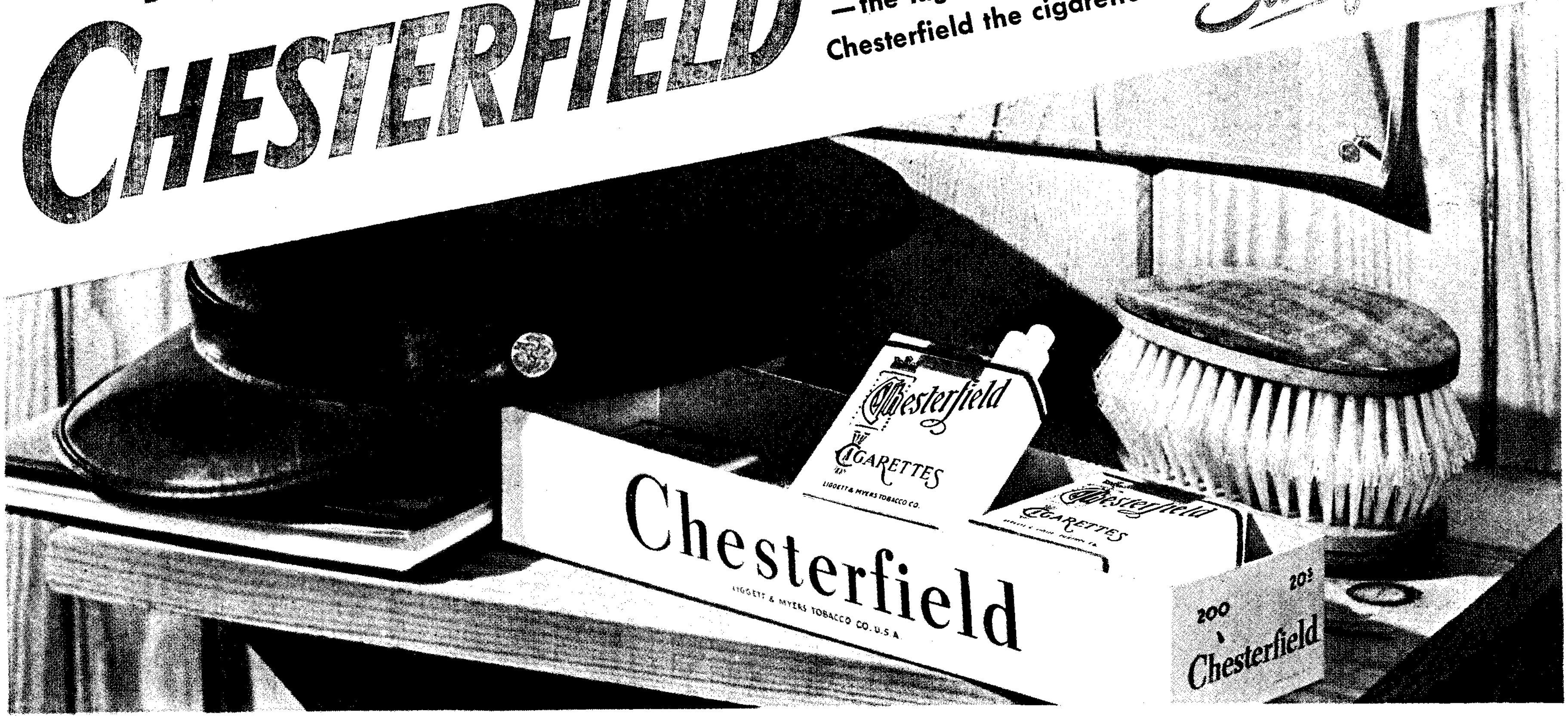
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